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OCTOBER
1941

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INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 184

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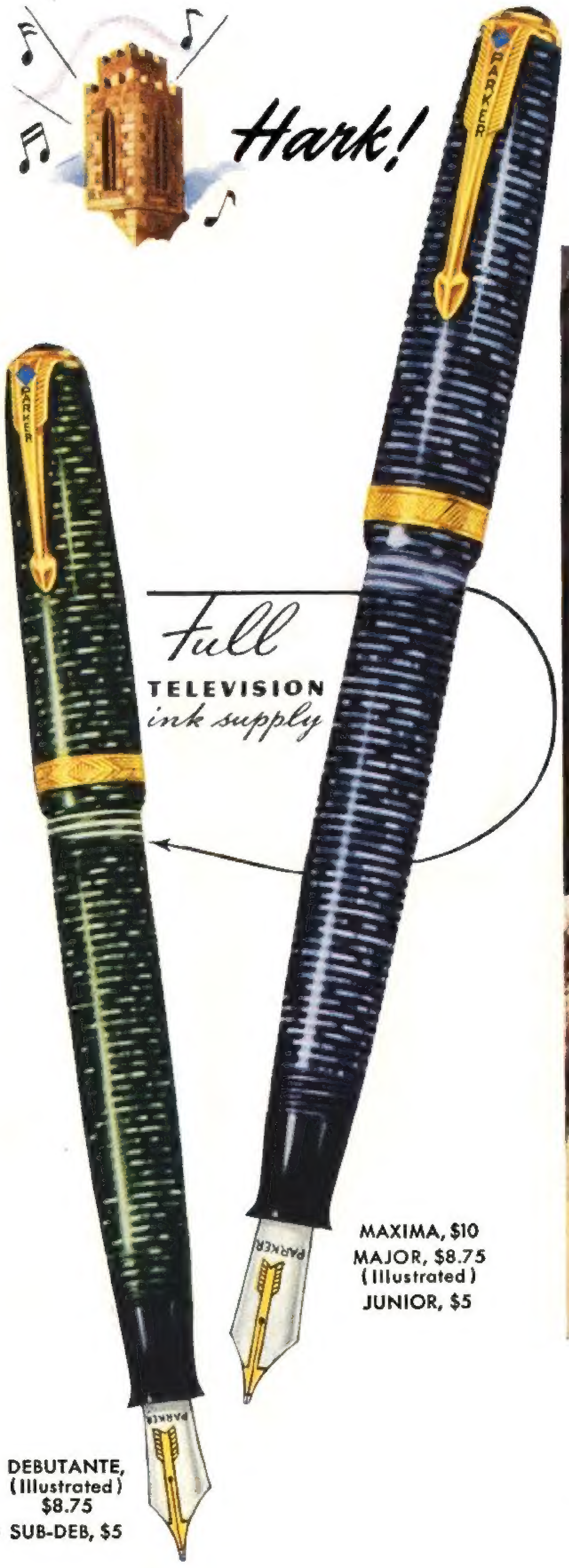

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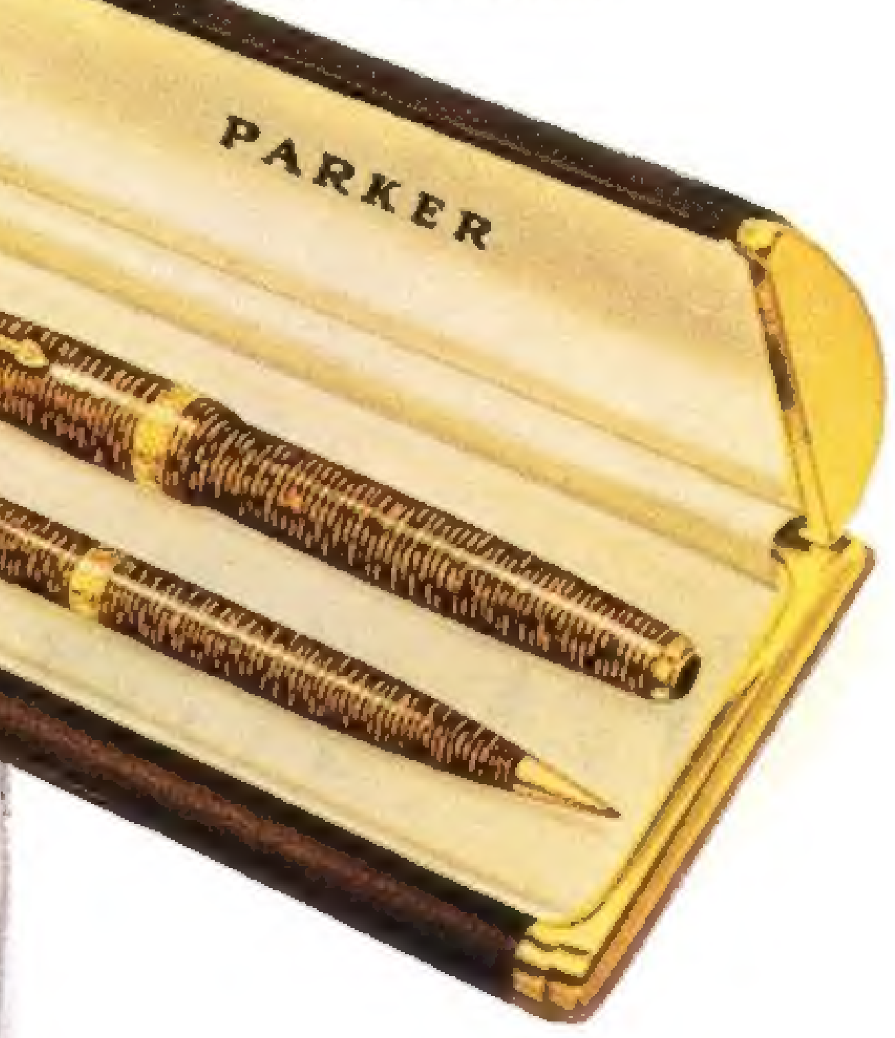

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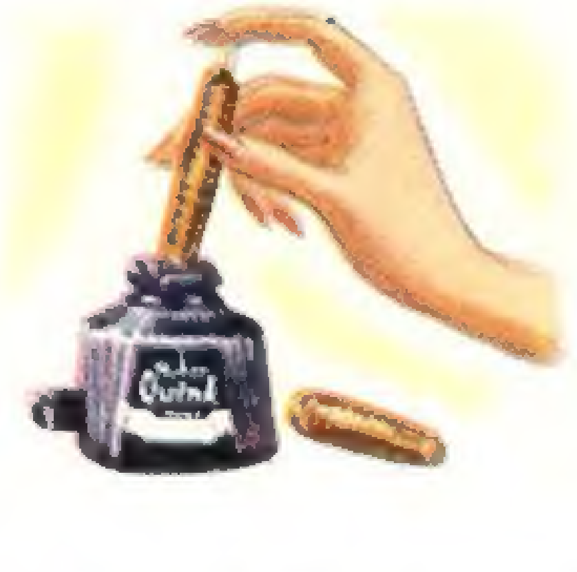

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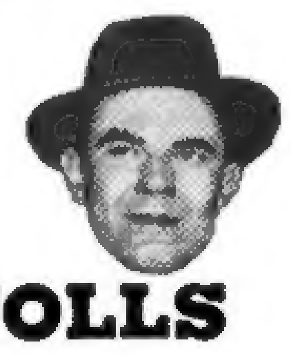

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1941

Page

ARTICLES

That Was Europe . . . . *Thus did Germans, Italians, Englishmen, Greeks, Russians spend their leisure in that ominous decade before the war* . . Martin Torrence 27
Glamour Is Not Enough . . *It's swell as far as it goes but a girl needs charm to accomplish her life objective of snaring and keeping her man* . . . . . . Eric Howard 30 ℞
Hawaiian Hospitality . . . . *Sailors were enchanted by the dark-eyed beauties who swam out to welcome George III's good ship* Discovery. Thomas Blake Clark 39
Plastically Speaking . . . . . *Motor car makers, inspired by O.P.M.'s request to "lay off" vital metals, prophesy exciting changes in design* . . . . Clyde Vandeburg 63
A Hundred Years of Photography . . *In the early development of cameras, it took a strong and dauntless man to take pictures outdoors* . . . . Mark Ashley 91

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *from Esky's turbulent fans* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *"Strange, dark interludes"* 24
The Lively Arts: This Can't Be Corn . . *On the best jobs of Rodgers and Hart* . . . . Gilbert Seldes 51
Motors: The New Alchemy in Oil . . *Dr. Berl makes synthetic oil from corn husks* . . Robert W. Marks 68
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *Awful truth about actresses* . . . . George Jean Nathan 78
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf . . *Chess, murder, boxing and Cambridge* . . William Lyon Phelps 80
Music: Roulades and Cadenzas . . *Suggestions for deodorizing opera* . . . . Carleton Smith 85
Wearables: Fashion Aids Your Diet . . *How to reduce the effortless way* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 86
Potables: Elixirs with Cracked Ice . . *Let's get acquainted with cordials* . . . . Lawton Mackall 87
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *You, too, can be streamlined and handsome* . . . . Iles Brody 92 ℞
Records: Esquire on the Record . . *Recommending* Indian Music of the Southwest . . . Carleton Smith 95

FICTION

The Indian Ocean Sits and Smiles . . *The Hindu prisoner marveled at white Sahibs who fished despite danger of sunstroke and lurking sharks* . . . . George Slocombe 29
The Sunday of Palms and Prophecy . . *Judas warned the rabbis and lawgivers of the Great Temple that Jesus would be King of Israel* . . . . Manuel Komroff 32
The Day of the Storm . . . . *Denny's mother told the week-end guests she believed in treating him exactly as if nothing had happened* . . . . William Brandon 41
Time Out of Mind . . . . *The Comte had come daily to the Café d'Aborigines for twenty years but no one had ever dared address him* . . . . Sidney Carroll 46
The Diary of Death . . . . . . *Zack Bourne's camp record told his employer an amazing story of a man going steadily and joyfully to pot* . . . . Edmund Ware 54 ℞
"... as Long as Ye Both Shall Live" . . *He wished that he could live happily with his parents again, but knew it wouldn't be fair to Vicki* . . . . Louis Zara 58 ℞
The Riddle of Vladimir . . . . *He couldn't put his rubles in the bank for fear of embarrassing questions, nor dared he indulge in luxuries* . . . Francis G. Spencer 70
The Pancreas of the Boss . . *Mr. Kovács had enjoyed his diabetes for several weeks when the summons came from the corporation President* . . Sándor Hunyady 75

PERSONALITIES

Howard Baer: Doubling in Paint . . *He strives to maintain a perfect balance between art and cartooning, self-expression and making a living* . . . . Harry Salpeter 73
Frances Farmer: a Dutch Treat . . *Your Hollywood correspondent is Hell-bent to learn "how it feels to stay out all day with a beautiful actress"* . . . . Donald Hough 88
La Cava: Complex Realist . . *He likes to talk about Life Itself, looks like an undertaker, has directed some of the funniest films ever made* . . . . Sidney Carroll 102

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . *Esky gets the air* . . . . *Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
Petty Girl . . . . *"Just another proposal . . ."* . . . . *Painting by* George Petty 49
Plastic Makes Perfect . . . . . *Automobile designs* . *by* George Walker, Arthur Fitzpatrick, John Reinhart 62
Chow . . . . *He makes friends slowly* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Henry Waxman 71
Impressions of Mexico . . . *Courtesy of Associated American Artists* . . . . . . *Paintings by* Howard Baer 72
Varga Girls . . . . *Yours to Command!* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack; *Painting by* Varga 83
Frances Farmer . . . . *In Paramount's* World Premiere . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 89
Arline Judge . . . . *Toast of Hollywood Café Society* . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 90
Whirlaway . . . . *He broke the Derby record* . . . . *Painting by* Wesley Dennis 94

SATIRE

Why Men Can't Cook . . . . *Every man kids himself into thinking he has enough God-given genius to skunk any woman on her home ground* . . . . Anonymous 34
Conversion of Thunderpuss . . *With charming tolerance, he tried to merge the doctrine of Christianity with the faith of the Zuni Indians* . . . . Peter de Vries 42
Credo of Men at Arms . . . . *Disclosing the secret urges and personal views of a Colonel, a Sergeant and a Private in a U. S. training camp* . . *by* Robert T. Souter 65
For the Esprit de Corps . . *Smoot opined that with Hyler's brains and his own experience, even the Fourth Platoon would turn out okay* . . . . Louis Paul 76

SPORTS

Point after Touchdown . . . . *Something went from football when the dramatic punt-out, which demanded sure-footed kickers, was abolished* . . . . John R. Tunis 44 ℞
The Superman of Baseball . . *He may get the razz from the bleachers but Landis himself would not challenge his absolute dictatorship* . . . . Leo Fischer 53
Some Linesmen Learn Braille . . *How an umpire contrives to hold a tough tennis crowd and difficult players, as told to John R. Tunis* . Benjamin H. Dwight 56
How To Be Slice-Happy . . *When a golf neophyte tries to apply the natural, counter-clock-wise motion to his swing, it's just too bad* . . . . Frank Walsh 66

TRENDS IN DRESS

New clothes, accessories, *sketched by* Pachner, Goodman, Fellows, Hughes . . . . beginning on page 47

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EDITORIAL: Three reducing methods; one not recommended

GIVING the dummy its usual last minute going over, we were intrigued by two items on the Table of Contents page. Both these items are concerned with the specific gravity of man's too-solid flesh. One, Mr. Schoeffler's Wearables Department, exhorts the reader to "reduce the effortless way." The other, Mr. Brody's Edibles Department, seems to promise that "you too can be streamlined and handsome."

Now we'd have thought, some years back, that dieting would have been one of the last things that we'd have been one of the last people to be interested in. Our Pennsylvania Dutch heritage endowed us with an interest in food considerably more quantitative than qualitative. We were brought up in the belief that the only thing better than pie for breakfast was two kinds of pie for breakfast. And that eating should be properly classifiable not merely as a need, but also as a sport, a hobby, a pleasure, a pastime and a recreation.

So we were surprised at ourself, some years back, when we first manifested an interest in dieting. Our surprise was tempered, however, by the realization that this interest was one that we had only come, lately and reluctantly, to share with various insurance company doctors.

But our surprise at the present widespread interest in dieting is only tempered by wonderment. That Esquire, of all magazines, should be taking up this diet craze, even in a small and corollary way, in something that stumps us.

We wonder whether this present interest in dieting may not be akin to the case of the boy who bet that he could eat three pumpkin pies and, after winning the bet, confessed that he had felt some doubt of his ability to do it. He had only tried after he had reassured himself by eating three pumpkin pies first, to see if he could do it.

As one of the last really well-fed nations on earth, maybe this present craze over dieting reflects only a similar desire to show that we could get along on ration cards if we ever have to do it.

Well, if you share this present apparent widespread interest in dieting, we duly direct you to Mr. Brody's Edibles Department where, this month, he presents a four-day diet that he picked up at the Colony Club.

We haven't tried this Colony Club diet, ourselves. In fact, we haven't even tried the Colony Club, itself, at least not lately. The way we feel about that is that we can see funny enough women's hats (or maybe it would be more prudent to say funny enough hats on women) right around home without going off our beaten path to look for them.

But we have tried plenty of diets in our day, and if you're saving them, at the moment, it would take no urging at all to get us to pass ours along for your collection.

Before we tried diets we tried exercise. All it ever gave us was a wonderfully enhanced appetite. After a lot of that, going so far as to include noble experiments with an actual inner tube around our swollen middle, we finally came to the point of agreeing with the guy who first said that there was only one useful exercise for losing weight, and that was simply to push firmly with both hands, away from the dining room table.

* * *

We had been beefing about our inability to lose weight when one day our best friend and severest critic urged us to try a diet that she had "seen somewhere in some magazine." She couldn't recall just where she had seen it, but she could recall (only too damn well) just what it comprised. She thought she remembered that a lot of Hollywood people had tried it and praised it highly. It was a specific diet, it seemed, and all these Hollywood people said it certainly accomplished its specific purpose.

So we tried it. It was a ten day diet. One day worse, in other words, than those diets now in vogue (or, maybe we should say, in *Harper's Bazaar*), and it was quite simple to follow. (Simple, as it turned out, was the precise word, in our case). All you had to do was drink a glass of buttermilk every two hours, from getting up until dinner time, and then you could eat a fairly normal dinner that night.

We like cod liver oil and castor oil, both or together, much better than we like buttermilk, the very sight and smell of which we never could stand. But we went so far as to stock a small office ice-box with our small bottles of buttermilk and every two hours, on the hour, we held our nose and gulped.

That went on for nine nightmarish days. It was not until the tenth day that she finally remembered where she had seen this specific diet, and looked up the magazine to find out just what it was specific for. Well, it turned out to have been in a movie magazine, and it turned out to have been a specific diet for reducing what was, in fact, the only part of us that *didn't* protrude. The diet was, how shall we say it? Well, the diet was a *bust*. Probably all right, too, for that purpose. We couldn't say. We ended it, as we began it, as flat in that one region as any other boy.

* * *

Next we tried a diet of our own invention. Having suffered through that one diet composed of the one thing we liked least, we decided to try one made up of the two things we liked best. Raw meat and Irish whiskey. Just that. Literally raw meat, sometimes known as cannibal steak and sometimes known as Steak Tartare. Now there's a diet. We were happy with and on it for weeks. We even found a doctor who found nothing wrong with it. He even cited, as support of the raw meat part, the wonderful health of Eskimos who eat raw meat.

You can get tartar steak at any good restaurant. The fortunate part is that it's really only the good restaurants that do offer it. It's ground up raw tenderloin of beef, served in a mound resembling an igloo, with a ring of onion on top, into which is dropped a raw egg, the whole garnished with capers and anchovies.

But there were two things wrong with that diet, over the long haul. (Three, if you care about, and count, the matter of breath.) First, while you can get raw meat and Irish whiskey at virtually any good restaurant, you can get it at very few homes, probably your own included. And you have to eat some meals at some homes, including your own.

The only other thing wrong with that diet, over the long haul, is that it is apt to make you too much of a man for your own good. You keep getting impulses that you can't always accommodate in a reasonably well regulated society.

* * *

We tried a few other diets, too, at the instigation of various well-intentioned friends, but none of them now seems worth passing on. But we found one that we've lived with very happily for over three years now, and it's yours if you want it, but don't say we told you to try it because we don't. But it has removed us from both the temptation and the necessity to try any of the trick diets that keep coming along.

Thanks to it, we shall not try Mr. Brody's Colony Club diet, nor shall we choose any of Mr. Schoeffler's sylphening suggestions in selecting our wardrobe. Not that we're so streamlined, and "handsome" long ago went off our list of objectives, along with our front hair. But we lost forty-one pounds on this diet of ours, and that's enough for one guy to lose at one time.

The best thing about our diet regime is the simplicity (not to say the ease) with which it may be followed. Figuratively, this one diet rule has been pasted inside our porkpie since mid-1938, and it consists of just two words: no lunch.

It's simple, but it wasn't easy. Boy, the first ten days we tried it we were ravenous by about 9:45 A.M. just at the mere thought of doing without lunch. For those first ten days the temptation was terrific to try tempering the hardship by tapering off. But we stuck it out, and after ten days discovered that our noon-time interest in food, once almost morbid, had become suddenly and simply academic.

After a few months of nothing at all at lunchtime we found that we could take or leave a noontime cup of coffee when in the company of friends at lunch meetings. But if there is no occasion to go out at lunch time we never think of taking even that.

For a long time the sole exception to our no-lunch rule was made for luncheons with place cards. We figured that we'd make less of a nuisance of ourself at such times, if we would just eat up and shut up, rather than create a disturbance and a discussion of our strange habit. But we've long since found a way around even that one exception.

Now, when we are at a luncheon where there are place cards, we simply push the food away from the center of our plate, while busily talking to our partners left and right, without ever putting one bite of it in our mouth. Nobody ever notices. Once we make a big bald spot in the center of our plate it passes as a reasonable facsimile of all the others at the table.

So, except for telling you about it now, it's been a long time since we've had to tell anybody the long story of how come we eat no lunch.

* * *

People have told us that our lunchless regime is the shortest line between us and stomach ulcers. We can't be sure they're wrong, either, which is why we're careful not to recommend it, but we doubt very much that they're right. We took off forty-one pounds (from 203 to 162) in a little over a year and haven't had to think about weight ever since. After all, forty-one pounds in almost fourteen months isn't a very rapid rate of loss. It's well under a pound a week.

Most of us, we're convinced, habitually over-eat. We always did. We still would, morning and night, if we could. We've lost not one bit of our always lively zest for food. But we've lost some of our once-vaunted capacity. Try as we like, after three years on this two-meals a day basis, we simply can't eat as much, either for breakfast or for dinner, as we once could. But we enjoy it as much, if not more.

There are other compensations. We never have to think about the calories in a drink, for instance. But we have to think twice about taking more than one drink before dinner. When you're dividing up your eating day into two twelve-hour intervals, you've either got to do your drinking after dinner or make a pig of yourself at the hors d'oeuvres table at the cocktail hour. Unless you cushion each drink with an awful lot of food you're apt to leave any before-dinner cocktail party on your face.

As for breakfast and dinner, eat as much as you can. You'll find that after a while you can't eat too much at those two meals even if you try. You don't have to skip anything. We take our coffee black, but only because we prefer it that way. And we skip bread, but we make up for it, and more, when we get our hooks on hot muffins or biscuits. So, you see, we're not exactly rule bound on this regime.

Try it, if you want to. You won't enjoy it, those first ten days. You may not lose forty-one pounds, as we did, ever. Maybe you shouldn't lose that much, and if you shouldn't you won't. We've lost virtually nothing the last two years, maintaining exactly the same regimen that we followed those first fourteen months when the weight was dropping off at almost a pound a week.

If you do try it, we'd suggest that you see a doctor after you've been on it a month or so. If he talks you out of it, then we won't feel to blame for giving you the idea. (Mind, we're only giving it to you as an idea anyway, and not as a suggestion.)

Our own feeling is that eating only twice a day does less harm to your health than to your disposition. After a while you begin to develop a false superiority complex. You sit in your office wondering why everybody else seems to be out of theirs from about twelve until two. And, when you go to luncheon meetings, you're more bored than you ever were before. Because the normally empty hour they consume after lunch just seems to you to be adding insult to injury, after the boredom of the abnormally empty hour preceding, when no business of the meeting is done, and everybody sits around stuffing his face. That's when you begin to feel so superior that you probably ought to carry a needle with which to deflate yourself, just as you're about to take off like a free balloon.

Maybe, on second thought, you ought now to turn to, and follow, Mr. Brody and/or Mr. Schoeffler.

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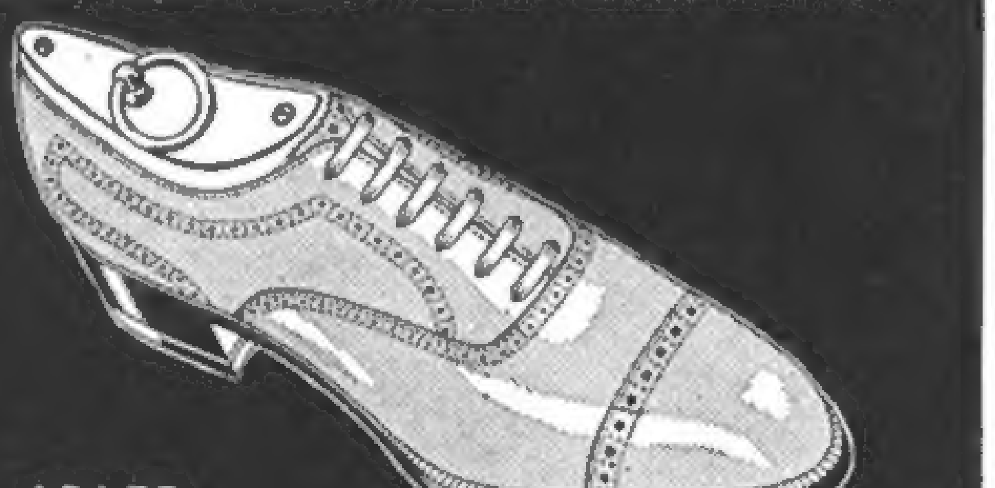

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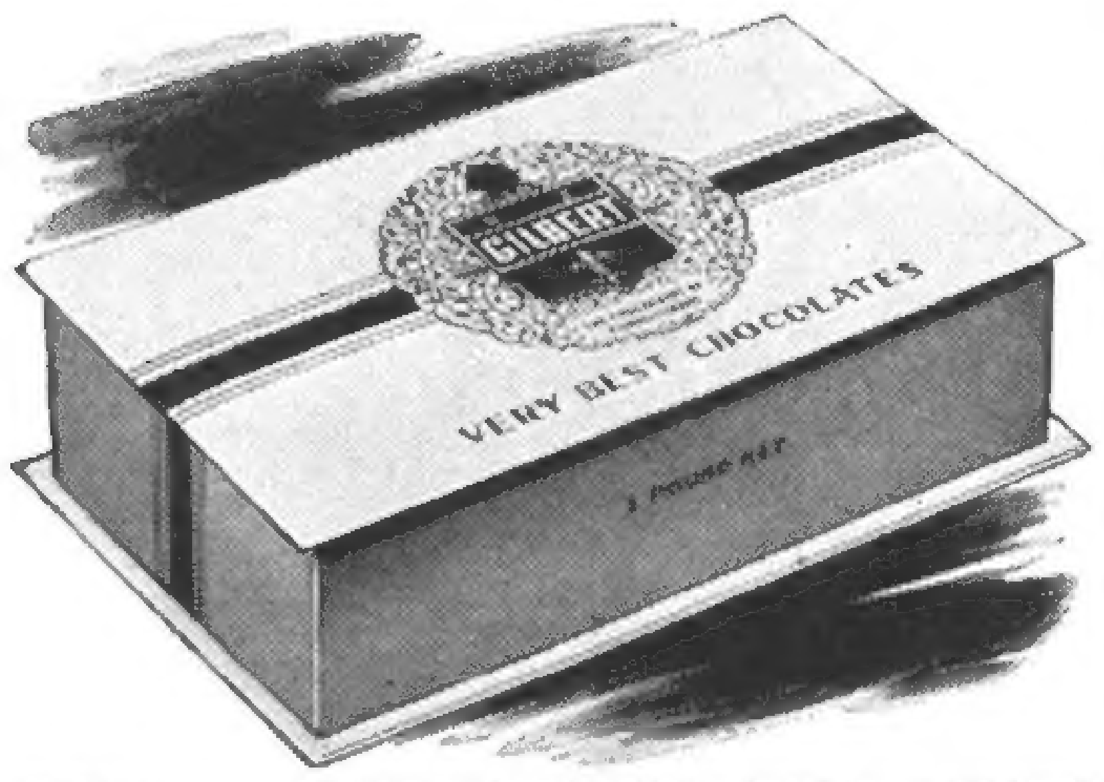

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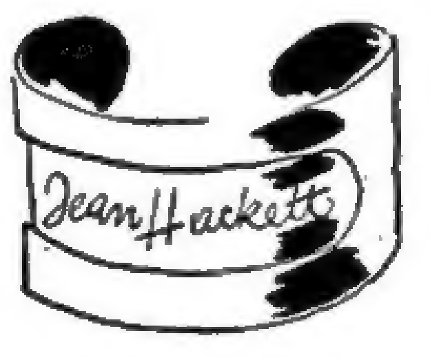


KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK. The Medical and Surgical Relief Committee has, for a little over a year, been doing an impressive job for the relief of the democracies in Europe, Africa, and Asia. Through their auspices, surgical instruments given them have been rehabilitated and sent abroad, together with the medicines and drugs that are needed. Behind the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee is a spirit of active cooperation that sees the job to be done, and does it—efficiently, unobtrusively, and with scientific aptness, for the medical men on the Committee lend their time as well as their names to the project. In order to raise funds to continue its work, and to enable this organization to buy supplies that do not come in as contributions, the M.S.R.C. is offering for sale a lapel pin in two sizes; one for men, one for women. The price is $1.00; the pin, enameled in red, white, and blue, combines the caduceus, symbol of the medical profession, with the spread wings of victory.

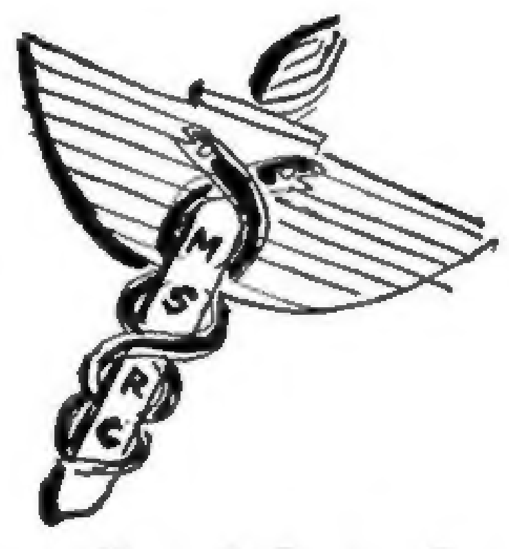
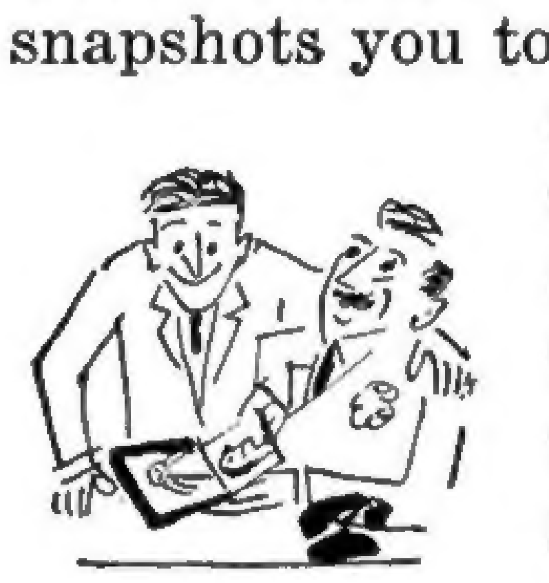


PHOTO FINISH. You've got to do *something* with those snapshots you took over your vacation. If you can't make up your mind which one is to be framed to grace your desk, solve the problem by using them all; well, thirteen, anyway. They go one behind the other in the acetate pockets of a single leather easel-type frame. A slight pull of the bottom edge flips the pictures successively upward. Not a moving picture, but almost as good. Four sizes, five prices, six colors.



HOME IS WHERE THE HEARTH IS. Comes soon the first nip in the air, and the return to evenings around the fireplace. To eliminate the scrabble for kindling and newspapers with which to start the blaze going, there are neat boxes of pressed fibre blocks in various sizes. It's easy to start your fire with a minimum of mess; they burn compactly for about twenty-five minutes, and very tidily. Some motorists keep a few in the car for emergency flares at night, and they have been resorted to as a means of thawing frozen radiators.

Ranger

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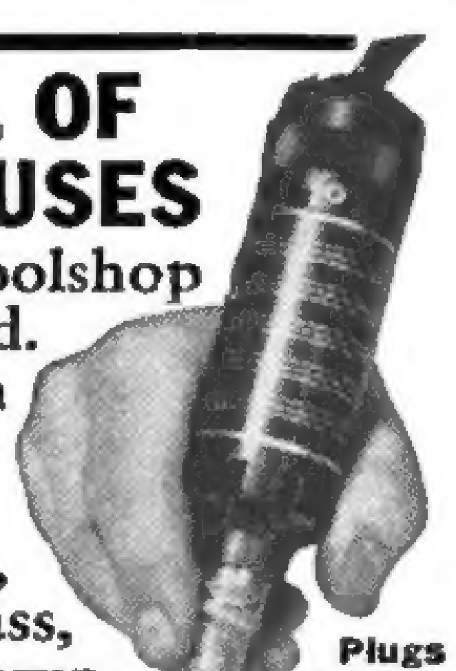

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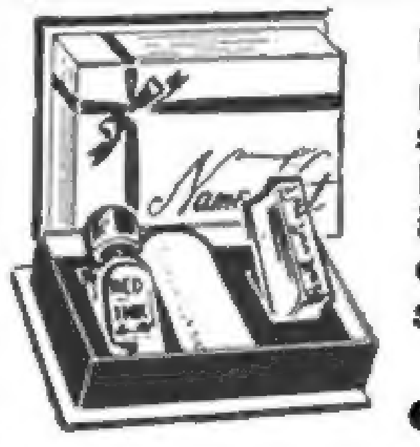

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Clifton Fadiman

He is not only the famous interlocutor of "Information, Please," he is also Literary Editor of *The New Yorker*. His new anthology, *Reading I've Liked*, is soon to appear.

Sinclair Lewis

America's winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature, the author of such great books as *Main Street, Babbitt, Elmer Gantry* and *Arrowsmith*, he is now at work on a new novel.

Carl Van Doren

Editor of *The Cambridge History of American Literature*, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for his *Benjamin Franklin*, he has just completed *The Secret History of the American Revolution*.

Alexander Woollcott

The man who, with his "Town Crier" program, gave radio its first literate broadcast; wit, raconteur, critic of good books; he has just been touring in "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

CLIFTON FADIMAN, Sinclair Lewis, Carl Van Doren and Alexander Woollcott are among the country's most famous "literary experts." This possibly pompous statement simply means that these men know and love good books; that they can recognize a good book when they read one. So — when all four of them recommend a book to you, you can be dead sure that book is eminently worth reading — worth owning.

Now, these men often come across a book which they intensely enjoy and admire—yet which has not come to the attention of the general public.

This fact bothers them. They want to do something about it. They want to share their pleasures and discoveries with *you*. And that is the reason why they have organized The Readers Club. *This club enables them to find you; to tell you about good, enjoyable, easy-to-read books which it is not likely you have ever read before. And they are going to offer you these books for only $1.*

What kind of books?

WELL, it is a fact, one which you probably know to be true, that the best books sometimes fail to come to your attention when they are first published. *Lost Horizon* for one example was quietly dozing upon its publisher's shelves until Alexander Woollcott spoke about it over the radio. *Of Human Bondage* was little known for years until Carl Van Doren helped to tell you about it.

There are many reasons why "books are born to blush unread". They may lack good advertising or publicity. Or a book may be published at the time of a catastrophic world event and nobody pays any attention to it. Sometimes, a book is published when everybody is buried in a *Gone With The Wind* and has no time for other books.

So—these four men have organized The Readers Club, *and it is therefore a fact that The Readers Club will issue some of the best books ever published in this country.* The Readers Club promises you a world of new pleasure and new thrills.

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E-1

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

130 SOLDIERS CAN'T BE WRONG

Please accept this paean of praise for giving us Martin Cohen's *History of a Man of Pulp* in the August issue of your famous magazine. Never was your most intriguing and appropriate symbol, "R", used to better advantage. For, certainly, here is a newcomer to Esquire's distinguished gallery of writers, who deserves a special designation.

One of us had the extreme good fortune of taking courses with the same stimulating mentor as the author of the above-mentioned satire. Hence, he was not entirely surprised that one of Peterson's students had so quickly followed in his master's footsteps. He is surprised, however, that more beneficiaries of that excellent instruction have not penetrated the sanctum sanctorum of magazine editors with their works. Confident, still, he remains, that Cohen will prove the pioneer blazing the trail for this long line of good, new, young writers.

The authors of this letter (one, a former English teacher, the other, one who claims recognition only as a student of Pete's) are now members of Uncle Sam's new army. As such, we spend much of our leisure time in our company "Day-Room" (combination living and recreation room), which is an integral feature of every army barracks. In this day-room are available the majority of the magazines published, and Esquire, as expected, is one of the most popular.

However, when we, so impressed with *Man of Pulp* recommended it to the one hundred-thirty members of the company, the one copy of the magazine proved insufficient to meet the demand and too weak to withstand the use to which it was subjected. Thus, we had to surrender our treasured copy for the delectation of our comrades in arms, and we now, sadly, behold it tattered and mutilated.

As a result of this pressure, another subscription to Esquire has been placed, and henceforward, two copies will grace our day-room every month. Thus we feel more than compensated for our sacrifice, and justly proud of having been instrumental in gaining you new and loyal readers. Do we rate a bonus? In lieu of cash, more of Petty and Varga will be very acceptable.

Sincerely yours,
PVT. HOWARD CARLISLE
PVT. HERBERT R. ROSENTHAL
Headquarters and Headquarters Company, Second Separate Chemical Battalion, Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland

TO CARLETON SMITH WITH APPLAUSE

I read your most interesting article *Roulades and Cadenzas* in the July issue of Esquire Magazine, and found your insight in regard to the Army's weaknesses both shrewd and accurate.

Before going any further, I might state that I am a private first class in the Medical Detachment at Fort Lewis, Washington. I have been in the Army about eight months, and I am a laboratory technician in one of the hospitals here.

My problem concerns another of the Army's weaknesses, but a vital one nevertheless, although many tend to underemphasize its importance. To get straight to the point, it has to do with the basis by which soldiers are given promotions in the Army, namely, seniority and, in some cases, "political pull." Of course I recognize many exceptions, however, the fact still remains that a surprising number of men are given preference to others of greater merit because of their seniority or because they may have a little more pull than another individual.

This does not seem fair or just. What would become of our big business corporations if they followed the same methods? The successful corporations base advancements on ability and initiative rather than on chance or favoritism. Why then should the Army not use the same procedure which has been time-tested, and found to be a most successful one. Big Business deals with material things while the Army deals with human lives, therefore all the more reason to eliminate this unnecessary evil.

Though we do not believe in or sympathize with the Nazi Government we may do well to profit by some of its practical ideas. One reason for the success of the German Army is attributed to the superior leadership of its officers. These officers won their positions through their skill and ability—not through seniority or politics.

It is time for the U. S. to wake up and realize these defects before it may be too late. Some of these faults *are* being realized, but until they are corrected, progress is being throttled at the start.

I could never hope to voice my thoughts and opinions to my superior officers, and that is why I have written to you, Mr. Smith, in the hope that you may start the ball rolling with your articles, and help us to become better prepared.

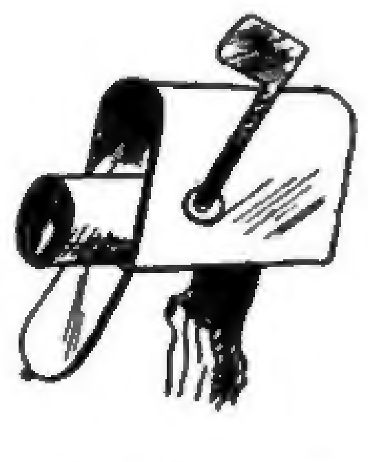
Sincerely yours,
Medical Detachment ANONYMOUS
Station Hospital, Sec. No. 3
Ft. Lewis, Wash.

P. S.—The above statements are intended to be an unbiased and impersonal account of not only my own observations, but those of my friends and many others as well.

BUCKLER IN THE BLACK

My July Esquire has just caught up with me in my oddly inspired gadding about. A kind of search for two things; a place where there is quiet and a place where I can stop and take root, so to speak.

I was delighted to see Ernest Buckler again in print, on the black side of the ledger. He more than fulfills my first estimate of him as a penetrating writer of critical letters to the *Sound and Fury;* that he is also a good story teller. This story, *The First Born Son,* I like better than his *One Quiet Afternoon,* published early last year.



Perhaps I'm prejudiced, now that I've come to the country, but I feel so in sympathy with Mr. Buckler's Martin. He loved the land so deeply and his son longed to get away from it. I felt, too, a certain understanding for David. That he would go away from the land when his father "goes," fill his lungs with soot and monoxide, let his feet burn and freeze on cement streets, and then make his comparison. I wager he goes back to his land.

Let us hear from Mr. Buckler again, and don't wait another year, either.

Odd note to Esquire:

No doubt Esquire goes into many strange places, but here is one for the book. My cottage, or perhaps more strictly—cabin, sets back near tall fir trees, and I share the mail box with the farmer-owner. Today he came with the mail, yoo-hooing down the path.

"Mail today?" I remarked for no reason at all.

"Ya, a catalogue and three letters."

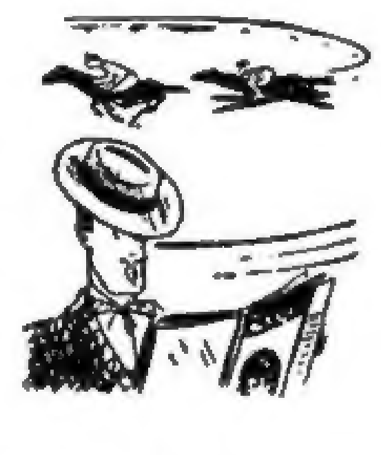
The catalogue was Esquire.

Now do you suppose he has never seen a copy of Esquire, in or out of its neat wrapper with its most distinctive return address? May be, for he is a little odd, quite ancient, hard of hearing and can't see very well—I'm sure.

As every yours,
MRS. ALICIA L. ROONEY
Warren, Oregon

HORSE LAUGH FOR ROBERT DOWST

I have, among my various friends and relations, six horseplayers. Counting me, we are seven. In the August issue of this august magazine, you went to a great deal of trouble to compile a list of forty questions on horse racing.



I answered three. I quizzed my six co-horseplayers. They hung their heads.

Mr. Dowst, you state firmly that anyone who cannot answer all your questions has no business playing the horses. I agree. But don't you think if a person had the intelligence to answer them all, he would have too much intelligence to play anything but chess or politics?

And another thing. You omitted something, Mr. D. Question No. 41, which is—Do you know when to quit? If you answered correctly Nos. 1 through 40, and were unable to handle No. 41, you should also stick without horseplaying, is it not so? Now, I personally—

Er—could you let me have a five spot? I just got a hot tip on a sure thing in the seventh . . .

Horsely yours,
Jamaica, N. Y. D. FORD

PLEA FOR POETRY

First of all, my congratulations on a fine job of producing a magazine that is both brilliant and alert and yet has managed to keep its feet on, and ear to, the ground for these eight years.

However you may be interested in hearing my one criticism. Why do you neglect poetry of a nature that would appeal to men? Why don't we see more composition in verse? You have four departments written by Messrs. Seldes, Nathan, Phelps and Smith dealing more or less with the fine arts.

The last two issues have been noticeably devoid of any featured poem. What verse you have published in the past has always been appropriate and well done. Let's have some more!

New York City ART SMITH

GOOD WORD FROM ABROAD

A stray copy of your very fine magazine found its way into our mess recently, everyone read it and remarked how interesting it was. Personally I found the most refreshing aspect was to read a book which did not have "war" on front and back cover and both sides of every page.

This page which I enclose describes a navy pullover which has attracted my attention sufficiently for me to write to U.S.A. about it. Could you possibly let me know who to send to for it, and how much it would cost in English money?

By the way, you might tell the folks there that your Destroyers have certainly "got something," but best of all are the "Flying Fortresses"—our R.A.F. lads are certainly doing a job with them.

Thanking you in anticipation for a favorable reply.

Yours faithfully,
Petty Officer, R. H. PERRY
Royal Navy
Fareham, Hampshire, England

AUTHORITATIVE CONFIRMATION

The article in Esquire by Mr. Stuart Lillico, *When the Earth Trembles,* has been read with a great deal of interest. It accomplishes a number of things. In addition to giving information on the important subject of earthquakes in readable style, it calls desirable attention to the Fordham University seismological station, especially to Father Joseph Lynch, and deserved credit is given to the fine work of the Jesuits in seismology. It is noteworthy that in the United States, the Government, universities—including the Jesuit group—scientific institutions, engineers, architects, and others, so coordinate their efforts that there is no serious duplication, and only the friendliest rivalry.

I am particularly pleased with the treatment of earthquake prediction. Seismologists, knowing the infinite number of unknown elements in the problem, are skeptical about earthquake prediction but hopeful of some ultimate success. In such a situation there are always those who make the boldest predictions with little basis of facts and who make the most of occasional successes, generally due to coincidence. Usually they do little harm but sometimes the predictions produce some alarm, which is especially undesirable at the present time.

Sincerely yours,
N. H. HECK
Chief, Division of Geomagnetism and Seismology
Dept. of Commerce
U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey
Washington, D.C.

TWICE TOLD TALE

Your editorial, "Fair Warning Concerning" etc., interested me personally. Several years ago I told you the same thing in your pop off columns—(as if you didn't know). Namely: that you had taken a dead word and given it new life. Though I used more adjectives then than that. I wouldn't know the date. At camp I carry no clippings.

Yours without a struggle,
Sorry I'm at a camp. Can't sign my name. (Remember General Lear.)

ESKY FOR ACHES

I first met you 'neath the canaries and by the goldfish at the dentist's. In those perished years you made a small boy's semi-annual visit to the molar morgue less torturous and even exalted it with stolen searchings thru your pages and grand visions of growing up in the true and tweedy fastidiousness of your fatherly aura.

But, it's sad. I've reached at least a portion of that maturity and where once you held the throne of idolatry you now sit in the seat of scorn!

I'm quite sure my expectations haven't changed; (I suspect I've still the mind of that small boy to a large extent) but you, dear, dying Esky, you've become a sort of Gentlemens' Home Journal and when once you were robust and ruddy and full of the joy of life, the simperings you're so clogged and cluttered with now would have seemed as inane to you as they do to me.

Perhaps, happy thought, you, like stocks, bonds, and history, run in cycles; perhaps you too have your highs and lows, your peaks and depths.

If this joyous conclusion is accurate, then *please,* dear Esky, banish the banal, hide the Hollywood, subjugate the superfluous stuffiness and rise to a new high of respected esteem!

Surely you, Esky, in even the vestiges of your wisdom know what I want and how to recapture it.

Lift me from these dismal doldrums and take me back to the dentist's!

Yours *achingly,*
Baltimore, Md. JOHN BOSMAN

Continued on page 118

We bet you’ve never tried America’s oldest mixed drink

IF you’ve never tried a cold Toddy, maybe it’s our fault.

You see, we’ve frequently described the virtues of the *hot* Toddy. But we’ve somehow overlooked telling you what a soul-satisfying drink its older brother—the *cold* Whiskey Toddy—can be!

In a way, though, you who are about to enjoy this grand drink for the very first time are especially fortunate . . .

For today there awaits you a very special whiskey . . . a superb Four Roses that endows a Toddy with almost breath-taking magnificence!

So, follow faithfully the simple directions given below and discover this time-honored drink for yourself!

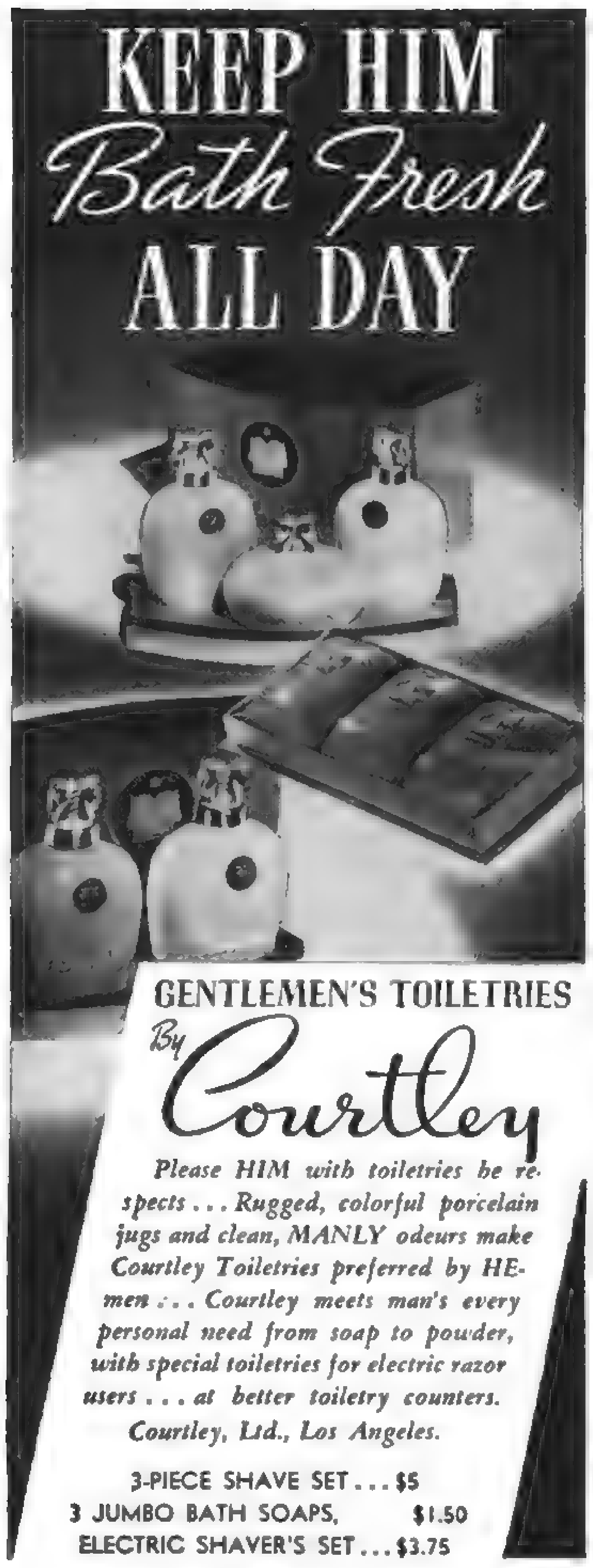
How to make a Four Roses
cold Whiskey Toddy

Into a large Toddy glass put a scant teaspoonful of sugar, one jigger of water, and a twist of lemon peel. Now pour in two brimming jiggers of Four Roses. Add a lump of ice, stir gently . . . and savor to the full the surpassing flavor, the mellow perfection, of this majestic drink . . . a drink with not a single frill to dim the luster of Four Roses’ brilliance!

FOUR
ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



GENTLEMEN'S TOILETRIES
By Courtley

Please HIM with toiletries he respects . . . Rugged, colorful porcelain jugs and clean, MANLY odeurs make Courtley Toiletries preferred by HE-men . . . Courtley meets man's every personal need from soap to powder, with special toiletries for electric razor users . . . at better toiletry counters.

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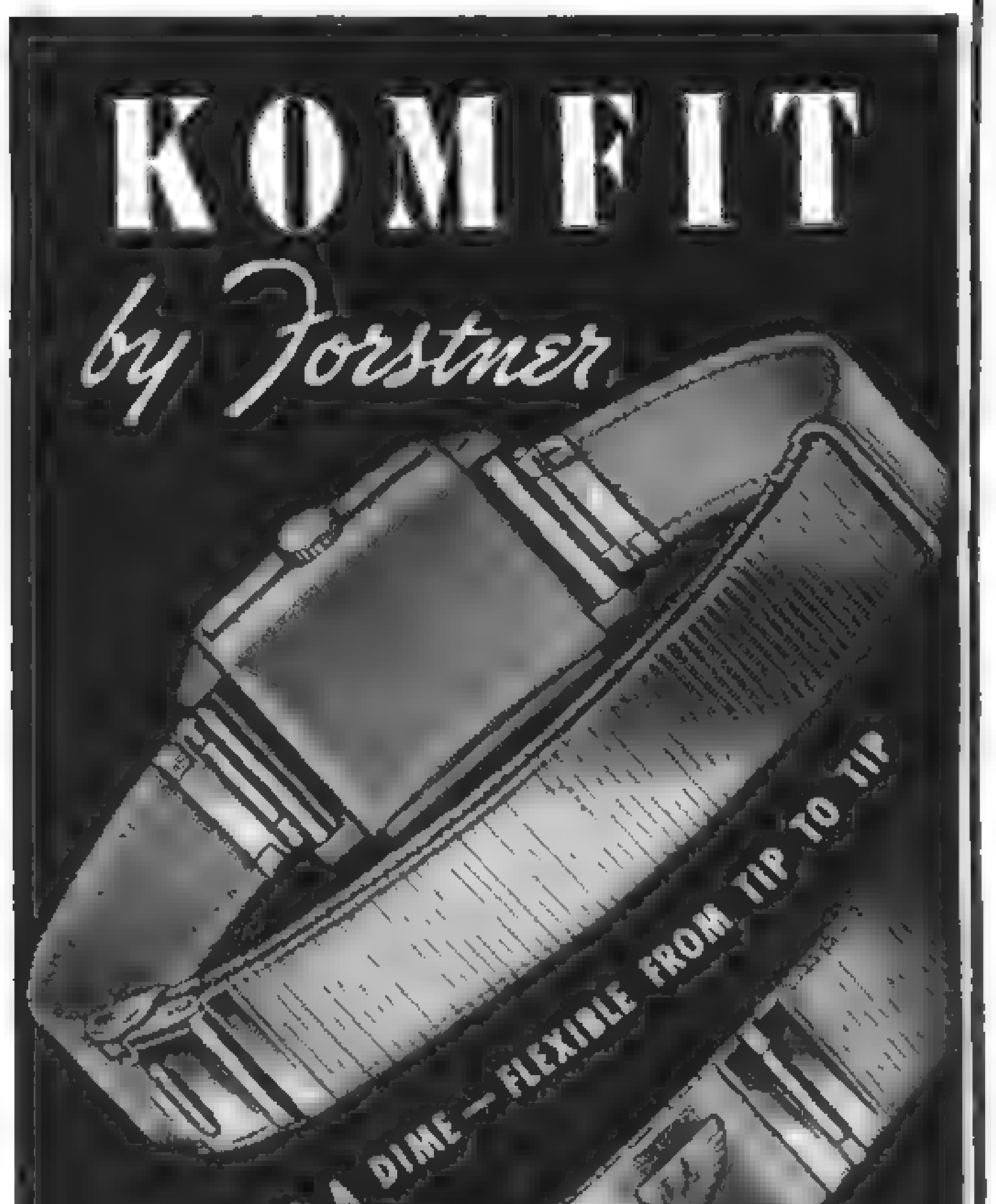
3 JUMBO BATH SOAPS, $1.50
ELECTRIC SHAVER'S SET . . . $3.75



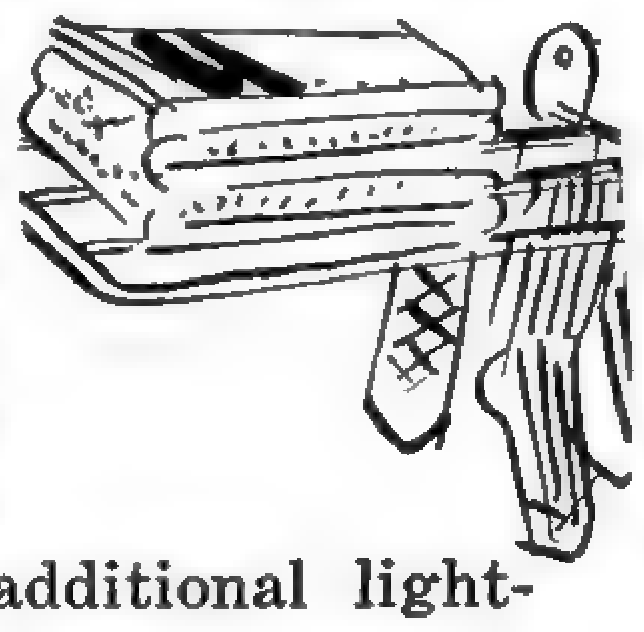
If you really want the *smartest* thing in watch bands, here it is! *Stainless* steel lined—non-corrosive in any climate or season. *Adjustable*—just *slide* to fit. There's nothing that compares with Komfit by Forstner! Komfit is also available with Army Aviation or Navy Aviation insignia.

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Gold filled, stainless steel lined $7.50 to $12.00. 14 Kt gold stainless steel lined $80.00. All stainless steel $3.50. With Service insignia $5.00 to $10.00.

At better jewelers or write to
FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION, Dept. 122,
Irvington, New Jersey
Please send descriptive booklet giving full information
NAME. . . . .
ADDRESS. . . . .

WASHBOARD BLUES. Ordinarily, only a cad would make a present of a washboard to a lady. But we've come across one that the most spirited wench would like when she does up her silk thisses and thats. Small, it is, and plastic, tapering to a neat molded base that hugs the bottom of the basin. Ridges slope from the middle to the sides to allow for drainage. Washboard blues only exist in the coloring of this inexpensive feminine accoutrement, for it comes in several lush pastels, blue included, and brown.

HANG IT UP TO DRY. While we're getting the gal all washed up, and going deeper into the subject of household gadgets (October being moving month), you might bear in mind a compact, efficient towel shelf for your new bathroom. Finished in lustre chrome, its bars can be used to pile towels on flat, or to hang them up four deep. The ends of the bars turn up to furnish additional light-laundry and washcloth space. Ideal for the small, concentrated home.



AIR RECONDITIONING. Crowded rooms (with everybody smoking), burning fodder on the kitchen stove, the fumes of your child's chemical set wafting from the cellar, all call for the moral support of a ventilator for the home. Resembling a small, streamlined radio set, it can be used anywhere that's handy to an electric plug. When the atmosphere calls for reorganization, you simply turn a switch, and in less than an hour the ozone regains its pristine freshness. The plastic décor of the ventilator lets you bring it unblushingly into the living room or bar; its efficiency helps you work better, enjoy yourself more, without the fog-brain caused by stale air.

LIGHT FANTASTIC. Nothing to do with dancing, except maybe for those dancing spots before your eyes from reading in that fantastic light. How can you tell the light you're working by is playing hob with your vision? By making a simple test with the light meter that, first, indicates the intensity of the light by which you toil or mull over your stamp collection; and second, tells you whether it's the correct intensity. After that, you will know exactly what wattage bulb you need at any particular vantage point. The meter is inexpensive enough to justify its being standard equipment in home or office.

HAVE YOUR CAKE . . . and eat it, too, if you like to leave the front door open to catch the breeze, and still have the safety of a lock. Three virtues has the easily installed object we have in mind; it's at once a lock, a latch, and a ventilator. It can be used on casement windows, too, and being style-conscious as well as businesslike, it comes in eight colors, also in chrome finish.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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See it All with
AN ALLSCOPE

At sports events, theatre, wear Allscope *and* you *have* a front row seat. Fun, thrills, action the ordinary spectator misses. Telescope spectacles, worn like glasses, Allscopes are light, comfortable . . . leave both hands free. 2 power, $14. 3¼ power, $16. at optical stores, or direct. Write for free catalog.

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Wollensak

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YOUR
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yelled the Queen
of Hearts
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Removes cap from ANY bottle, glass, can, Mason or other jar. Screw cap, pry-up, friction, vacuum, crown or any other style cap comes off with simple twist of wrist. No bruised fingers, no frayed tempers, no glass breakage. Also tightens screw caps. Zim is a handy, compact, kitchen wall or cabinet fixture that swings out of way when not in use. Lasts a lifetime. See at stores or order on money-back guarantee. In White, Red, Green or Cream finish $1.25. Silver finish $1.00.

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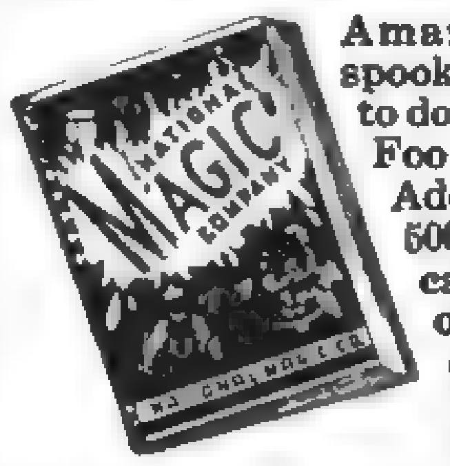

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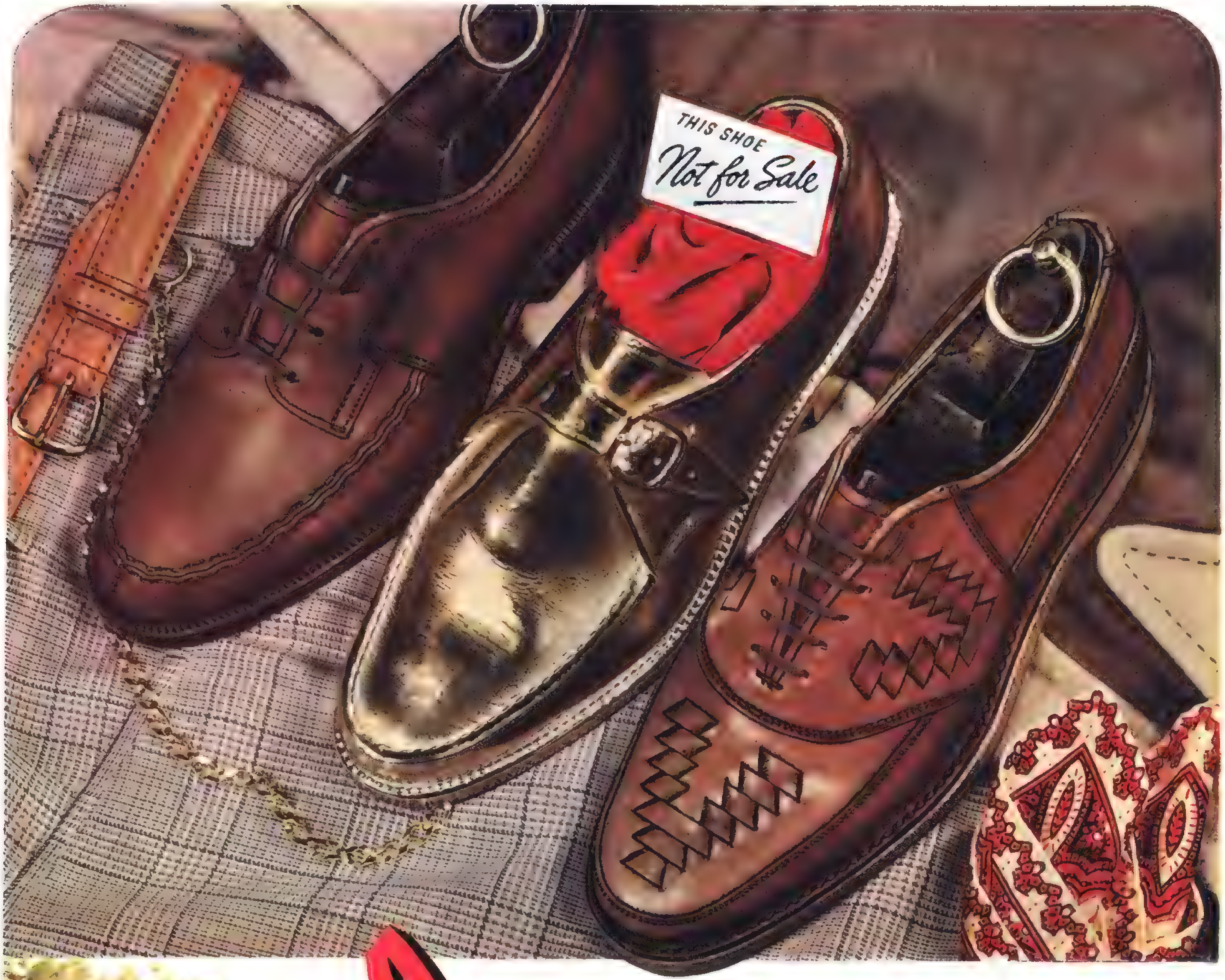

Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

$5 to $7.85
MOST STYLES

SPORT SHOES FOR FALL? Right!

Plenty of fine days will come along this Autumn when that plain straight tip shoe you wear to the office just won't do! For instance, on week-end outings, country hikes, football games, club picnics, and other joyful Fall occasions. That's when you need Jarman's informal, comfortable *Fall Sport Shoes.* Look them over today in your dealer's window, and get yourself a pair to go with the slack-and-jacket outfit you'll be wearing!

Oh, yes, — about that gold shoe: It's not for sale, being finished in 24-Carat (pure) gold . . . A permanent symbol of the "24-Carat" styling that makes Jarman Shoes America's largest selling brand in this popular price range! (This exact pattern *is* for sale, however, in mellow Sandune Tan leather, No. 4111. The left shoe is No. 4112, hand-stitched moccasin blucher. Right, No. 1569, hand-woven style with plantation crepe sole.)

Jarman Shoe Company, Division of General Shoe Corporation, Nashville, Tennessee.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

POCKET BRUSH. Things are different now that the slack season (both as to wearing apparel and the way you feel about life) is over. And, in the interests of the appearance impeccable, we take a deep breath and tell you about a whiskbroom that can be toted handily in the pocket. A pigskin or morocco leather case, only three and a half by one and a quarter inches, has a tab that brings to light, and to your coat collar, a bristle brush. Convenient for quick brush-offs at the office, or when you travel. Twelve colors in morocco; the pigskin is in natural color.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA . . . these days comes many a fine example of native artistry—and since our neighbors to the south know their horseflesh, what could be a more elegant offering for a horseman than a splendid riding crop in plaited white rawhide? The intricate filagree-type design on the handle is worked out in white silver-finished metal, with a space left plain for a monogram. A disdinctive riding accessory for North American gauchos.

KNICKKNACK FOR KNITTERS. There are still a few to go on the weekend season, and donations to be made to hostesses. If she knits, she should be able to use a plastic knitting yarn container that might not make sense to you, though it will to her. Looks something like a bird cage when it's in use, for it sits on a round base and is otherwise composed of gold, white, and red slats, through which yarn is pulled. Can be hung from the arm or set on the floor. When no purling is going on, it folds up to go into her knitting bag. Inexpensive.

THE PROFESSIONAL TOUCH. The nucleus of any successful bar—professional or otherwise—lies in such hoe-down, useful equipment as a five-piece cocktail shaker set. This nifty consists of a heavy sixteen-ounce bar glass, a seven-inch shaker (that you clap over the bar glass when you shake 'em up); a double jigger—three-quarters and one and a half ounces; a nine-inch bar spoon, and a spring strainer. All in stainless steel, except, of course, the glass. Your favorite bartender would be right at home with this basic set.

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MAIL COUPON TODAY! FREE! TWO free bottles! One Application, GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE—and sample of NEW Glover's Shampoo!

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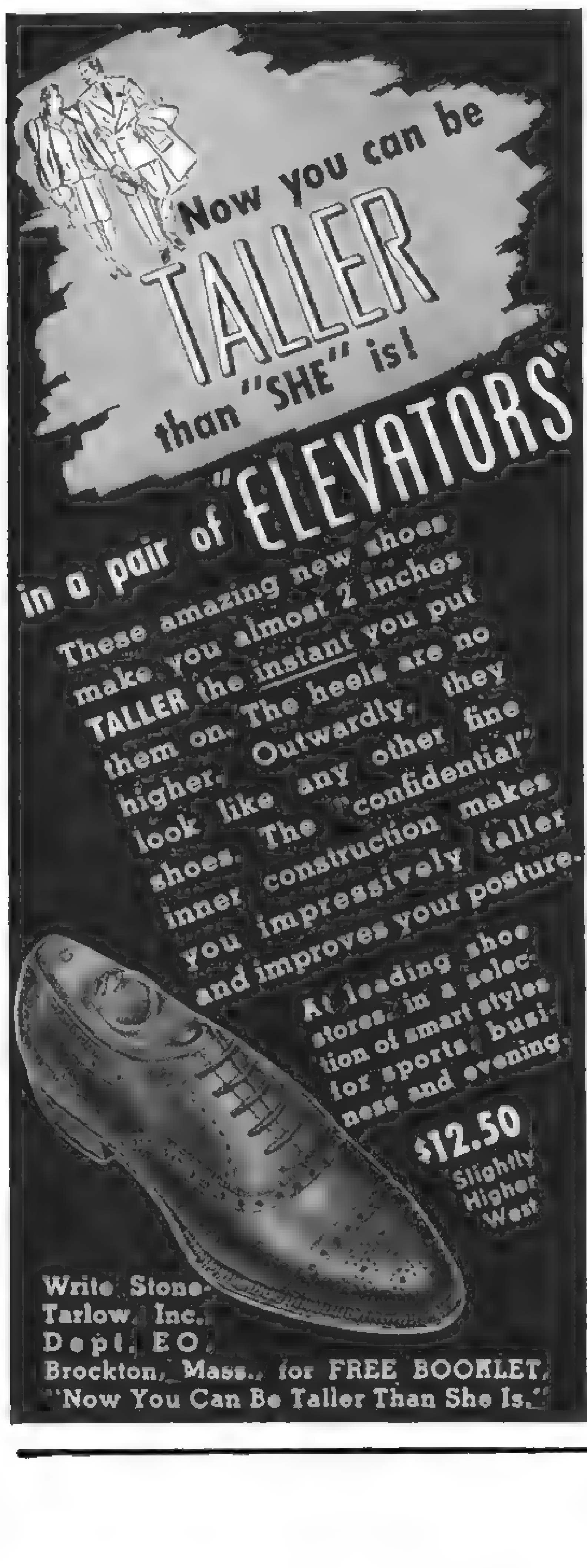
Staturaid Shoes—Buy Direct from Maker. See Burger ad on page 16



These amazing new shoes make you almost 2 inches TALLER the instant you put them on. The heels are no higher. Outwardly, they look like any other fine shoes. The "confidential" inner construction makes you impressively taller and improves your posture.

At leading shoe stores, in a selection of smart styles for sports, business and evening.

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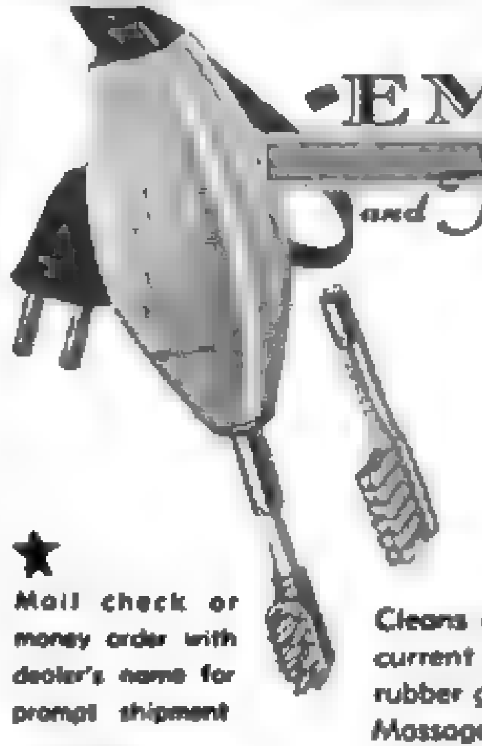

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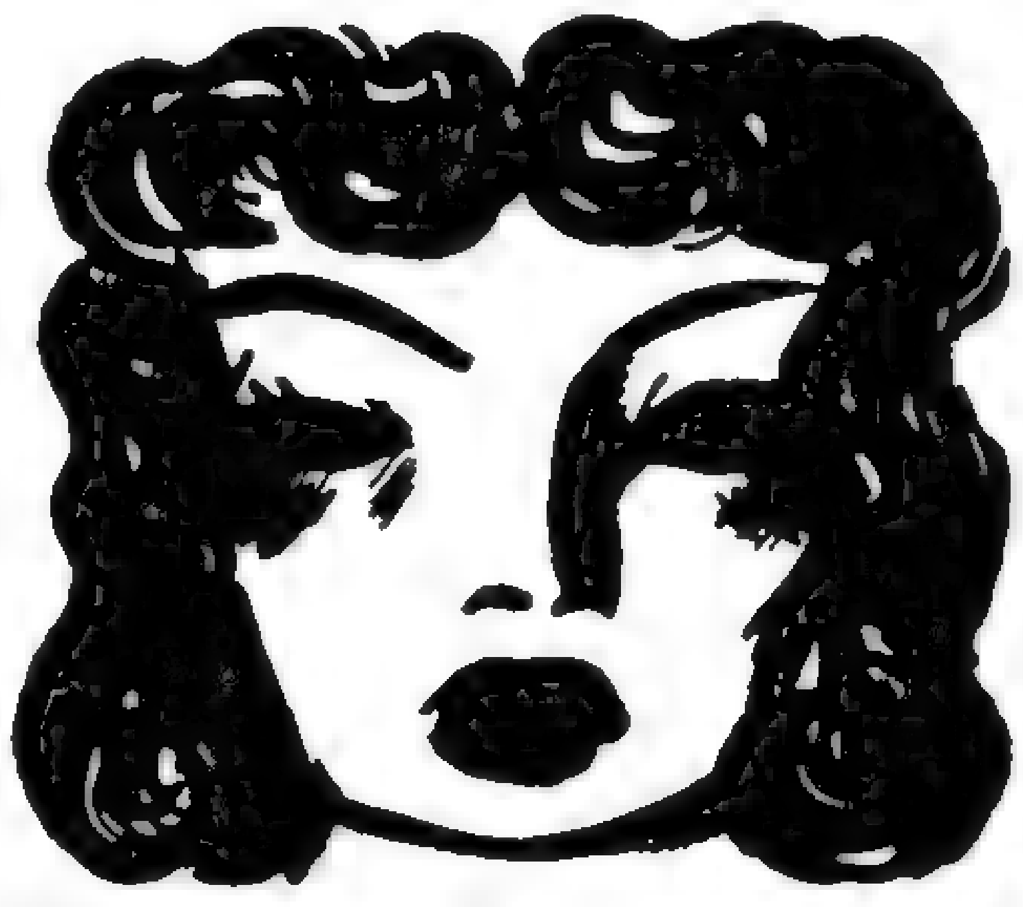

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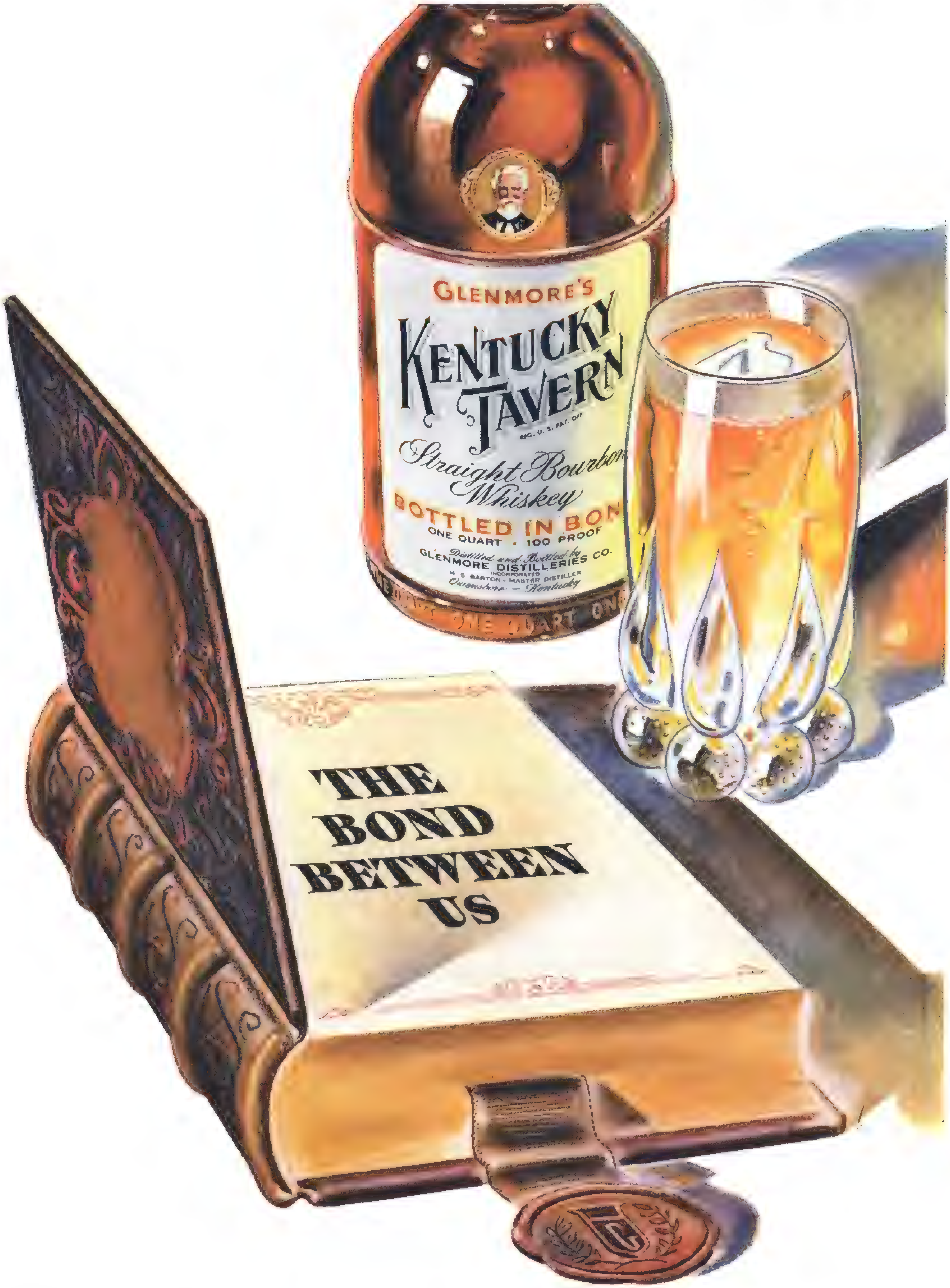
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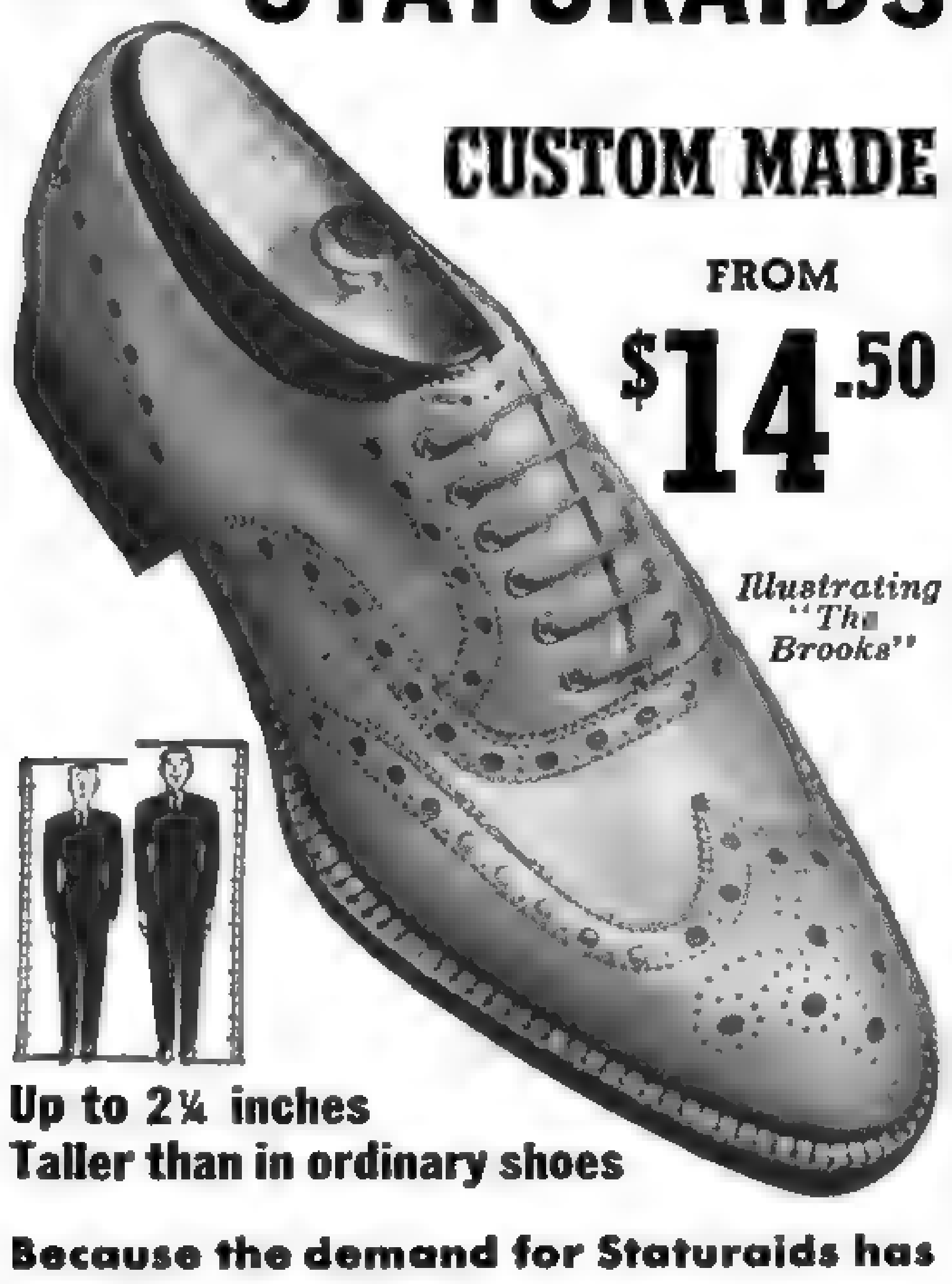

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FREE—Write for Party Record List

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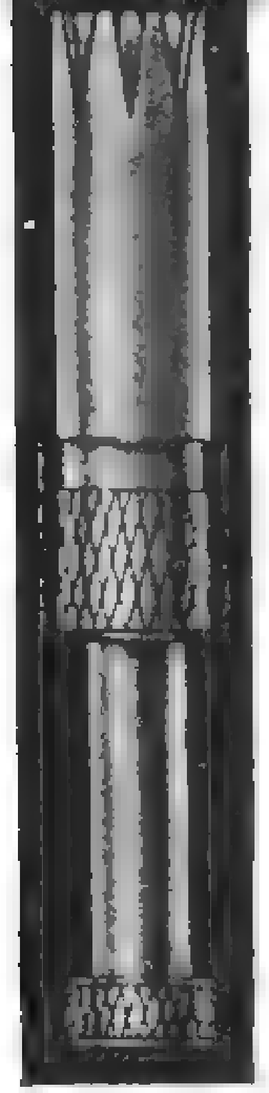
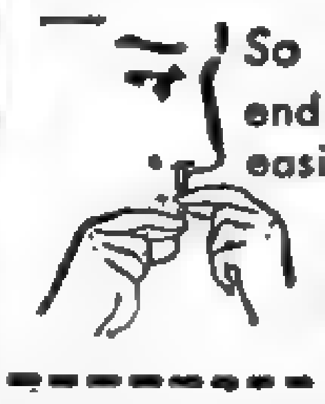
Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection
use
KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION



You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. No better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficent. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.



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Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

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Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

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HOBBY HORSE. Are you a ninny for a whinny? A sucker for a chukker? A goof for a hoof? Don't let this happen to *you*—but if it has, and you're incurably crazy over horses, try collecting model nags as the ideal form of occupational therapy. These, constructed with great finesse of a kind of papier maché, are all different one from the other, so that you can get a Palomino with authentic Western saddle, a polo pony, a five-gaited saddle horse, a jumper, and ad infinitum. Colors run the gamut of dapple gray, piebald, and regulation horse brown. Perhaps the most intriguing feature of these hand-high Dobbins is their saddles, which are a delight to the eye and the soul for their authenticity, be they plain or fancy.

PICK-UP. It's good for a gag, but has its practical side, too—an elongated pair of hand-made wooden scissors with rubber grips at what would otherwise be the snipping end. The purpose of all this is to retrieve articles dropped on the floor without having to bend over. *You* can bend over, being young and supple, but we bet that old-fashioned mother of yours would appreciate a pair of pick-up scissors, as would hospital or wheel-chair patients. Or people who are just plain lazy.

YOUR OWN BACK YARD . . . can be the location of much good fun from now till the first snowfall. Golf has been adapted—by a famed organist, of all things—to backyard play, by means of a game that hardly resembles golf at all, except in basic principle. There are nine "holes"—hexagonal discs set at about twenty-five to fifty yard intervals. Only one kind of "club" is used; variety in lofting is achieved by the four carved sticks that substitute for regulation golf balls. The sticks are placed on a wooden block that represents a tee, and whacked with the bat. From then on, more darned fun.

TWENTY-FOUR HOUR WEATHER. It won't be long now before the days start getting colder as well as shorter, bringing about a lively interest in thermometer reading. One concern has fixed it so you can find out how cold it is at night without having to open the window, strike matches, and freeze. Their thermometer features self-illumination, all done with a battery that's easy to replace. You merely push the press button on your side of the window, and light is shed on the subject of what goes on outside, and to what degree.

FAHRENHEIT HIGHBALL. And here's another thermometer story—this time purely in the interests of frivolity, and why not? Try thermometer swizzle sticks as ice breakers (not literally, please) at your next party. A perfectly good thermometer, affixed with a round muddler at the base, keeps your guests from drinking up until their drinks are just cold enough—and a "Go" sign is printed on the 45° mark of the thermometer in case there's any doubt or undue impatience. They come eight to a set; can be imprinted with the owner's name.

Ranger

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New Tissues Make 'Em Twinkle In A Twinkling!

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And that's not all! Your glasses won't cloud up or mist over under any conditions. One wiping lasts a whole day.

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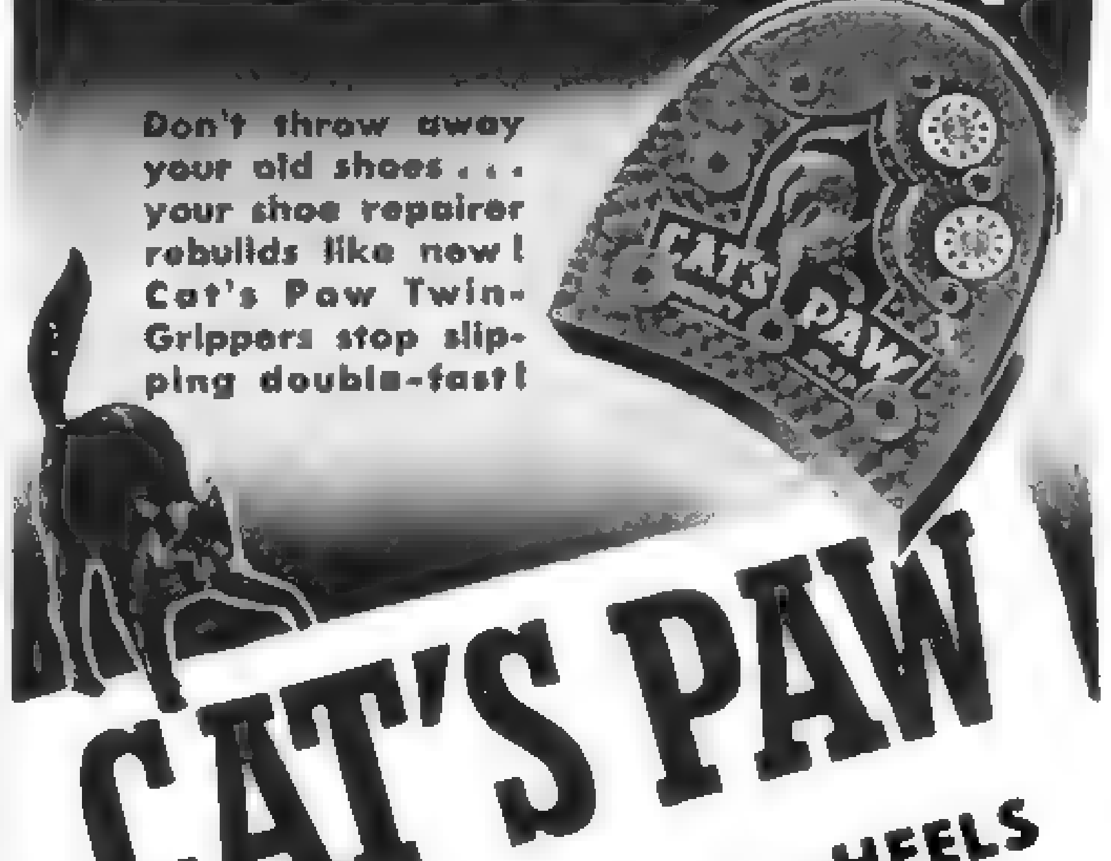

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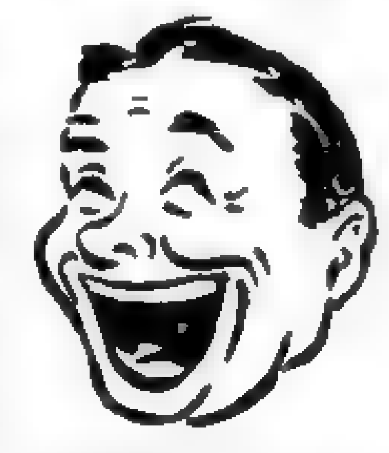

Here's the newest album of privately recorded songs. These recordings will get a rise out of the most blase. Wickedly witty—yet Smart! They're all sung by the famous Charley Drew now at the Hotel Taft. This new album No. 5 includes: "Lord Stuffit and Lord Stickit," "It's Better Than Taking in Washing," "When the Old Village Clock Strikes 9," "Up in the Second Mezzanine." Each one a WOW. Send $2 for complete album or order C.O.D. plus postage. (Canada: $2.50, cash with order).

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NATIONAL Wembley Tie WEEK

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NOR-EAST*
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Choose from the whole rainbow range of Wembley colors . . . the perfect companions for your autumn suits and shirts. Take your pick of dots and dashes, stripes and splashes . . . dignified or daring. They'll *keep* their fresh and fine appearance . . . Nor-East Non-Crush Fabric resists wrinkles, springs back into shape, ties trimly and smartly time after time.

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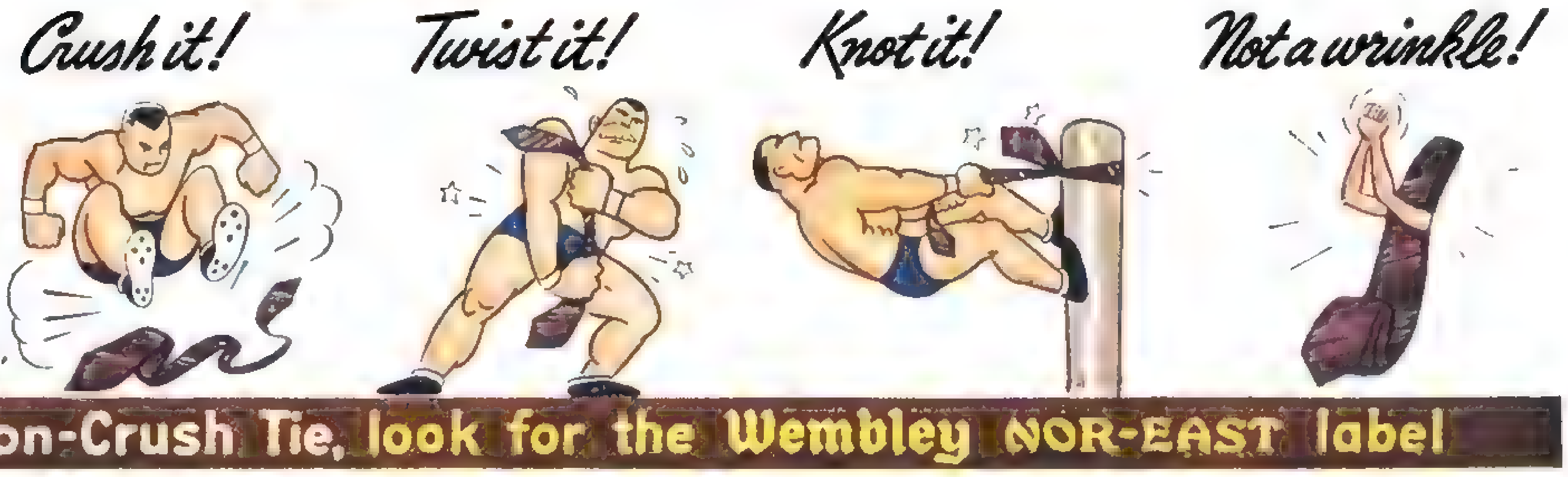
Here's an invitation worth looking for

At 10,000 men's stores, Wembley Tie Week will be celebrated with displays of newest styles in shirts, sweaters, socks . . . all the "trimmings" to complete a colorful Fall wardrobe. So you'll enjoy visiting your favorite store today.



Crush it! *Twist it!* *Knot it!* *Not a wrinkle!*

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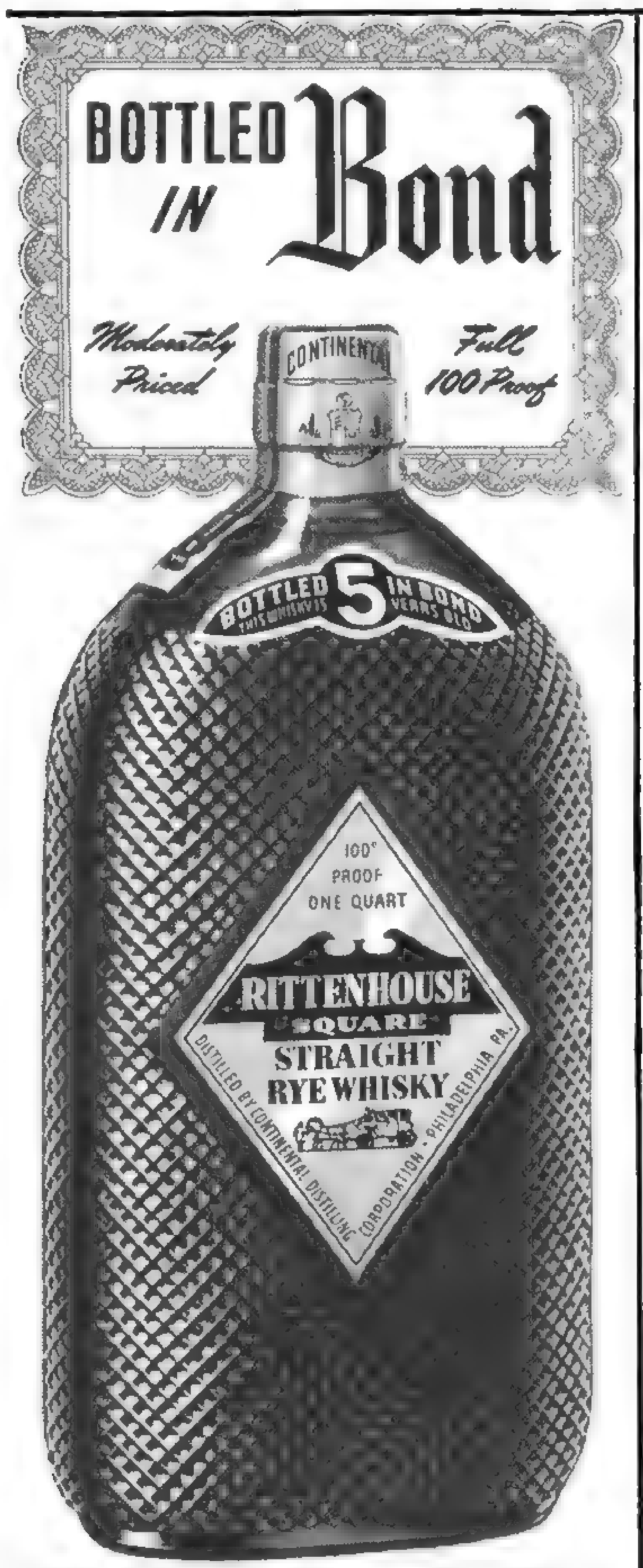
To be sure it's a genuine Non-Crush Tie, look for the Wembley NOR-EAST label

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE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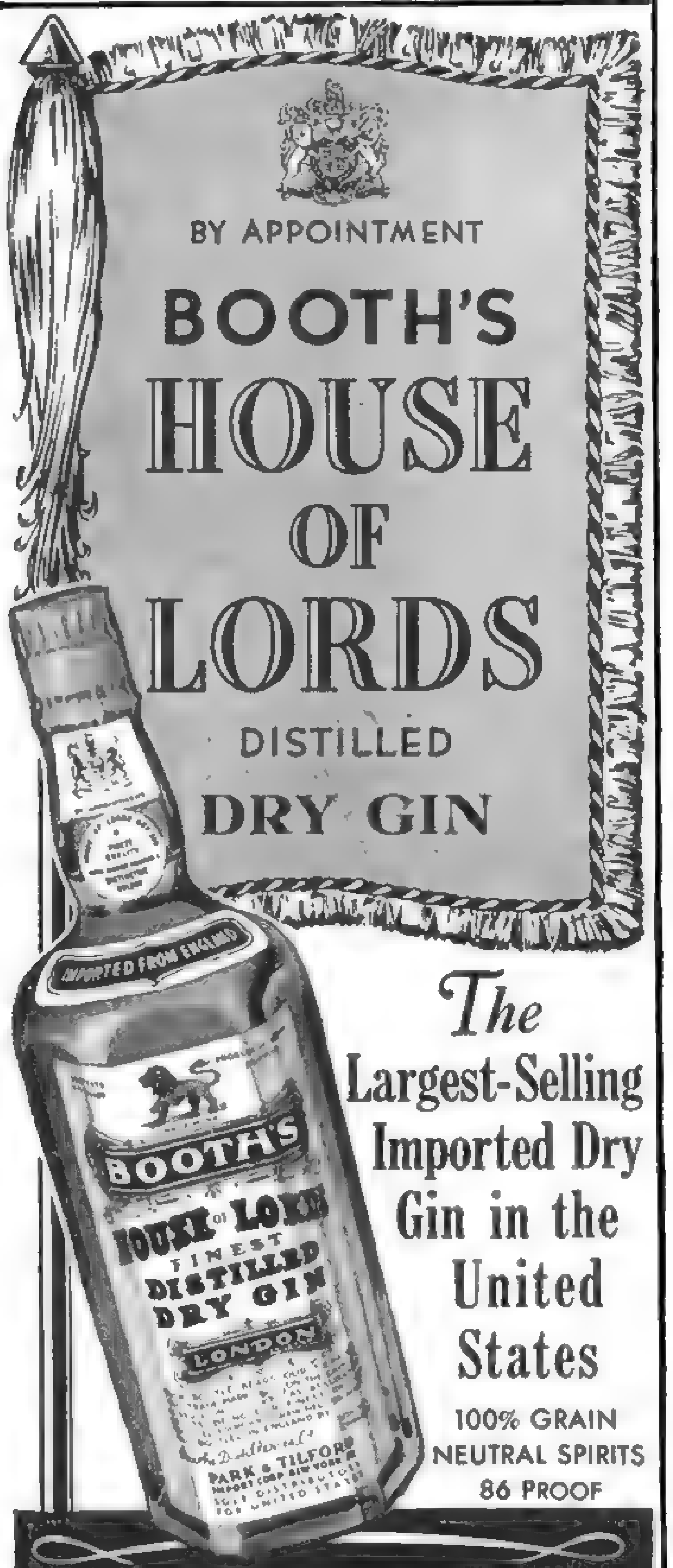
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100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86 PROOF
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Squadrons of one- and two-liveried town cars are due to converge on the Hotel Plaza September 24th, filled with ermined and sabled demoiselles and dowagers on the wings of their top-hatted he-friends—all of them adither anent the première in the Persian Room of the passionately worshipped Jean Sablon, singer of chansons d'amour in ze sophisticated manner with plenty personality. Dick Gasparre and his lads perform for dancing. Maitre Paul is the same as always, and guests are seated so that Cabots speak only to Lowells and Lowells speak only to Paul.

Don't miss or hurdle the Jonge Kip met Rijst, Holland House (boned youthful chicken accompanied by Dutch East India Rice with curry and chopped ham) at the oak-paneled, Delft-tiled Holland House Taverne in Rockefeller Center—10 Rockefeller Plaza to be exact. The atmosphere and heartiness here are authentic Dutch of the days when Nieuw Amsterdam was just an outpost of an indomitable nation. Both dapper manager Charles Wichman and genial captain George Stokking in ye bar grill are true Hollanders, and the chef, Mathias H. Gotwalt, hails from Maastricht of pleasant memories to yours truly. Also, there is still to be had Heineken's Lager Beer, brewed in Java by the same Heineken brewmasters. As for the Holland House Special Cocktail (Rye whiskey, lemon juice and exotic syrup), if that doesn't lift you by the scruff of the neck, what can?

Down out of the Sky Gardens of the Central Parked St. Moritz come Ford Harrison and his orchestra to function henceforth in that glitter hostelry's on-the-level Café de la Paix in back of the Round the World Bar . . . Friendly and informal in the French Provincial mood is the little restaurant of Mme. Noël Raffier, 23 West 51st. She's a native of Toulouse where they knew how to eat, and she hasn't forgotten. Her champagne is now American . . . Steadily agreeable for lunching and dining: the Hotel Lombardy (111 East 56th) with its spacious Tudor Room and Hunt Bar, the latter especially popular Sabbath noons, putting maitre Rene's savoir faire to the test. Fortunately it's elastic . . . A visiting member of the Sugar Manufacturer's Association of Jamaica, Ltd. has put us onto a drink oddity in vogue down there which is not untasty. Jamaica Nog is the title thereof and it's made of equal parts condensed milk (sweetened) and rare old Jamaica Rum, shaken with plenty of cracked ice and served in a cocktail glass decorated with a cherry . . . Don't be alarmed or think it's Hallowe'en when you see that white horse and carriage on the roof of Jack Delaney's in the Village at Sheridan Square. It's just one steed of many; you'll find the others inside and all over the picturesque place, not to mention saddles as bar stools. Yet what Jack serves for food ain't hay, though you'll feel your oats by the time you come out . . . Tying in with the V for Victory campaign, Prexy Frank L. Andrews of the Hotel New Yorker has broken out the V Cocktail, giving you that three dots and a dash emotion. Constructed of Scotch whisky, fresh plum juice and sugar. A fellow we know drank V of these V's and found he had forgotten the code.

Fresh curled unsalted butter and toothsome French crescents and brioches hot from the oven are among the appreciated accessories of your luncheon or dinner at the justly famed restaurant of Henri the Confiseur, flourishing for gourmets since 1906—formerly on West 46th and nowa-years in bigger and still more luxuriant quarters at 15 East 52nd. The dishes you were fond of in the Paris of the past are done "to the point" here, and served with all expertness. Brothers Henri and Pierre are changeless and tireless in pleasing their faithful, fastidious clientele who come from all distances.

Shh! Sh!
Here's a tip. Next time you drink one too many or eat a bit too much, try a jigger of Fernet-Branca. Fair warning: it's bitter, but worth it in morning-after pep and ginger.
FERNET BRANCA
THE WORLD'S PICK . . . ME . . . UP
FOR 95 YEARS
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Ask for it at any good Restaurant, Hotel or Bar. Buy a bottle at your druggist or grocer to keep at home.
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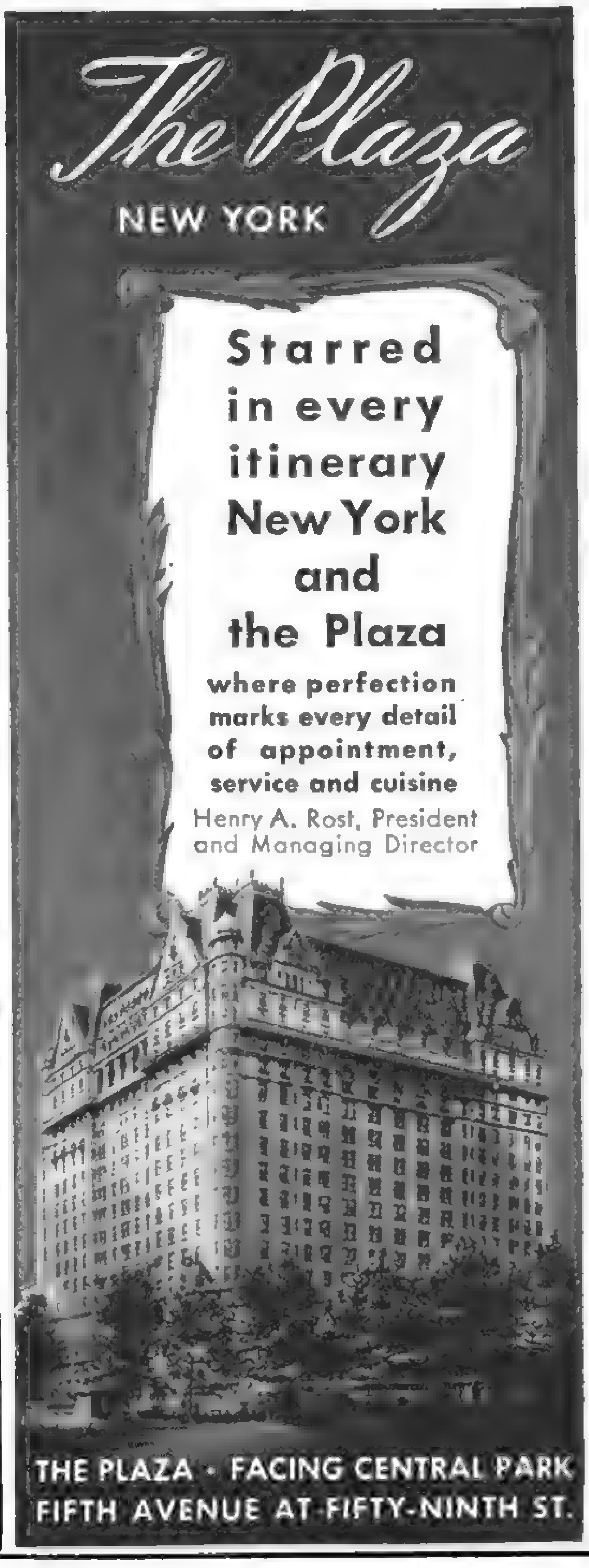
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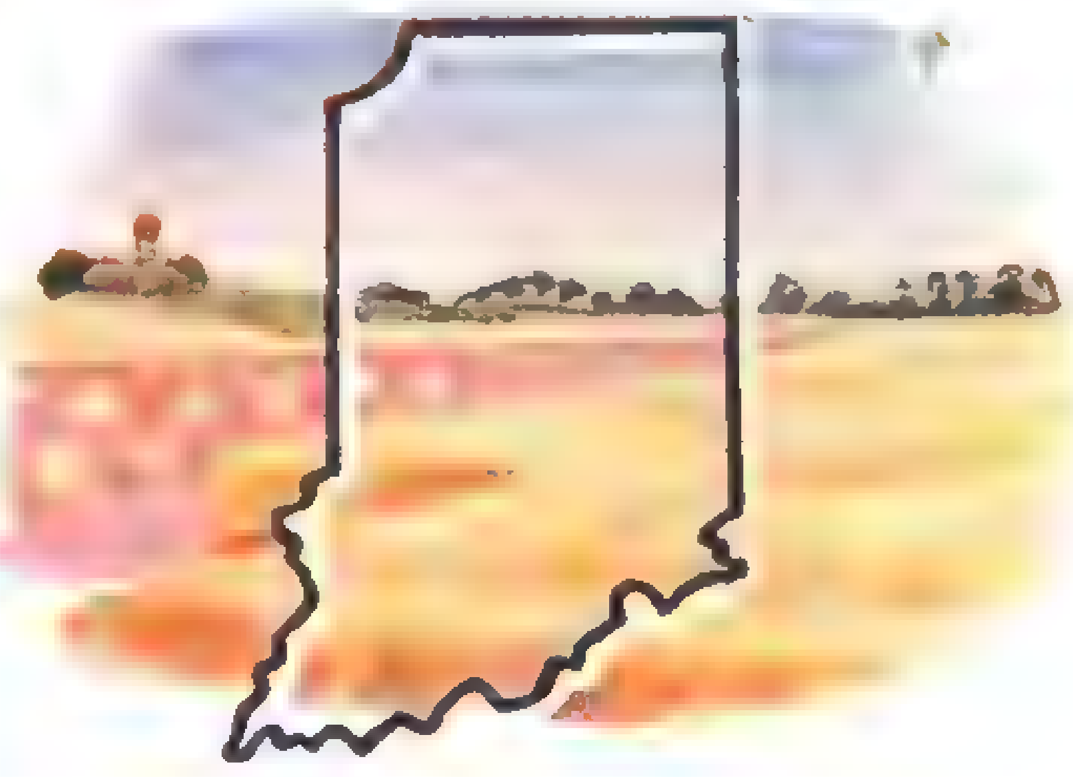
The BEST from *KENTUCKY*
gives it RICHNESS

The finest whiskey from the Bluegrass . . . Kentucky home of famous beauties, famous horses . . . famous whiskey-richness!

The BEST from *MARYLAND*
gives it BOUQUET

Luxury in living, bouquet in fine whiskey . . . these are Maryland traditions honored since Lord Baltimore's cavaliers.



The BEST from *INDIANA*
gives it SMOOTHNESS

Smooth as the broad lush grain fields is Indiana's "prize" whiskey . . . from the limestone-bluegrass region.

The BEST from *PENNSYLVANIA*
gives it BODY

Sturdy as the rolling Alleghany landscape, Pennsylvania's finest whiskey is renowned for *character* and *body*.

*Blended with Schenley's Specially Distilled Neutral Grain Spirits . . . Schenley Blends Give You Perfect MILDNESS.

TO GIVE YOU—with *light-bodied mildness*—this all-time perfection of taste-quality, Schenley blended the finest whiskies from all four whiskey states, with a specially distilled neutral grain blending spirit. So that, in this one *mild* whiskey, you enjoy all the delicate taste advantages of *four* rare selected whiskies! Such a unique symphony of whiskey virtues is made possible by Schenley blending skill, and Schenley's stock of choice whiskies . . . probably the largest and finest in the world today.

Treat Yourself to SCHENLEY..."The Taste it Takes Four States to Make"

Schenley Black Label 65% Grain Neutral Spirits, 86.8 Proof. Schenley Red Label 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits, 86 Proof. Blended whiskey. Copyright 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The two huge Mid-Victorian broilers banked with glowing coals over which old Sam Clark, veteran chef of Gage & Tollner's, broils you a batch of succulent soft clam bellies, or swordfish, or porterhouse built for three, are typical of this establishment's uniqueness—landmarked in the heart of Brooklyn at 372 Fulton Street, just beyond Borough Hall. Stone-fronted, with a pair of doorway columns that stand out historically amid the surrounding modernity, it boasts an interior unchanged since the giddy Eighties, though Mr. Edison's electric lamps have been interpolated among the gas-jets. Headwaiter Ike who came to work 41 years ago has had time to find out the sort of service that people like and gives you his personal attention along with that of the well-trained assistant he has delegated to your table, which is unclothed and of solid mahogany. Cookery is plain but perfect, utilizing the strictly freshest in foods of the sea, river, lake, field and barnyard. Clam interpretations total 48. Ale is mugged in silver. Champagne cocktails, made with a noted sparkler of the Finger Lakes region, flow as though from a perpetual spring.

Brooklyn's swimming-pooled Hotel St. George is now harboring in its colorful Bermuda Terrace the variegated music of Dave Martin (sepia Eddy Duchin) and his men. You can scout through numerous square miles of Manhattan without finding a chocolate-complected dance crew so spirited and original as these eight boys, who shift from moonlit Vienna to boogie-woogie via conga-land and Waikiki, changing instruments the while and every so often bursting into vocals and stunt specialties. High pompadoured Dee Williams is the featured chanteuse. Dave dazzles. When we say they're good, we're skimping. The gala menus squired by headwaiter Otto are gotten up in unusual jumbo-sized type for eye ease.

Urbane Max A. Haering, product of Switzerland and 18 years with the Ritz-Carlton organization in divers countries and operator of the revered Swiss Pavilion Restaurant at the New York World's Fair, so fell for Flushing that now, chucking his cosmopolitanism to the breezes, he has settled down among the Queensboroughoisie as host of the Amber Lantern, pavilioned at 150-24 Northern Boulevard, with many chariots bringing to his doorstep seekers of honest to goodness American food, such as chops and chickens, prepared with culinary amour.

Community howling of the cheeriest sort is tolerated philosophically by antiquarian Bill Hardy, genial commissar of the Gay Nineties, 57 East 54th. Museum and temple of melody combined, with eats and drinks served, this is certainly the priceless place for shedding a tear into one's beer while vaudevillians and minstrels bring back the days of yore with droll improvements. If you're a party large enough to lease the private dining room for the occasion, you not only have the privilege of viewing Bill's gallery of classic saloon art culled from the Old Knickerbocker, etc., but also the inestimable thrill of patronizing the lordly brazen cuspidors of the late Chauncey M. Depew. Vases, we assure you! And there's a flag from the Battleship Maine—remember?

Ultra select as to cookery and clientele is the Restaurant Crillon of 277 Park Avenue (family entrance on 48th at Lexington) conducted by the Viennese brothers Baumgarten. Luncheon here is a habitué affair, many possessing sacrosanct tables and corners. Dinner is divided: pre-theater buffet downstairs and statelier fare above, with wines functioning on both levels. Long famous for his cellar, Otto Baumgarten honors American wines by according the front page of his book-sized Wine List to them, with name of vintner stated in every instance. "My best patrons are the most patriotic," he says proudly.

ENJOY THESE ENTICING LONG DRINKS FROM THE TROPICS

For out-and-out *taste appeal* you'll find there's nothing like a Planters' Punch or Rum Collins, mixed with this original *dark* Jamaica Rum! For wealth of flavour —

The Rum must be MYERS'S

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100% FINE MELLOW JAMAICA
97 PROOF

PLANTERS' PUNCH
ONE OF SOUR (1 part fresh Lime Juice)
TWO OF SWEET (2 parts sugar)
THREE OF STRONG (3 parts Myers's Rum)
FOUR OF WEAK (4 parts ice and water)

Add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Serve very cold in a tall glass with cracked ice. Add a cherry.

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A cocktail book for the amateur...

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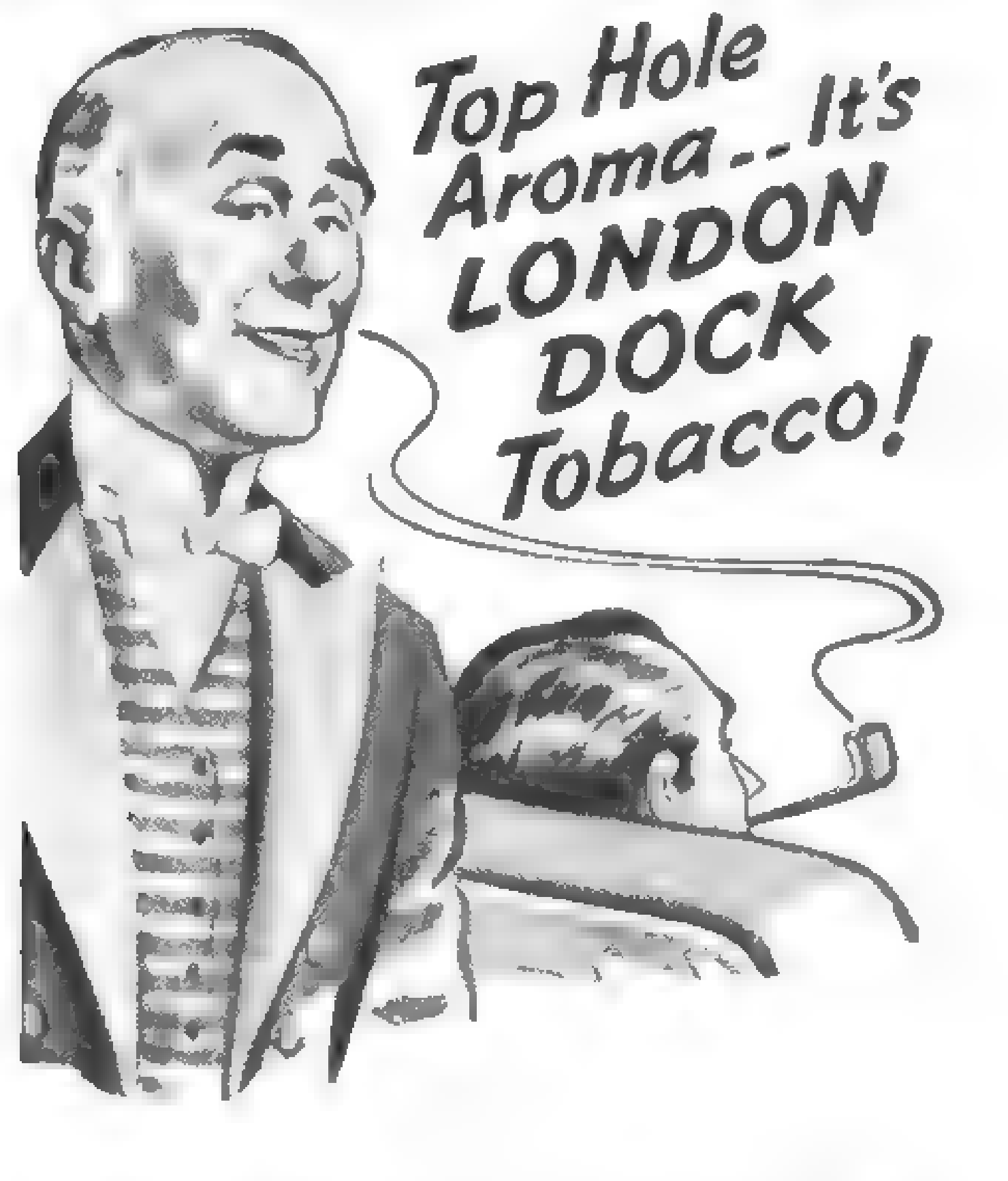
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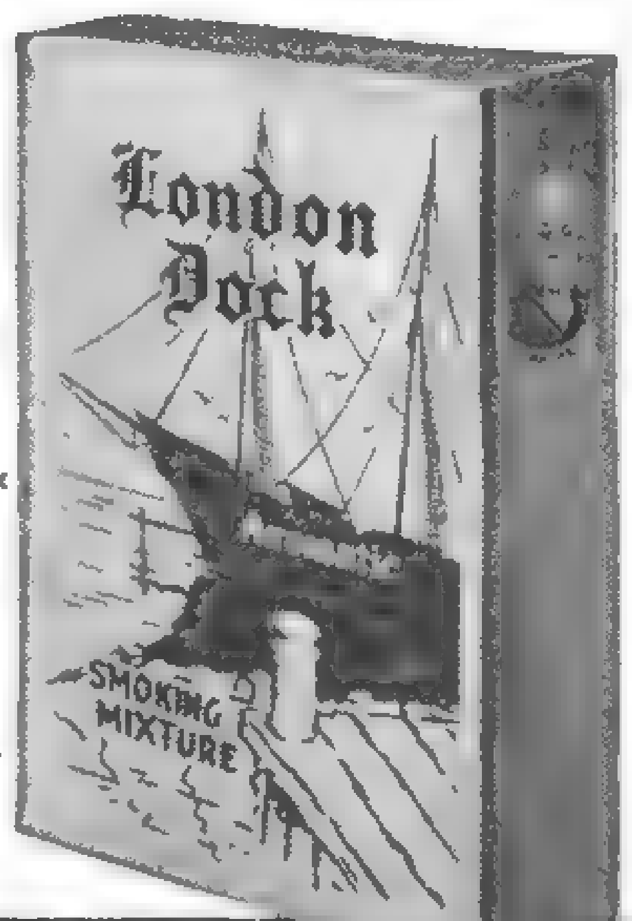

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How to Pick Out a Hat–*By Bob ("Best-Dressed") Benchley**

1. "Now this shape brings out the Benchley you all know...the man among men; busy, affable...dominating his circle and his affairs...the captain of his ship, master of his soul...Benchley, the successful, the envied, the admired!"

2. "Now here's a shape that brings out the old Benchley buccaneering blood... the sportsman, the dare-devil...quick to resent a slur, or to compliment a pretty woman...Buck Benchley, and will he head them off at Eagle Pass!"

3. "Now this shape emphasizes the Benchley nobody knows...scion of the banking Benchleys...cool, far-sighted...a man with a flair for figures and telephone numbers...a man of integrity...definitely a high-class guy."

4. "I like all three shapes...but can't decide...don't want a hat anyway...just... er...dropped in...*what!!!*...it's the same hat!...the Stetson 'Three-Way'...one hat with three shapes?...why, certainly, I'll take all three of it!"

5. "And look at this three-sided, Stetson-stamped box!...Why, the simon-pure, true-blue Benchley, lover of the beautiful, would carry the hat and wear the box...and by golly, as soon as I get out of sight of that hat store, I will!"

ANOTHER STETSON ORIGINAL

New Stetson design, specially constructed to look equally smart, no matter which of these three ways you choose to wear it:

1 Snap Brim **2** Brim Down All Around **3** Brim Up All Around

STETSON

"Three-Way"

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OTHER STETSONS FROM $5. STETSON HATS ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA

* *Author and Star of the Current Series of Paramount Shorts*

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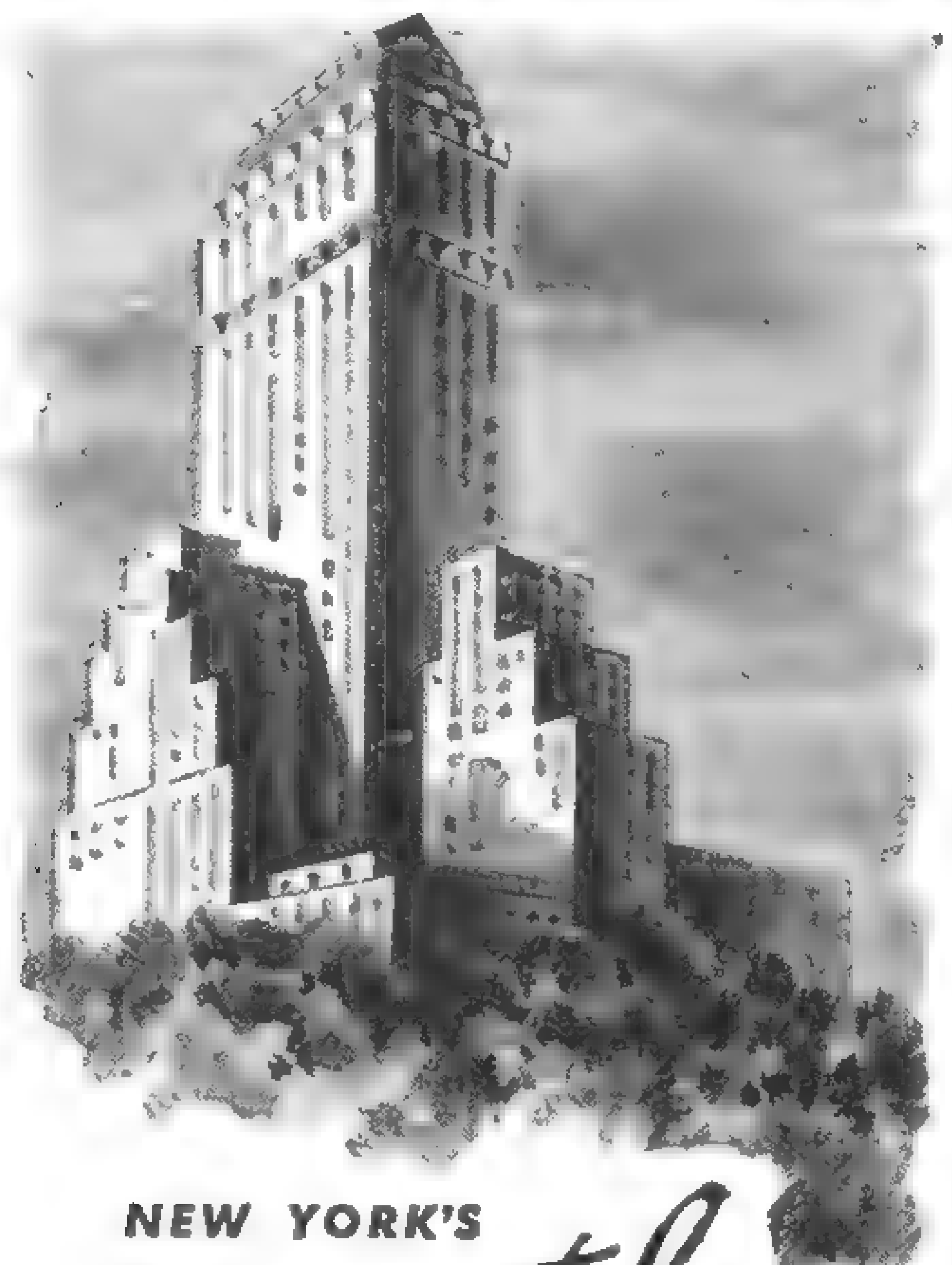

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. . . famous for its Continental Breakfast served piping hot to guest's room. Guests enjoy an ideal location overlooking Central Park, the 30th floor Yacht Lounge, nightly concerts and refreshments, art exhibits, lectures and library. Cocktail lounge and restaurants are air-cooled. Full course luncheon from 85 cents, dinners from $1.25, French cuisine.

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ICE SHOW
at luncheon, dinner, supper
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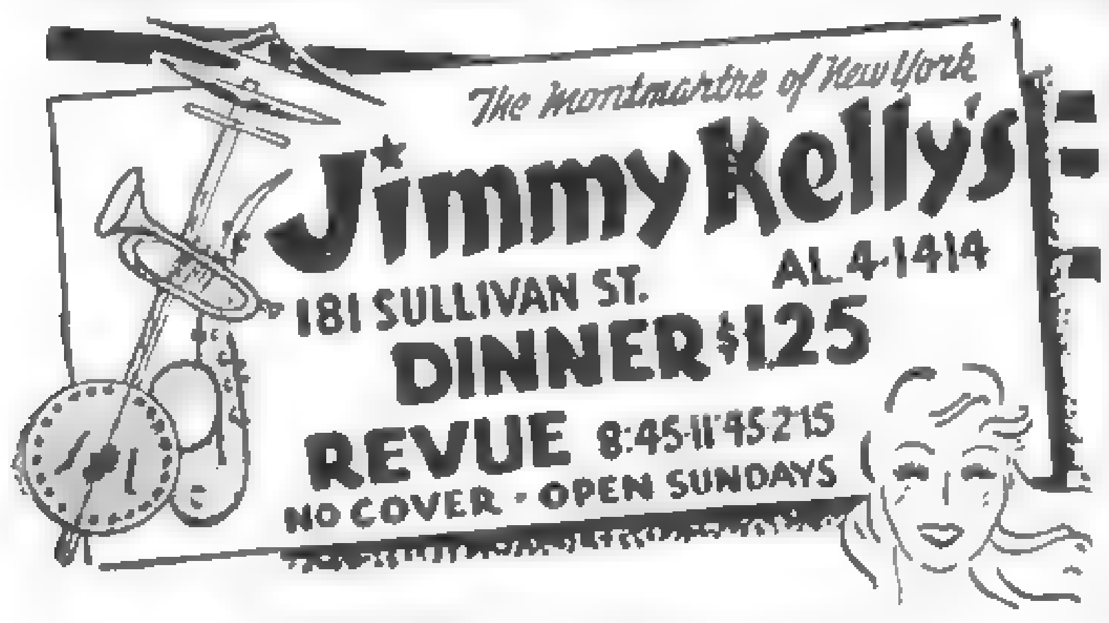

The high and far from dry Rainbow Room, tip-topping Radio City, has been regaling smart ears and ankles with the symphonic swing scintillance of young Ozzie Caswell and band, specialists in putting the melodies of Kern, Porter, and Rodgers through imaginative musical hoops. October 8th will bring in the blithely bizarre Matty Malneck and his crew of whimsical virtuosi, scorers of quite a furore here previously. Also returning are the Valero Sisters of rhumba proclivities, and Billy de Wolfe, expert travestician of types you see around town in the bright spots. Gold-keyed Auguste, the Rainbow Room's perennial walking encyclopedia of wines, is proving himself a splendid consultant on the riches of America's proudest vinelands, both Californian and Eastern. The book he carries fairly teems with Golden Thoughts.

Poularde à la De Gaulle, duckling in Port Wine, subtly brandied veal kidney, Chateaubriand Savoy (Steak in the Bag), Hearts of Palm with Béarnaise Sauce, Soufflé Rothschild: these are some of the sublimities which lure the disciples of Epicurus to the door of tall, cavalierly, European-famed André Pagani who now presides over his elegantly intime New York establishment called Brussels Restaurant at 26 East 63rd. When this superlative place was first opened, we voiced our opinion of it in heartfelt hallelujahs, and now each return visit makes us wonder why we were so non-committal about it.

How many thousand miles the fleecy clouds have traveled over the heads of the throng of dance couples at the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room since that tropical atmosphere spot was first opened (June 23, 1937), it would take a higher mathematician to figure, though the accounting department claims to know how far up in the thousands comedienne Napua has climbed with her rendition of "The Cockeyed Mayor of Kaianakakai." The tally of patrons now stands at a little over a million, 122,000 have partaken of the special chicken dish, Island style, which is swaddled in cellophane; and 120,000 fresh cocoanuts have functioned as punch and sling containers, countless of them carried away thereafter in boxes as souvenirs. Radio broadcasts have exceeded 600, some 50 of which were two-way events entente-cordialing between this Room and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu. And still the enchantment goes on, with Ray Kinney and his croon-throbbers and the barefooted native hip-swayers amid the exotic illusion-décor. It's a wonder that upstairs in the Revere Room a certain "Colonial portrait" discernible in one of the murals (and which habitués recognize as the Lexington's jovial host Charley Rochester himself, disguised with a periwig) hasn't sprouted leis.

Speaking of threes, the Three Crowns Restaurant of the Swedish Pavilion at the World's Fair is now operating rejoicefully under the same management of Messrs. Persson and Munsson, transferred to a tastefully pine-paneled American setting at 12 East 54th, with the famed revolving smörgasbord table. Tops, positively, on all counts.

RENAULT
AMERICAN *Vermouth*
alcohol 15.9% by volume

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNES, SPARKLING WINES, STILL WINES.
L. N. **RENAULT** & SONS INC.
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Delightful contradiction, in the air conditioned
NETHERLAND BAR
favorite spot for a long cool one—or a gay quick one.
The **SHERRY NETHERLAND**
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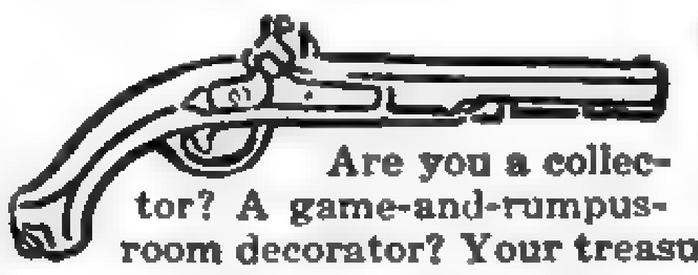
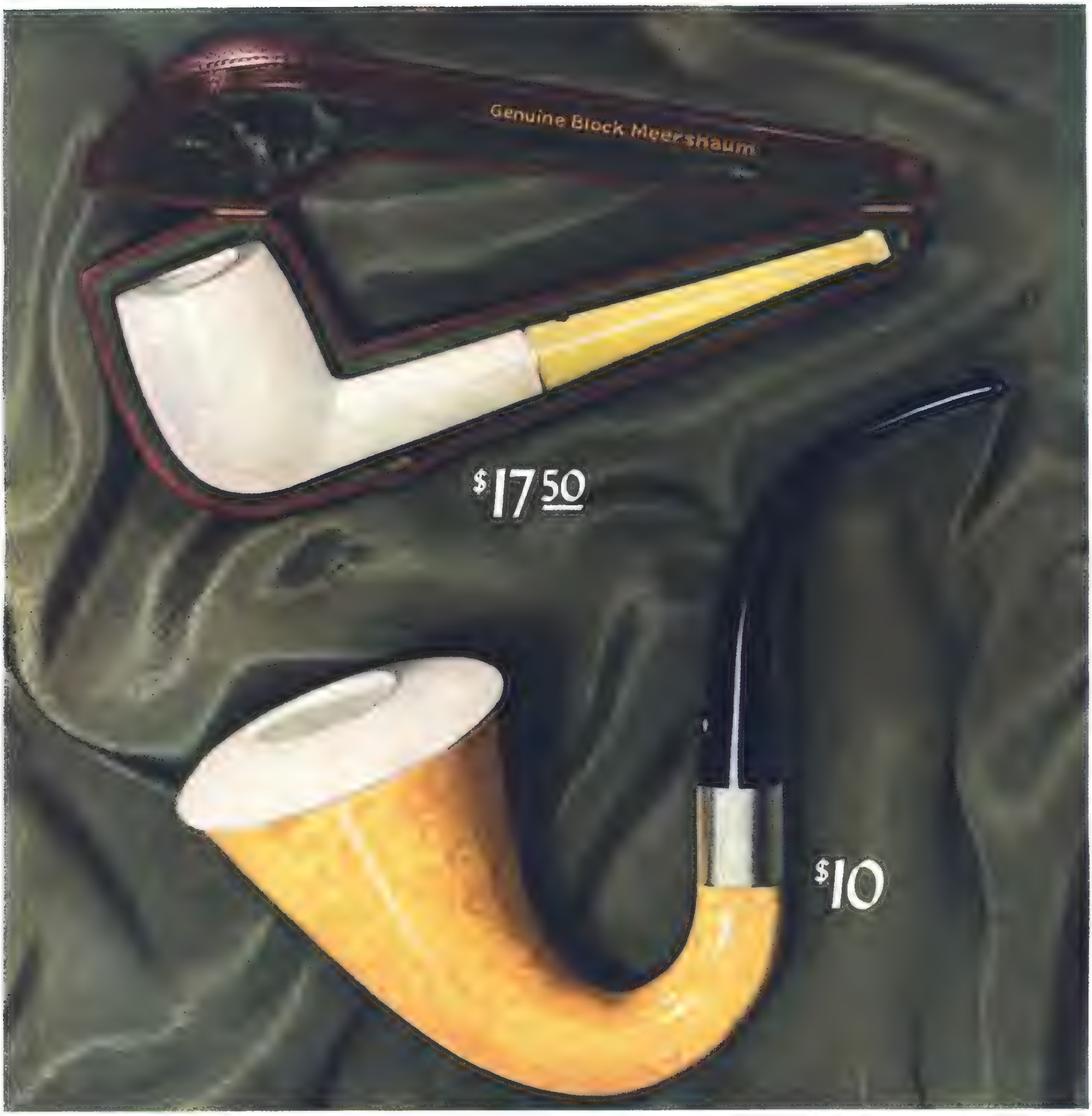


GUNS & SWORDS

Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing hundreds of authentic items. Typical values: *Antique muzzle-loading army musket*, **$8.50** *U.S. Civil War Cavalry sabre and scabbard*, **$3.50** To get your catalog (new 1941 edition) send 10c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, 860M Lexington Avenue, New York City, N.Y.**

15th
of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands



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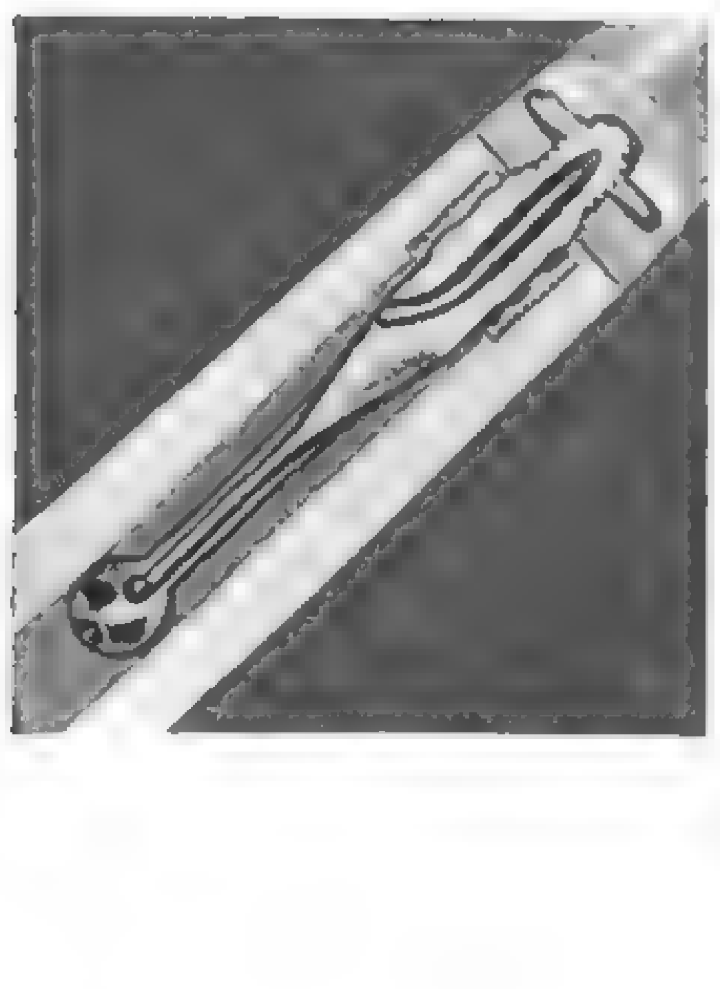
Gifts in the Old-Time Tradition of Pipe Smoking

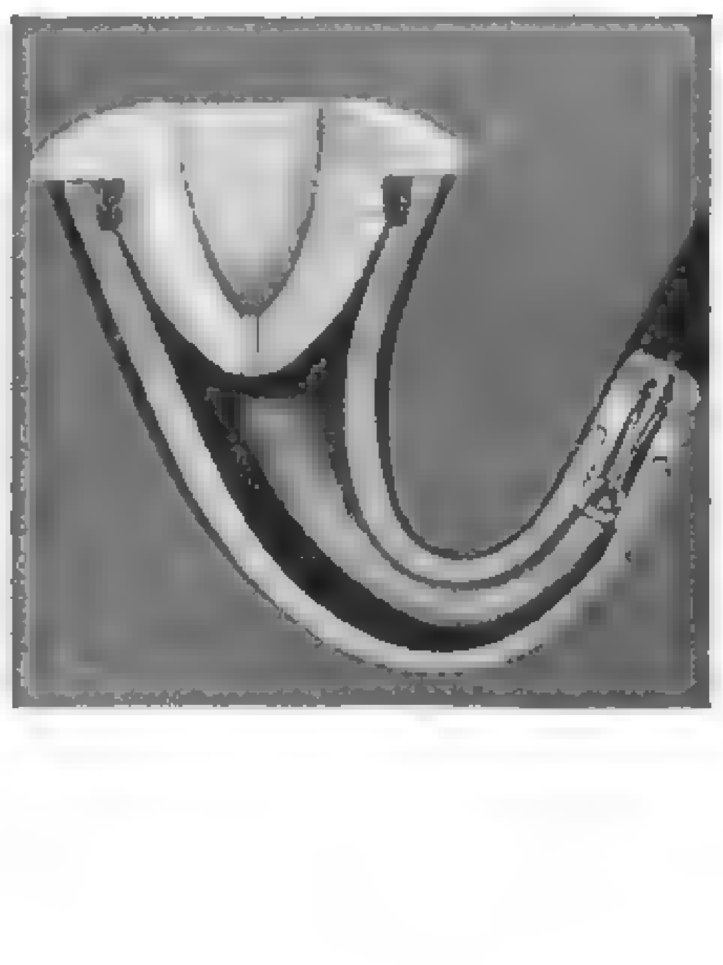
MEERSCHAUM *with Amber Stem* . . . the bowl of this magnificent pipe is genuine imported block meerschaum; the mouthpiece is purest imported Amber. The shape is as popular, now, as in the 1900's. Indeed, the fashion of Meerschaum-with-Amber, has come full circle.

CALABASH *with Meerschaum* . . . the calabash gourds of which these treasured Kaywoodies are made come from South Africa, and are as precious as diamonds to the calabash connoisseur. Fitted to the incredibly light calabash is a bowl of superfine imported block meerschaum.



Both of the distinguished pipes shown here are fitted with Kaywoodie's famous Drinkless Attachment (patented), which precipitates volatile impurities from the smoke-stream. The Synchro-Stem permits a single twist-of-the-wrist disconnection of the bit, for easy cleaning.

A cross-section view of the calabash pipe discloses the large *heat diffusing* air chamber between the inner meerschaum bowl and the calabash outer bowl. This Smoke-Conditioning Chamber makes it one of the smoothest, coolest-smoking pipes in the world.



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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Thomas Blake Clark

Hawaiian Hospitality by Thomas Blake Clark forms a chapter in his book, *Paradise, Limited: An Informal History of the Fabulous Hawaiians*, which *Modern Age* has scheduled for publication sometime this month. Mr. Clark is Assistant Professor of English Literature at the University of Hawaii. He was born in 1908 in Howell, Tennessee, a village named for his great-grandfather. He received his degrees (B.A., M.A., and Ph.D.) at Vanderbilt University, and while he was studying at the University of London, ran across material which led to his writing of *Omai, First Polynesian Ambassador to England*, which came out last year. He explains that Omai, who returned with Cook for a two-year stay in London was welcomed as warmly by the ladies of English society as the hero of *Hawaiian Hospitality* was by the girls of the islands. Mr. Clark has contributed to *Harper's Bazaar* and *Harper's Magazine* and says his most successful literary effort was achieved on the *Mariposa* en route to Hawaii, when he lent a book to a Greek girl named Speliakos, now Mrs. Clark.

•

William Brandon has appeared in most of the pulp magazines as well as *Collier's* and *Cosmopolitan*. He came from that target of vaudeville gags, Kokomo, Indiana. There, he relates "I began trying to write at sixteen on a Kokomo paper which rapidly went out of business. I covered sixteen thousand miles weekly, more or less, on the bum, working on other little papers and at a large number of transitory jobs, from washing dishes in New York City cafeterias to digging ditches in Texas. This was a fine life. Later, in New York with stories to peddle, I was able to relive parts of it, sleeping on the subway, walking around with my feet sticking out of my shoes, living on two meals a week, but somehow by then it had lost its magic and I finally took an outright dislike to it. You change. I worked in a radio factory and later in a steel mill. That's good work; the autocrat of industry. I kept on trying to write. I sold some stories and they got a little better and I sold more. I'm still trying, and I like it, probably because I have nothing profound and conclusive to say."

William Brandon

Robert T. Souter

Robert T. Souter, author of *Credo of Men at Arms*, is an officer in a suburban Massachusetts bank not far from Boston. He went to Harvard, is married, and has a boy three years old. His only previous appearance in Esquire was in February, 1938, with *Boys Will Be Boys*.

•

Two of the Christmas stories which Manuel Komroff has written for past issues of Esquire will be published in booklet form some time in December, with illustrations by the American Artists Group. Two of the Bible series now running in our pages (currently, *The Sunday of Palms and Prophecy*, page 32) have been done in Braille for the blind. When the series has run its course it will be published in a collection to be called *In the Years of the Lord.* He is also working on a volume to be called *Cargo* which will contain many of his Esquire tales—in fact the best of his twenty-three years of writing. He is teaching a course in the English department of Columbia University on The Technique of the Novel. When he took this job, he said: "I think this will be a lot of fun and will clear my own mind, anyway, about a good many problems. The pupils may not learn much but I certainly will."

Sometime during October Derrydale Press will publish *The One-Eyed Poacher*, by Edmund Ware—most of which, including *Diary of Death*, page 54 of this issue, is from Esquire. Mr. Ware is devoted to his landlord, inventor and sole distributor of the Affirmative Drink Indicator. He operates this interesting device each Sunday noon outside Ware's window. It consists of a pole about four feet long. He thrusts the pole in the ground; if it casts a shadow a drink is indicated. For night work, the Affirmative Drink Indicator is equipped with a powerful searchlight. On foggy days, it has a bell and Ware always knows for whom the bell tolls.

Frank Walsh

Frank Walsh was born in Chicago, one of five boys and five girls—all golfers. Tom, the No. 1 son, is President of the Professional Golfers Association of America, while Frank is the tournament player, and Runner-Up in the National P.G.A. He led the fields in the National Opens for two and three rounds at Oakland Hills in Detroit and Canterbury in Cleveland; he holds the record fourth round score in tournament play—57—made at Catalina Island, and a near record for the highest score on a single hole in big-time competition, a 12 during the August Masters Event. He is at present holder of the Jersey P.G.A. Championship, spends most of his time now teaching golf at the Rumson Country Club in Jersey, and is working on a solution to the Perfect Crime—i.e., The Golf Swing.

•

Francis G. Spencer (*The Riddle of Vladimir*, page 70) is a writer at MGM in Hollywood. He was born in Prague in 1898, served in the Austrian army in World War I and subsequently lived in Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, Paris and London, before coming to the United States in 1934. He was known in Europe as a newspaperman, playwright, picture writer, and as the author of *Two Hearts in Three Quarter Time*, and Liveright will publish his book, *Battles of a Bystander*, some time this fall.

Francis G. Spencer

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From 1932 to the fall of France, George Slocombe was Foreign Editor of the *London Evening Standard*, living in Paris. Now he works for the *Sunday Express* in London. He is known to Americans for his Paris letter in the *New York Herald Tribune*, his stories in *The Nation, The New York Times, Fortune*, and Esquire—and through his lecture tour of this country in 1937. His contribution to these pages is *The Indian Ocean Sits and Smiles*, page 29.

•

Benjamin H. Dwight has umpired all the big matches in international, Davis Cup and national tennis since 1914. He is President of the Tennis Umpires Association. As John R. Tunis, his collaborator on *Some Linesmen Learn Braille*, (page 56) remarked, he's an old Yale athlete himself. He played shortstop in the days when Dutch Carter pitched for Yale.

Benjamin H. Dwight

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT A MAN

. . . That his taste
And wisdom
Demand the very
"FIRST" in quality
In his choice of
Flowers for her
. . . and his choice of
Whiskey for himself.

* * * * * *

Enjoy the taste an
Extra year adds to
Your pleasure, in . . .

in Bond
FIRST
1ST
IN QUALITY
THIS WHISKEY IS FIVE 5 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Whiskey
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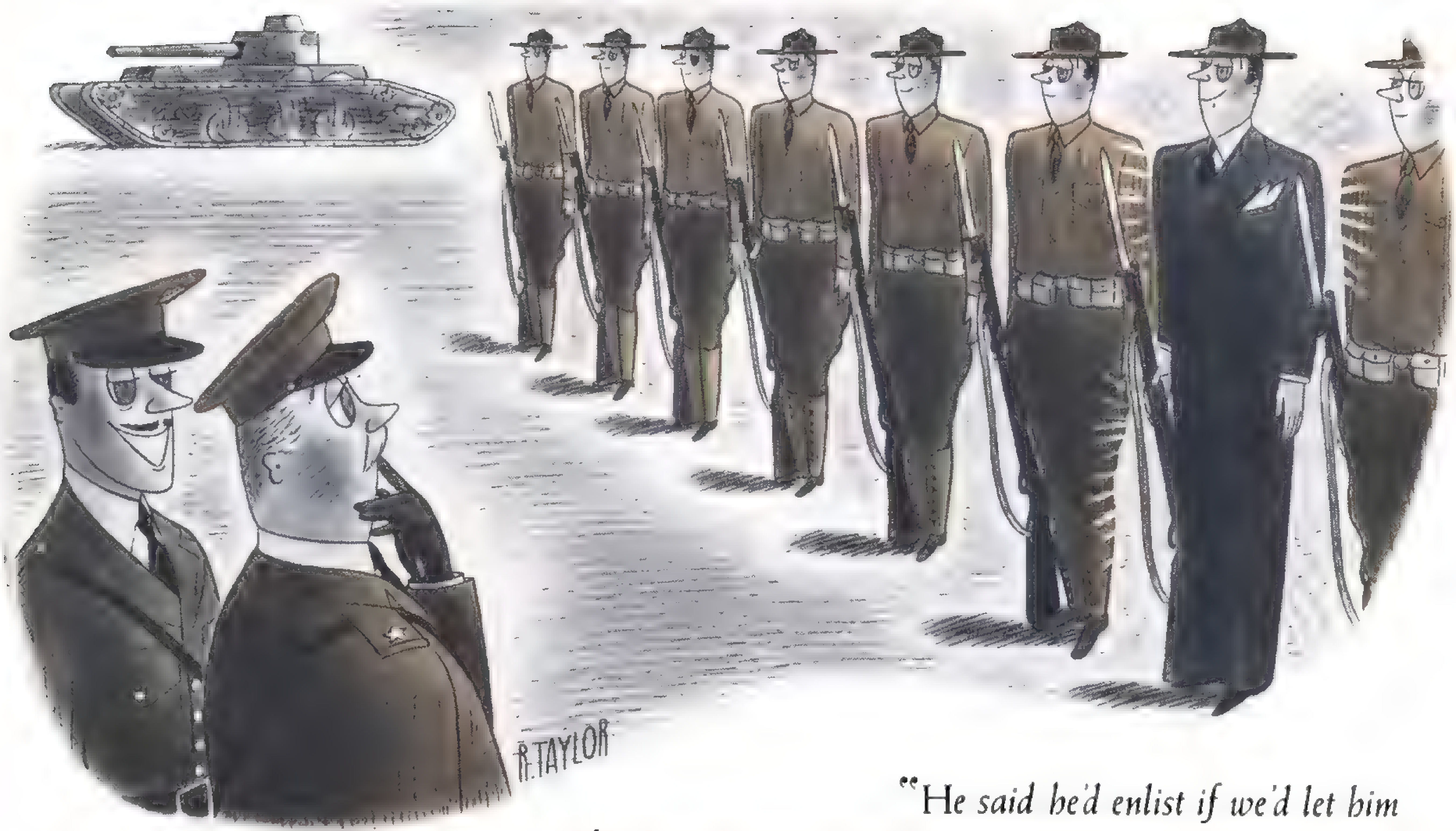

"He said he'd enlist if we'd let him keep on wearing his Hart Schaffner & Marx Suit!"

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INSPECTION You get it every day, in the army and out. One sure way to pass the rigid inspections of civilian life is to wear

Triple Test Worsted

. . . the long-wearing, sure-fitting, Hart Schaffner & Marx suit that keeps you in the front rank of style.

FOR ONCE A FELLOW STARTS wearing Triple Test he sticks to it like a General to his maps. You see, Triple Test *not only* puts you in the front rank of STYLE . . . it does a lot of other things for you as well! For instance, before it's even a Rookie, it goes through hard-boiled inspections for value and quality so tough they make the things a Top Sergeant can think up mild stuff.

IS THE STYLE AUTHENTIC? Can the fabric take it? Does the workmanship measure up? . . . These . . . and many more . . . are the definite tests every Triple Test must pass or it never is awarded the Trumpeter label!

ADD TO THESE the famous Double-Checked Fit feature you're assured of in every Hart Schaffner & Marx garment, and you've got all the reasons why Triple Test has won more service stripes than any other suit! . . . Why America's right dressers salute it . . . with respect!

BETTER REPORT to your nearest Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer . . . this week . . . and sign up with the best outfit in town . . . Triple Test Worsted!

THE TRUMPETER LABEL - A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR - A BIG THING TO FIND

Hart Schaffner & Marx

That Was Europe

As they used to sing in Piccadilly, "It'll never be the same again, boys," but it's fun to remember how it was

by MARTIN TORRENCE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Picnic in 2/4 Time

In Bingen on the Rhine, ten years before the all-European blood carnival, I enjoyed a Sunday outing with eighty Germans. The rendezvous was the Burgplatz, 6:30 a.m. When the 78th, 79th, and 80th picnickers, a family of three, arrived at 6:27, everyone was present and accounted for. Precisely at 6:30 the man with the biggest paunch and the widest sash consulted his potato watch and gave the signal.

They fell in behind him as if by prearrangement and rehearsal—the band in front, striking up a march, and behind, in orderly files, stout papas and fat mamas, gangly youths and children, with the banner of their society and the flag of the Weimar Republic. We paraded down to the ferry; without confusion or excitement we climbed into the waiting boats; climbed out on the other side, formed ranks, and marched up the hill to the woods behind Assmanshausen, heiling back every now and then at people who had heiled at us.

Everything went like clockwork, all the games, sports, preparations for picnic dinner. Some unpacked the rucksacks and knapsacks, and laid out their contents in neat rows. Others built fires, laid tables, neatly stowed away the waste paper, brought up the keg of beer. Everyone had his job and did it; the synchronization was perfect. At sunset time, a little weary from so much weinerschnitzel, red cabbage, potatoes, beer, kuchen, coffee, games, and organized singing, they got everything gathered together again and put away with the same precision and absence of fuss. We marched back to the Rhine and the ferry by another route, and with many a hearty "Heil!" disbanded in the Burgplatz.

It was the one picnic of my life which is freighted with meaning. Looking back, I recall that the German seldom went alone. He organized an expedition, traveling or playing, eating or singing en masse with his university, fraternal, labor, or family group. Nothing made him more happy than to be off on such a mass jaunt, carrying banners, pinning badges to his shirt, wearing a sash and having people yell "Heil!" at him. These excursions were never ragged improvisations composed of stragglers around a nucleus, like those of the rest of the world. A German fun society seeking its Sunday *lebensraum* could creditably have passed in review before an Emperor or a Fuehrer.

When Hanson Baldwin explains the thoroughness of Nazi preparation or Fielding Eliot enlarges on the technique of the Panzer divisions, I recall my Bingen picnic. Because if the British Empire was won on the playing fields of Eton, then Norway, Holland, France, Belgium, Yugoslavia and Greece, were conquered years ago by picnics in 2/4 time.

"Giovanezza" Is Not Enough

That was three years before Hitler. But even after ten years of Musso and Fascist regimentation the Italian was still an Italian—an individual who liked to wear a gaudy uniform but did not like to mean anything by it. He doted on music in hurdy-gurdy time while he leaned against a pergola and ate an ice. Mussolini could make a monkey of him but not a drilled baboon, Nazi style.

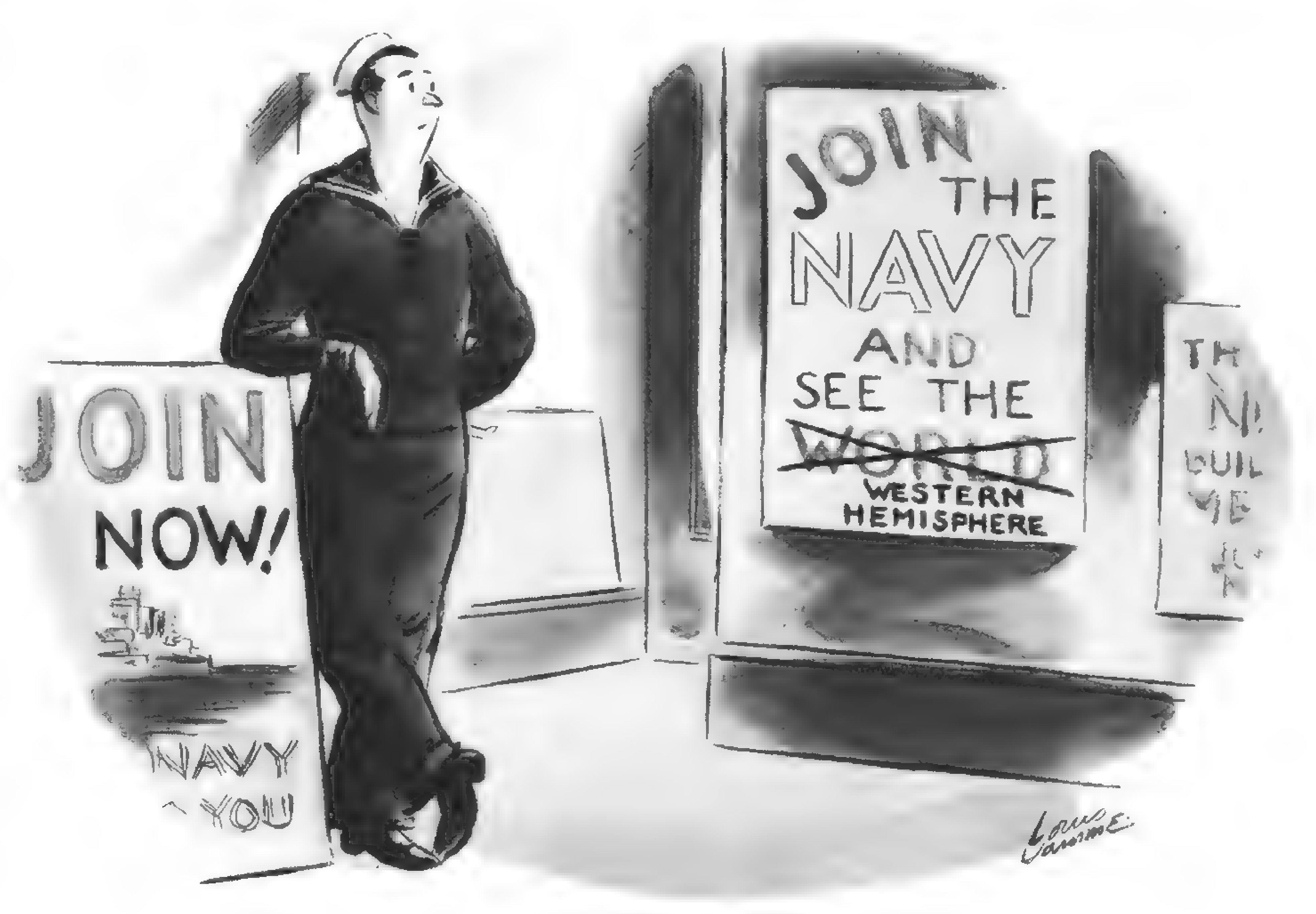
In Italy, Time meant nothing except what was most important—that you were alive and glad of it. It was not something you saved, but spent. When the peddler thoughtlessly left his donkey cart on the streetcar tracks while he transacted business in a shop (business which always got protracted indefinitely by talk and *vino*), the motorman clanged his bell half-heartedly a time or two and settled down on the footboard for a quiet smoke. After a few minutes the passengers craned their necks, and then went back to their animated and gesticulous conversations. Bye and bye the merchant came out, wiping his mustache with the back of his hand, and ching-ching! the streetcar crept on its time-loving way again.

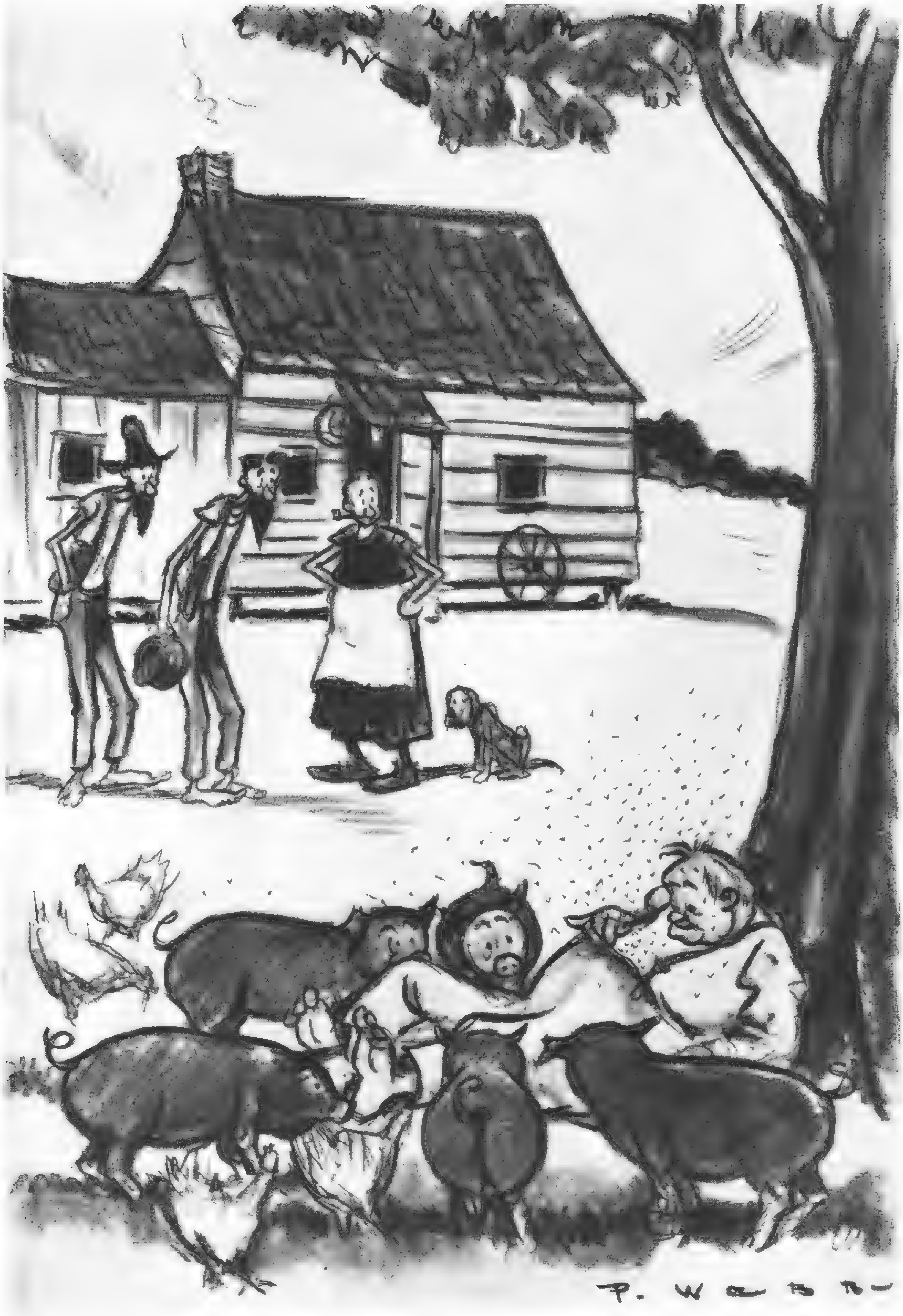
On the street that runs out to Capo Posillipo fascism decided, after the sixth track jumping, to lay a new rail. Of course they picked out the rush hour, such as it is in Italy, to do it in. Soon eight or ten trolleys were stalled while sixteen men tried to lay a twenty-foot length of iron. They were assisted and confused by the neighbors and the stalled passengers in a hubbub and *brouhaha* which to the foreigner in the third car back sounded as if the houses of Capulet and Montagu had called in the Guelphs and the Ghibellines for a final showdown.

Generous doses of castor oil might have made a few picked tourist trains run on time, but most of Italy lagged on as usual. And if "See Naples and Die" was still touristically apt, it was not for a new and super-democratic efficiency that Naples was seeable. Whenever a street was repaired there or in Padua, Verona, Florence, or Rome, it was a job that paralyzed the neighborhood. There were no half measures, such as working one side at a time, leaving half the street free for traffic. The vicinity became littered with stone, tools, and rubble from curb to curb. Kibitzing spectators mingled with heroic delvers. So many cooks mixed the cement that they kept tripping over one another. Boys that were too small carried it in buckets that were too large down the one frail, makeshift ladder. An efficiency expert would have had fits at the time lost on this one-way route. It never occurred to foreman, engineer, or Il Duce that a second ladder might enable the country to climb to a higher industrial plane.

And that, my friends, is why the Italian, who on his own is as good a fighter as the next fellow, does not shine in a blitz-mechanical

Continued on page 146


JOIN NOW!
NAVY
YOU
JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE THE ~~WORLD~~ WESTERN HEMISPHERE



"Shecks—Oncle Toad mus' be loaded with honey by this time—we better smoke them bees out'n there afore the hawgs git it"

The Indian Ocean Sits and Smiles

The Hindu convict did not understand Sahibs who feared neither burning sun nor the sharks in the treacherous sea

by GEORGE SLOCOMBE

• FICTION •

RAM CHUNDER LAL lolled in the stern of the boat, naked to the waist. The northeast monsoon had blown itself out, and the Indian Ocean lay about them like a sea of dark-blue glass. Behind the boat rose the bluffs of South Andaman Island, and to the north, low and bare, stretched the thin line of Ross Island lying like the hull of a half-submerged ship across the entrance to Port Blair.

Ram Chunder was the steersman. He sat on a little ledge above the sternsheets, and the four other convicts at the oars labored below him.

When the boat finally reached the fishing ground where the sardines fled in frantic silver shoals before the snapping teeth of the kokari, the four rowers were ordered to rest on their oars.

The sahibs from Ross Island got out their rods and tackle, baited the hooks with live sardines from a big straw-covered *chatti* full of sea water, and flung the bait in a wide cast over the side. Then, while the boat rocked idly on the almost rippleless sea, Ram Chunder relaxed luxuriously on his wide ledge, the tiller grasped between his brown prehensile toes.

The sun beat down upon them out of sky of brass, but there was a slight breeze which made the heat tolerable. The awning stretched between the teak posts at bow and stern flapped with each puff of sandal-wood scented air. The sahibs got out their pipes and began to smoke. And one of them, the young prison doctor from Ross Island, gestured with his pipe at the wide sea and began to quote:

"The Indian Ocean . . ." he said, on a note of finality.

". . . sits and smiles." Derisively his companion completed the line.

Then together, in their strong, young, unmusical voices, they chanted happily:

"So big, so bright, so bloomin' blue . . ."

The steersman heard the words, but although he understood a little English, he had long since given up the effort to understand the poetry of the white sahibs. He had come from a village many hundreds of miles inland, on the banks of a great brown river. He knew nothing of the sea. His gods were land gods, gods of the plain and the jungle, gods of fertility and destruction. The sea no doubt had its own gods, perhaps was itself a god, false-faced and smiling, with death in its heart, a god, verily, fit for the white sahibs who smoked and jested and fished for the great agile fighting kokari and barracuda and silver surimai with oaths and strange jokes and untiring patience, in spite of their red, perspiring faces and the danger of sunstroke or death from the sharks lurking in wait for a capsized boat and struggling men in the water.

Ram Chunder's gods gave him protection from all perils on the land, and even from the crocodiles that infested the brown river of his native village. It was in gratitude to them, and to protect their temples from defilement, their sacred waters from blasphemous sacrilege, that he had incurred the anger of the white sahibs.

He did not regret his action. He looked back on it with pride. For a brief while he had tasted notoriety. He had become a hero to the men and women of his village. After he had been taken between two tall Pathan policemen to the chowki and locked up in its stinking cell, his fellow-villagers had demonstrated angrily and proudly outside the prison, squatting on their haunches in the midday sun and the dust of the road for days. His trial had been a triumphant demonstration of clan feeling. Day-long debates between native counsel, accusations and counter-accusations, perjured testimony, smiling and vociferous witnesses, long theological arguments, while a hot sweating magistrate in damp shirtsleeves tried to keep a balanced record of the evidence on a wilting sheet of paper stuck in a portable typewriter.

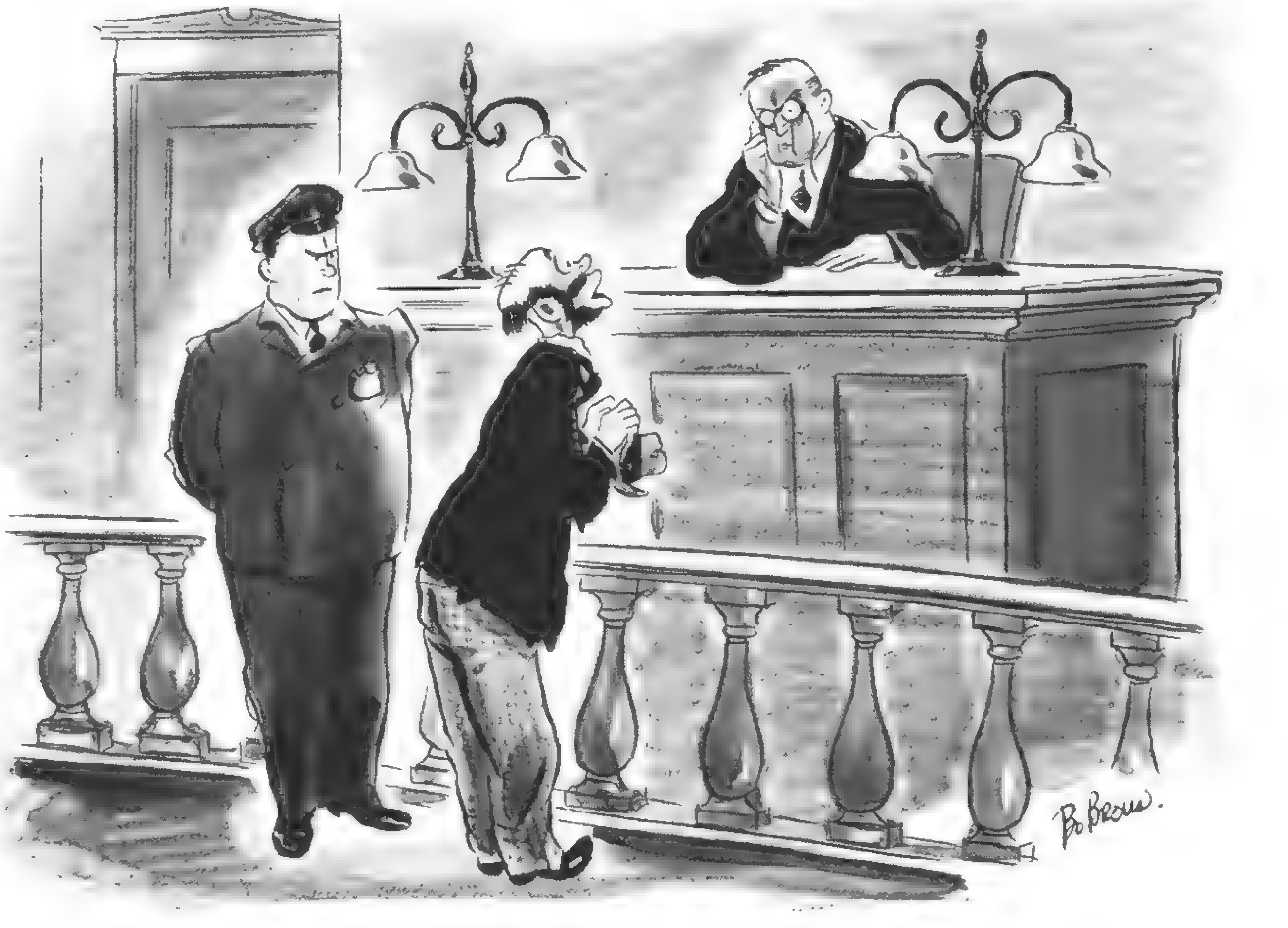
In spite of the appeal of his own father, and the praise of the old white-bearded leather-worker in whose shop in the bazaar Ram Chunder stitched glowing designs in gold and silver wire on small, pointed and curling women's slippers of soft doeskin, the prisoner had been found guilty and had been sentenced.

And then the case had begun to attract attention outside his native province. A fund had been started to finance an appeal. Rupees, annas and pice had flowed in a steady stream from villages up-country, from towns many miles distant, towns whose names were to Ram Chunder Lal as remote and awe-inspiring as the legends of the gods, as holy Ind herself. The case had been fought from district court to provincial court, from provincial court to federal court, and even, to Ram Chunder's great wonder and pride, had been taken thousands of miles over the ocean, to the dim, star-hung, council chamber of the King-Emperor himself.

All this had taken much wealth and many days. The days had become weeks, the weeks months, the months a year, two years. There were times when Ram Chunder forgot entirely that his fate was still uncertain. He was twenty years old when the thing began which was to change his life, to take him out of his village into great towns, to shift him from the banks of a river to the shores of a great sea, and finally to take him out of India altogether, and to set him down among the muddy creeks and mangroves of the penal settlement on the islands of Andaman in the Indian Ocean.

He was twenty years old then. Now he was nearly twenty-two. Mildly he wondered at

Continued on page 100



"Gimme two hours to get out of the city, your Honor, and I'll throw in the county!"

Glamour Is Not Enough

Most men are timid lugs and nothing scares them like that haze of beauty surrounding a so-called glamour girl

by ERIC HOWARD

• ARTICLE •

℞

THIS is the day of the Glamour Girl. Millions of dollars, annually, are expended by American girls and women to make themselves glamorous. Most of this money goes for hair-dos, facials, creams, lotions, perfumes and all the rest of the things to be found, beautifully packaged and artfully arranged, on the beauty counters. They have become necessities. Millions more are spent on glamorous clothes, shoes, hats and accessories.

Starting from scratch, the glamour girl bathes in a scented bubble bath, paints her toenails, slims her hips in a girdle, wears a gadget to make her high-breasted if Nature didn't, dopes her neck and shoulders with an astringent wrinkle-remover, applies a wide variety of creams and lotions and powders to her face, transforms the shape and color of her mouth, waves and tints her hair, lotions her hands and paints her nails—or wears false ones, sometimes uses white make-up on her teeth, gives her eyes a sparkle bath—and, at last, climbs into clothes designed to knock your eyes out.

Thus glamoured, she is all set to win and hold her man. Taking care to keep her breath sweet and to avoid giving offense of the kind that even her best friends will not mention, she is ready to be kissed and adored.

But all too often, as is indicated by her desperate efforts to make herself even more glamorous, the results are not satisfactory.

Glamour is not enough.

Puzzled, the girl piles it on, layer on top of layer. Results still fail to come up to her expectations.

Her chief business in life, she well knows, having been told so often, is to get her man and then hold him. Even if she is a career girl, this is her object. Glamour, she has been assured, is the means to that end. But, as many a lonely Glamour Girl will tell you confidentially, it doesn't work.

At least one dictionary defines glamour, which is frighteningly derived from the cold Icelandic *glamr*, a legendary ghost or spirit, as "a kind of haze covering objects, and causing them to appear diferently from what they really are."

This glamorous haze is all right in itself. It may be a swell idea. By concealing defects, it may increase personal beauty. And that is not only legitimate, but desirable. It is also often necessary, as in the case of film actresses who must face the too-revealing eye of the camera under bright lights.

But still, all too often, it isn't of sufficient help to the girl in her pursuit of a man.

"What's wrong with me?" she asks plaintively and, in desperation, changes her brand of cosmetics.

The male animal, of course, and in spite of his swaggering pretense, is just a big hunk of timidity. Nine men out of ten are scared to death at the moment when they daringly clasp a girl to their bosom and kiss her. They don't know exactly what they're afraid of, but they're afraid, just the same. Often, they are so timid that they don't dare to obey their impulse. They just say, "Er—well—good night," and depart.

At such times, the girl wonders what's wrong with her.

Men must not only be pursued, but also lured and trapped. What they're afraid of, often, is the glamorous haze of beauty which envelops the lady and makes her seem unreal and untouchable. At such times, they need a lot of encouragement. The girl who has relied on glamour alone to do the trick doesn't supply the encouragement they need. Besides, she is often worried about her make-up, her hair, the hang of her clothes; or perhaps her girdle is too tight. Having spent time and money on getting herself up like that, she can't be blithely unconscious of her appearance. She has been promised that something out of a jar or a bottle would make her irresistible. When it fails her, she is puzzled, indeed.

Everyone has observed girls who are distinctly non-glamorous capturing their men like so many Mounties, even in the face of competition. Sometimes we wonder why. But the answer, in almost every case, is that the girl has something more than glamour.

Maybe it's simply that the timid male feels comfortable with her. Maybe she's a good listener. Maybe she has a cute nose or a crinkle around her eyes.

Perhaps she seems harmless, not at all dangerous, not at all the sort of person who could keep him home nights, pin an apron on him, make him a diaper-changer and

1—Emerging from her Bubble "Bawth" The Glamour Girl cuts quite a swath;

2—The latest girdle slims her hips, A tempting rouge adorns her lips;

3—She sports a gadget in addition To keep abreast of competition;

stop his poker games. Perhaps she has a warming smile, a musical laugh, or a mirthful eye. Maybe she can also cook.

In any case, such a girl, sometimes devoid of glamour, has what it takes—charm for her man.

Charm, as we use the word, is much less cold and frightening than glamour, although both signify that the person on the receiving end is under a spell. Glamour is a haze which covers, making reality seem what it isn't. Charm may spring from the heart, like a song, since originally the word meant a song.

Charm is infinitely variable. It is often made up of very small things.

One man who had been engaged to a Glamour Girl married one far less beautiful because, whenever they were alone together, she talked in a whisper. It was like sharing a mysterious secret.

Another put a ring on the finger of a girl with freckles, instead of picking a beauty with a lovely skin, because she never slammed a door.

Another man winced whenever a glamorous creature of his acquaintance talked. Her voice was like that. When a soft-voiced girl who wore glasses came along, he was all set to make passes.

A man may like to be seen with a Glamour Girl, on gala occasions; but in between he likes to relax. Living up to her high and rigid standard of grooming and adornment may be just too much for him. He may seek out someone who can make him comfortable.

Like the man in Ben Hecht's story, who took up with a bow-legged Geisha girl, he may explain his less glamorous choice simply: "She loved me."

Glamour is good as far as it goes, but it is not enough. Charm is a far better bet. And charm, where women are concerned in their relationship to men, may be anything from a glance to an abandoned embrace. In its essence, though, it should be natural, individual; and at its best, it is based not merely upon a desire to capture a man but upon a genuine, warm liking and a wish to please.

The girl who likes men, and wishes to please them, is almost always popular—with men.

When a Glamour Girl asks, "What has she got that I haven't got?", a man may be at a loss to explain. But she has something, you can bet, if it's no more than a trick of standing on tiptoe when she gets kissed.

A man who was divorced by a glamorously beautiful woman up and married his stenographer, a very plain girl with nice eyes. His friends were puzzled. They predicted that it wouldn't last long. How could anyone who had loved an unusually beautiful woman be happy with a mousy, colorless little thing? But it did last. The girl had charm in her eyes, her one good feature. Whenever he looked at her, her husband could find there whatever he needed—warmth, tenderness, affection, joy, mirth, sympathy and inspiration. His former wife, still glamorous, is still puzzled.

A charming woman is practically ageless, as several Frenchmen have probably remarked. Everyone who has been around has observed more than one woman of charm, perhaps in her late forties, standing men on their heads, while youthful Glamour Girls are reduced to helpless fumbling with their lipsticks.

One such gay lady used to laugh herself into a state of helplessness at a gentleman's *bon mot*. Then, unable to stand on her own feet, she would lean upon him, cling to him, and afford him an innocently intimate moment which aroused his hopes.

On the candy-is-dandy, licker-is-quicker theory, smart is the girl who lightly plies her man with alcohol. She can be gay and graceful as she clinks glasses, and there is something disarming about a girl who offers you a drink. She's a good sport, a pal; and she, at least, is not the type to try to reform you. Little do you know!

Similarly, there is something very charming for most men in a girl who understands a man's appetite for good thick steaks and sees that he gets them, even if she sticks to fruit salad.

A man who had been married, at different times, to three radiant women, at last wed a quiet girl without beauty. When he was asked what it was about her that had captivated him, he said, "Her silence."

We may not be able to define charm exactly or even to describe it. Trying to make their heroines charming gives novelists and story-writers lots of trouble. But it is a quality that everyone recognizes, almost at a glance, and responds to at once. Age and looks are not essential to it. Ouspenskaya, for example, can convey more charm on the screen, in a role that calls for it, than most of the young and dazzling Glamour Girls.

When charm and glamour are united in one person, as in Mr. Petty's precious bundle, we have something highly exciting. But charm, in a girl's serious business of getting her man, is a stronger weapon than glamour.

In Hollywood, there is a charm teacher, a charming woman herself and something of a psychologist, who has transformed tailors-dummy leading men and clothes-horse starlets into warm, natural, radiant players who charm large audiences. "The first and last lesson," she explains, "is this: you must like the people you are with and let them know it naturally."

She herself is quite able to step into a room full of antagonistic personalities and break them down with charm. She often succeeds, although it sometimes takes quite a while, in developing the same knack in her pupils.

Glamour, it would seem, stiffens the ego. Charm limbers it up and lets it bloom.

Have charm, sweet maid, and let who will be glamorous. Or, starting with the haze of glamour, let enough natural charm shine through to convince the timid male that you are real, warm and approachable.

Glamour alone is not enough. ⌗

4—And yet with all this fake assistance
The Timid Male will keep his distance;

5—Such cool perfection seems untouchable,
While Babes with charm look much more clutchable!

6—So, Ladies, lose those silly notions
That romance lurks in creams and lotions;

7—Men lose their hearts and send their roses
To girls with freckles on their noses!

—PHIL STACK

The Sunday of Palms and Prophecy

Judas knew the power of the Master from miracles He had performed and believed He would rule over Israel

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

At last the dark granite citadels of Jerusalem appeared. The Teacher and His disciples paused in their journey to behold the sight before them. And the great wondering crowd who had come the long way with them also rested on the brow of the hill. Here was Jerusalem.

Once it was Jerusalem the Golden but now the walls and towers against the sky seemed dark. It was as though a black dye of evil had stained the very rocks and neither sun nor wind nor rain could lighten this heavy hue.

A deep melancholy fell over the face of the Teacher. His eyes saw the city and far, far beyond. For a brief moment the familiar smile left His lips and His brow took on a strain of trouble. Beyond, far beyond, He saw the impending doom.

Those who stood close by noticed this heavy melancholy which fell over Him and they waited in silence until at last He spoke.

"For the days shall come upon thee," He said, "that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side. And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another."

Thus spoke the Prophet a prophecy which none about seemed to comprehend. The meaning of these words was not clear and only Judas seemed to nod his head in approval.

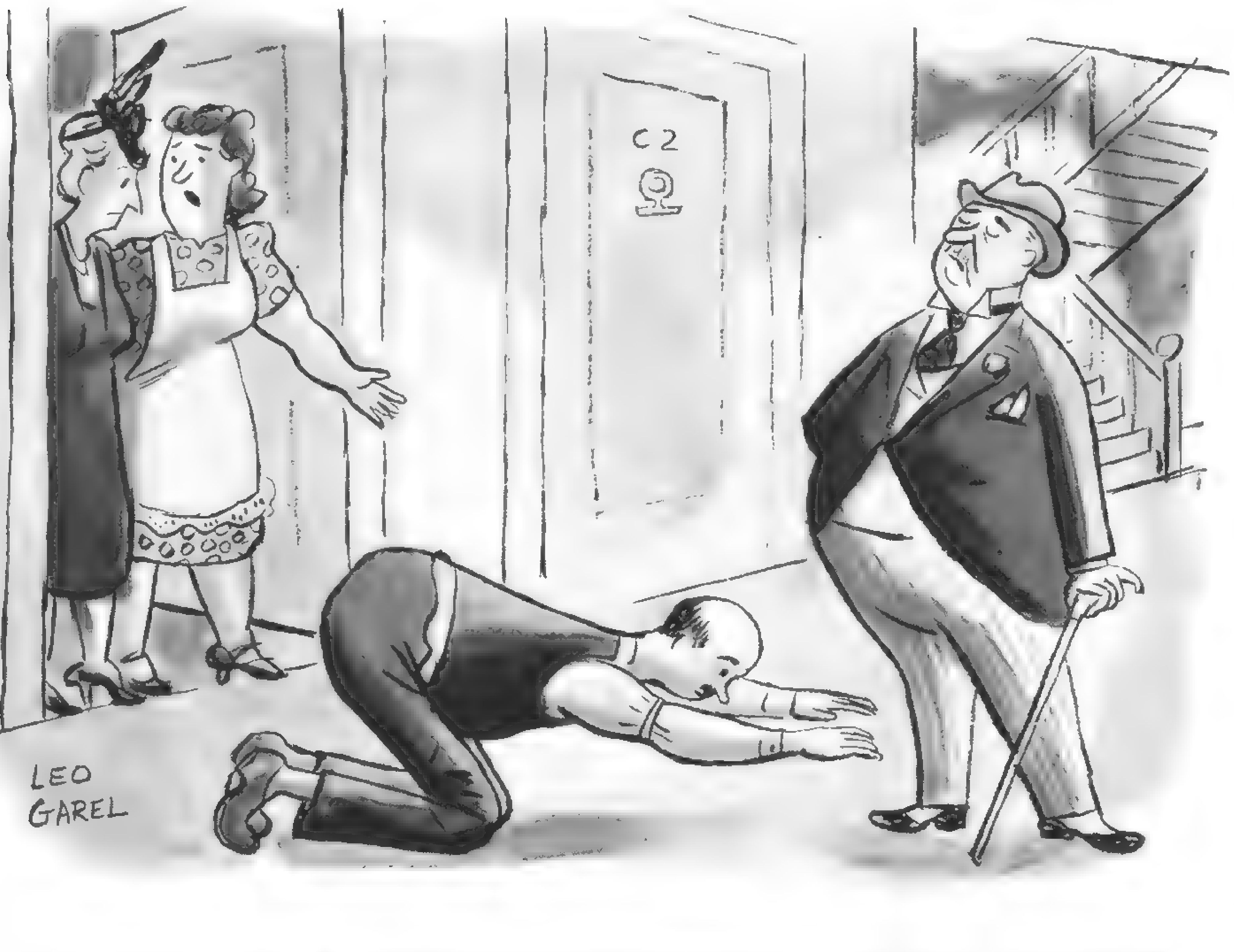
Some days before Judas had warned the Master and begged Him not to journey to Jerusalem for fear of the evil priests. But now he had seen the strength and the power of the Master and he feared nothing. He had seen the sick healed and the blind made to see. And he had also witnessed how Lazarus was returned to life.

And therefore, when he heard the Master say that the evil towers before them would be crumbled to the ground, he knew that this was no idle threat and he nodded his head in approval. Then he added in a whisper to one close by: "The Master has power over everything. He will be King of Israel."

They went on towards Jerusalem and the crowd followed them. When they came to a small hill known as the Mount of Olives two of the disciples discovered an ass and her young colt grazing in the field. They led the beast forward and some of the devoted followers in the crowd took off their coats and spread them over the ass's back to make a cushion for the Master. They lifted Him upon the beast and as they did so they gathered about closely and cheered. Some even broke off branches of palm and waved them in the air.

"Hosanna to the Son of David!" shouted some. Others cried out: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

With these words and with other outcries of joy they finally reached the gates of Jerusalem. Some ran on ahead of the others and scattered palm branches along the street.



"It's the landlord—in small print in the lease it says we have to do this!"

There were many in the city who stopped their work and turned their heads to inquire what was going on.

"Who is this?" asked some.

And the cheering multitude who had come the journey with the Teacher shouted back: "This is Jesus the Prophet of Nazareth."

And Judas whispered to one beside him: "Behold your king. As He brings life to the innocent, so also will He destroy that which is evil."

As they walked triumphantly through the streets of Jerusalem this Sunday late afternoon they noticed on all sides that preparations were already begun for the Passover feast, the first day of which would be Friday. Many of the housewives were already scouring their copper pots with hot coals in the archways along the street. The bakers were busy with unleavened bread and the delicious odor of this freshly baked crust filled the air. Huge stacks of unleavened bread almost blocked the shop entrances.

There was also a city bustle and an air of excitement was noticeable. Some had come out to buy new clothes and others to get new clay pots and dishes for the feast of the Passover. The Paschal lamb eaten on the very first night demanded a platter clean and new.

But above this noisy holiday crowd a voice was heard singing in the distance. And the words of this forbidden song cursed the houses of the high-priests Annas, Boethus and Kathros.

"You hear!" exclaimed Judas to one of the disciples. "The people are ready to be freed from those evil tyrants."

The procession went on toward the temple mount. Again and again in the narrow streets was heard the question: "Who is this?"

And they who marched triumphantly shouted in reply: "This is Jesus the Prophet of Nazareth."

Along the way they passed the slave market. Merchandise had its stalls but slaves were sold on the broad granite steps of the open market. They sat chained to great iron rings attached to the stones and looked out with sad eyes upon the happenings in the street.

When they heard the shouting and saw the crowds waving branches, some stood up and shook their chains to add a ringing note to the noise. But their faces were grave and no joy of Passover was in their hearts.

For a brief moment the Master riding on the ass paused before the slaves. He looked at them with sad eyes and in a single glance a bond between them was struck. In a single glance hope gathered and grew within them. It was as though a distant voice had whispered to them: "Someday you will be free!"

Then suddenly every one of them, even

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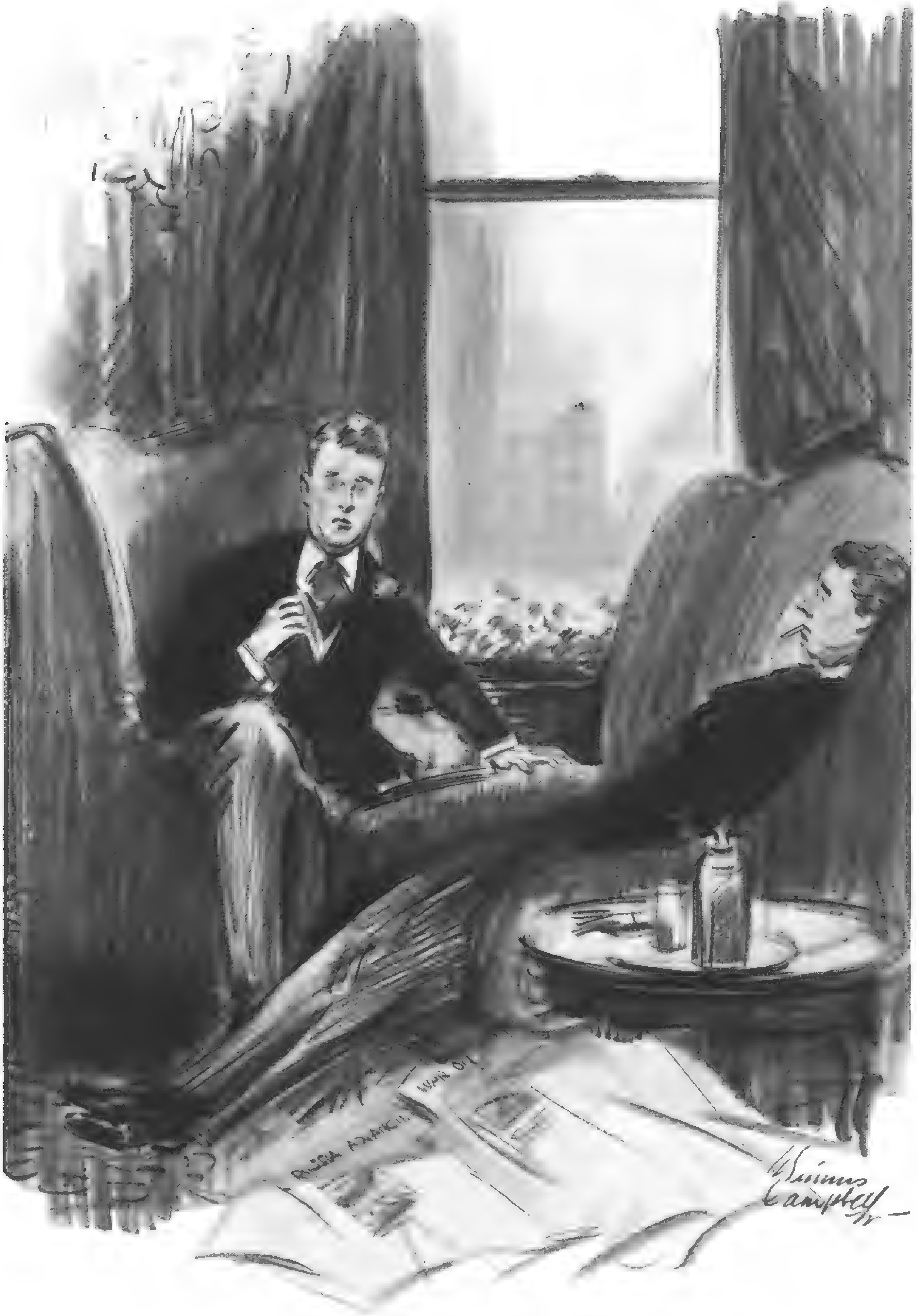
RUSSIA ADVANCE
WAR OIL
Simms Campbell

"I'm in a devilish jam—they've gone and drafted my tailor!"

Why Men Can't Cook

With megalomaniac delusions of originality, they never descend to the use of a measuring spoon

ANONYMOUS

• SATIRE •

There is a popular delusion that men, in spite of the fact that they feel helpless and act shy when they get in a kitchen, are really very good cooks. From my experience there is nothing about the foregoing statement that is true. Men do not feel helpless when they get in a kitchen, they do not act shy, and they are terrible cooks.

In the first place men may not know the location of the kitchen utensils nor how to turn on the stove or tell the icebox from the washing machine, but they go bustling around, making motion after motion (most of them futile) which indicates plainly that however helpless they may be in actual fact, they most emphatically do not *feel* helpless. Of the countless men who have cluttered up my kitchen I have yet to meet one who didn't unmistakably *think* that he was the acme of efficiency. Buttonhole the composite did-I-ever-tell-you-I-could-cook man, and ask him if he feels helpless when he gets in the kitchen, and he will look at you in astonishment and retort: "Me? You're crazy!"

As for his acting shy, that is a laugh. I have known All-American football players who belittled their ability to stand physical contact, successful playwrights who styled themselves barely literate, Hollywood Adonises who were modest about their beauty—and convincingly so, financial geniuses who admitted their genius was fifty per cent luck and fifty per cent pull. I have known outstanding men from many other walks of life who were deprecatory about their abilities—and not just in a fishing-for-compliments fashion either. But I have never seen any of these, or their less noted brothers, act the least bit shy or modest or apologetic or any other synonym you can think of once they get a skillet or an egg beater in their hands.

On the contrary they exude what may be charitably called confidence at every pore. Less charitably their conceit in their ability to out-Escof Escoffier or out-Os Oscar is as thick as the smoke that usually arises from the concoctions they manufacture. Men are nowhere more aggressively, gallingly sure of themselves than in the kitchen. Shy my foot! Girls have various tactful ways of distracting males when their ardor burns too fiercely; the most intelligent girls I know simply drop a gentle hint that they are simply dying for his own special scrambled eggs concoction. This never fails. Every man in the world will desert Cleopatra's boudoir for Cleopatra's kitchen. The way to a man's heart may be through his stomach. But if you don't *want* to get to his heart, the detour is via his recipes.

The reason men can't cook is that there is a good deal of ham in every man. He overdoes things. Put him on the stage for the first time and he overacts. He also overexercises, overworks, oversuffers, overexaggerates, oversimplifies. In the kitchen he overcooks. I don't mean overcooking in the sense of cooking things too long. I simply mean that to prove that he is capable of cooking at all, he gets entirely too fancy.

Scrambled eggs is a case in point. A woman makes scrambled eggs out of eggs, butter, milk, salt and pepper. How well they turn out depends on the proportions of each ingredient and how she handles them when she gets them over the fire. The last thing a man thinks of in getting together scrambled eggs is the eggs. In fact I have even known men to get all the other ingredients mixed together and find at the last moment that there were no eggs available. This is because men are obsessed with the delusion that they have actual genius when it comes to seasoning and originality. The point a man emphasizes when he gives you a pre-taste dissertation about his scrambled eggs—and try and stop him!—is not that his recipe is delicious, but that it is *different*. It is different from any other recipe in the world. It is his *own* recipe. It is ORIGINAL. Mention other scrambled eggs recipes—even some that seem exceedingly original to you—and he will immediately point out wherein his recipe is different. If by any chance you actually hit on one that coincides with his throughout, he will deliberately alter or add to his own one to establish a difference and preserve his claim to God-given originality. (I have checked up here, and caught men at it.)

I have decided that the male's faith in his *spontaneous* ability to think up enticing concoctions out of his own brilliant brain is a compensation for his having to listen to women talk about feminine intuition. Most women take the attitude that intuition is solely a feminine attribute, and so Man, to make up for it, has convinced himself that actual cooking genius can only reside in the male and that any man who devotes five minutes' worth of effort can, through sheer originality, whip up a more tantalizing dish than a woman who has spent her whole life at it in a drone-like, unimaginative fashion.

This is the only way I can explain the fact that I have seen one man put *all* of the following ingredients in scrambled eggs: Worcestershire sauce, A-1 Sauce, Kitchen Bouquet, tomato juice, tabasco, horseradish, vinegar, celery salt, paprika, red pepper, chives, onions, leeks, Roquefort cheese, salt, black pepper, butter and milk—oh yes, and eggs. This is what I am talking about when I say that men overcook and it is what I mean when I implied that they are seasoning-crazy. Men, sometimes with justification, claim that women don't season food enough, and perhaps their delightfully mathematical minds function in this fashion: At least twenty times as many women as men cook, and most of their cook-

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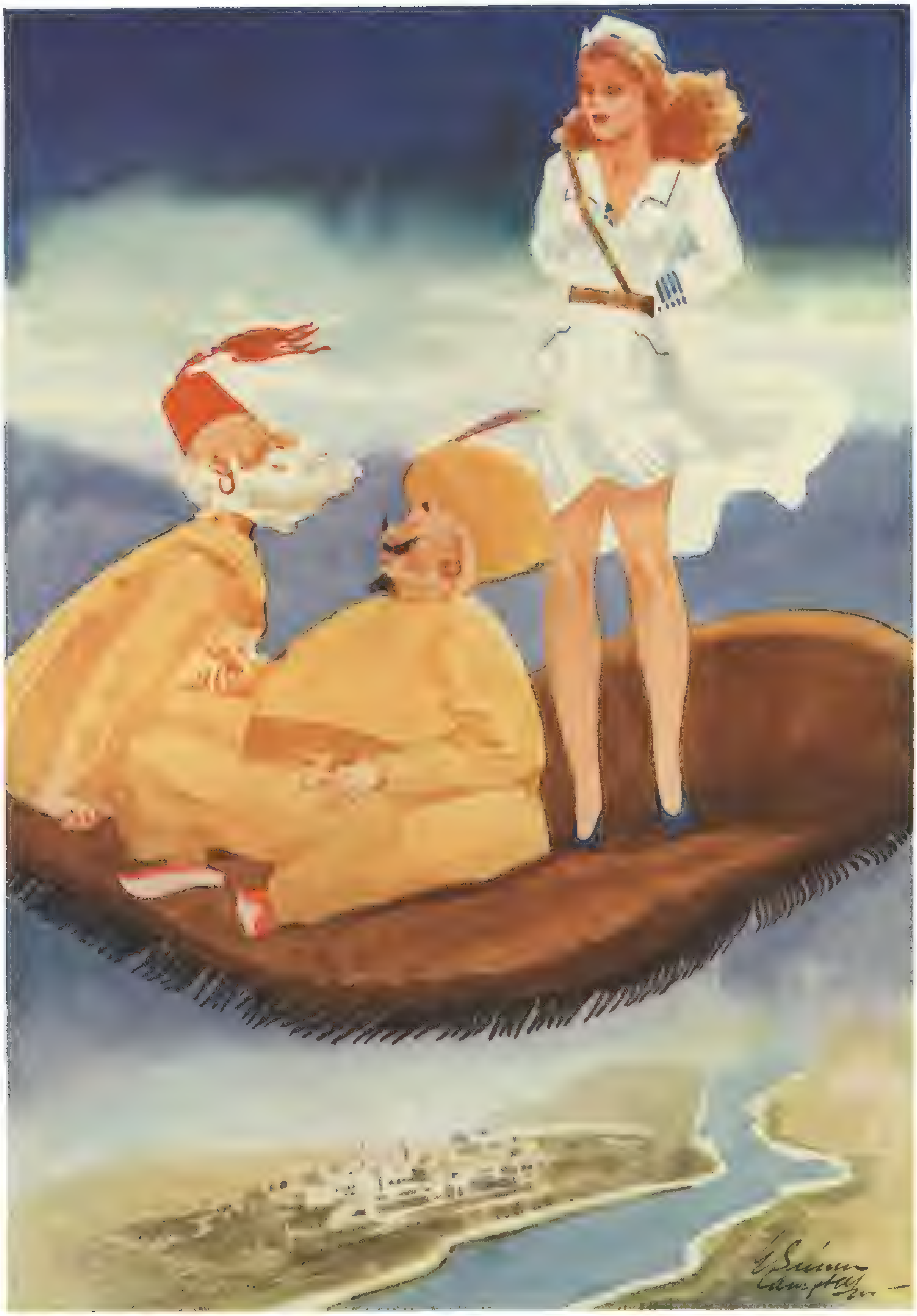
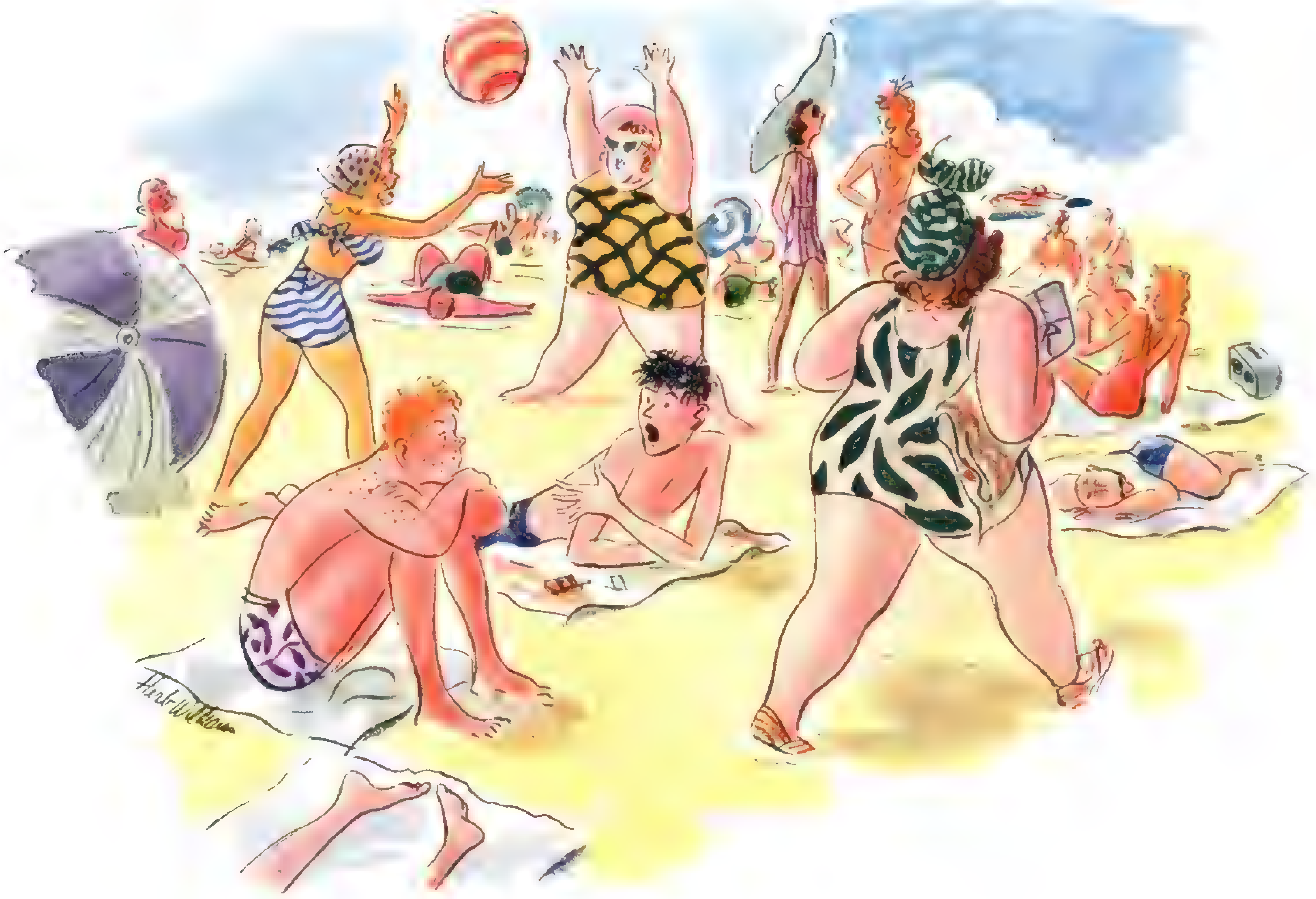
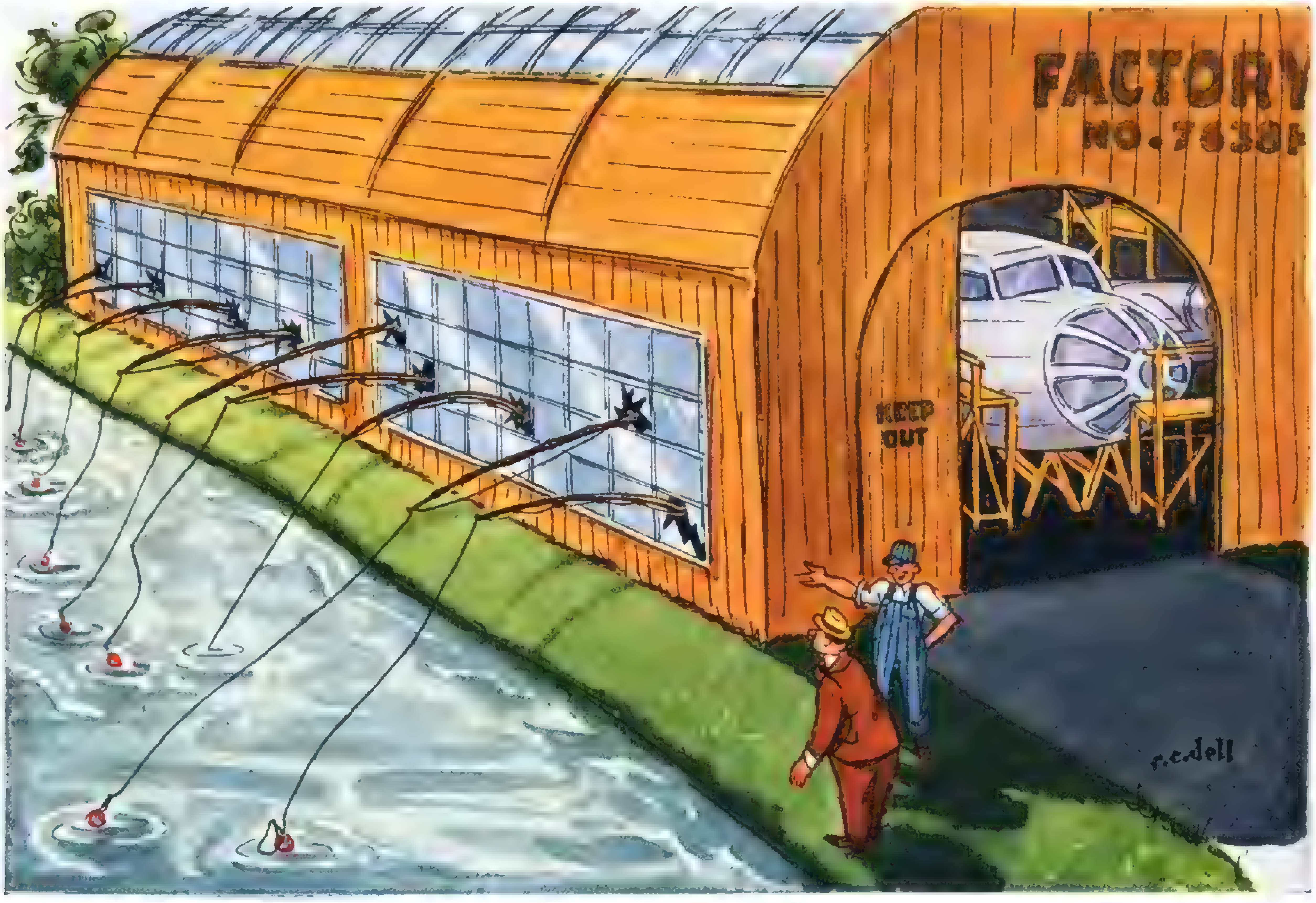
"Why, Fred! You're losing your hair'



"I got the idea from an airline company"

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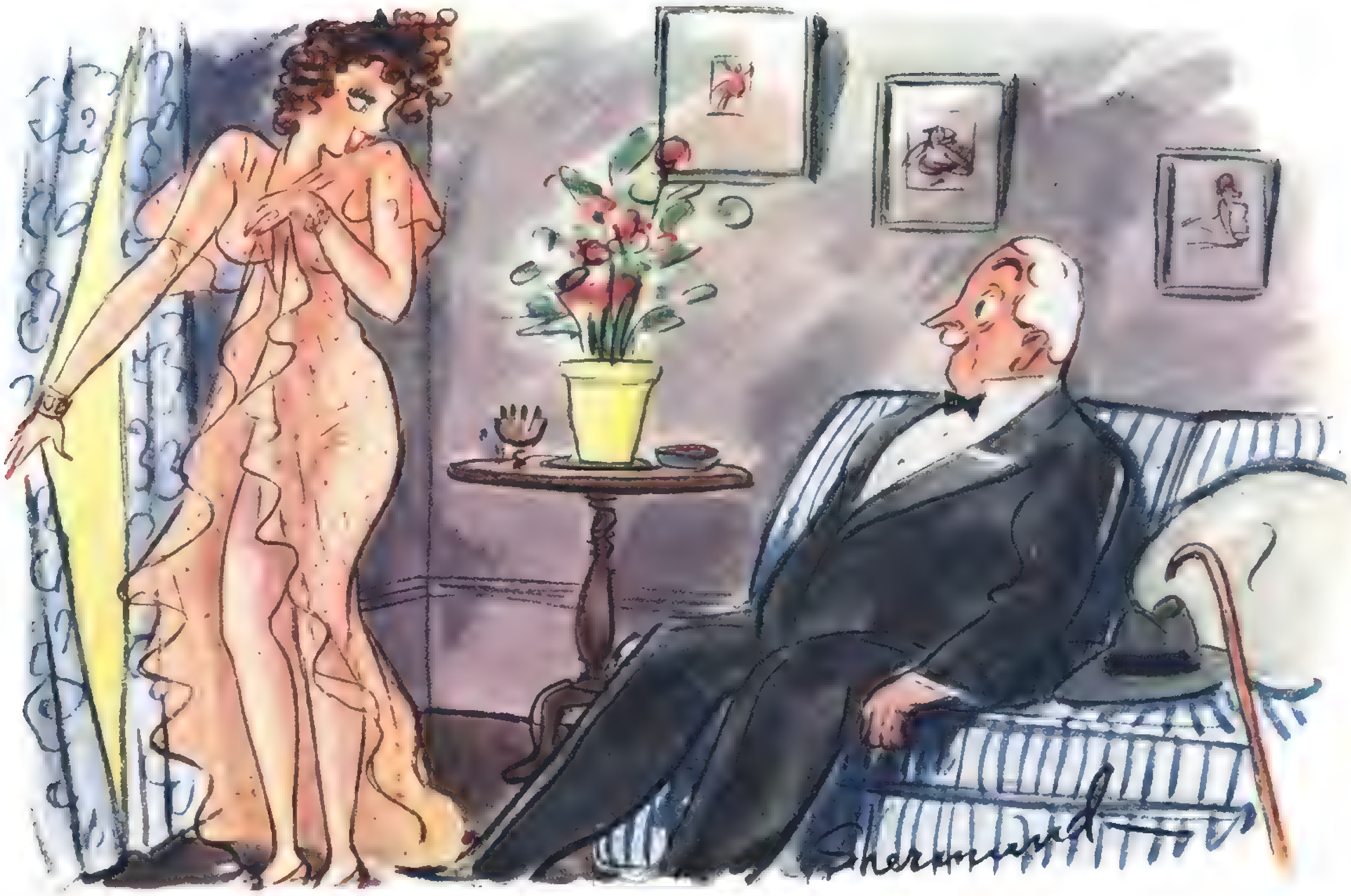
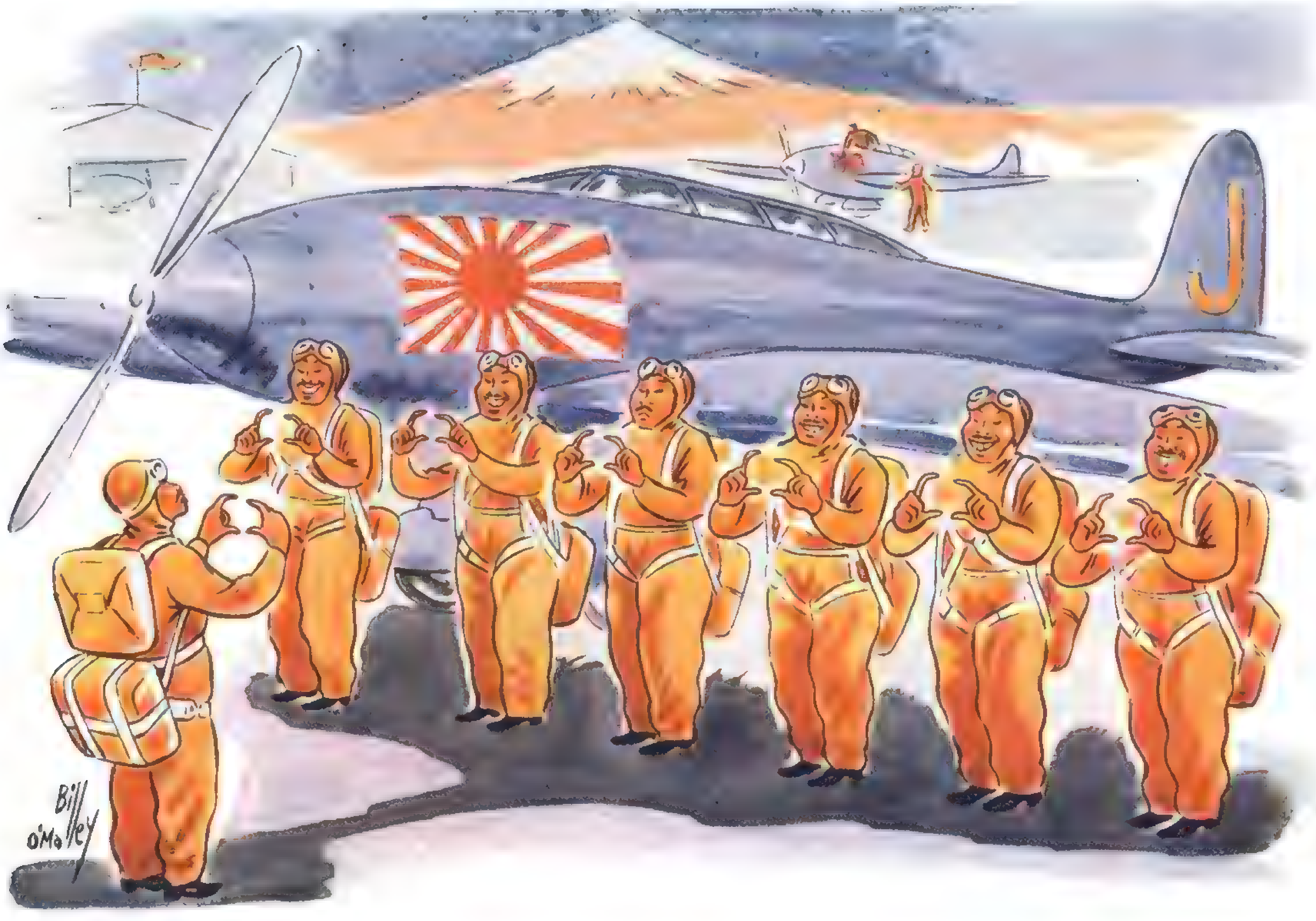


"I hope you'll forgive me coming in like this, Mr. Baehr, but I thought you were my room-mate"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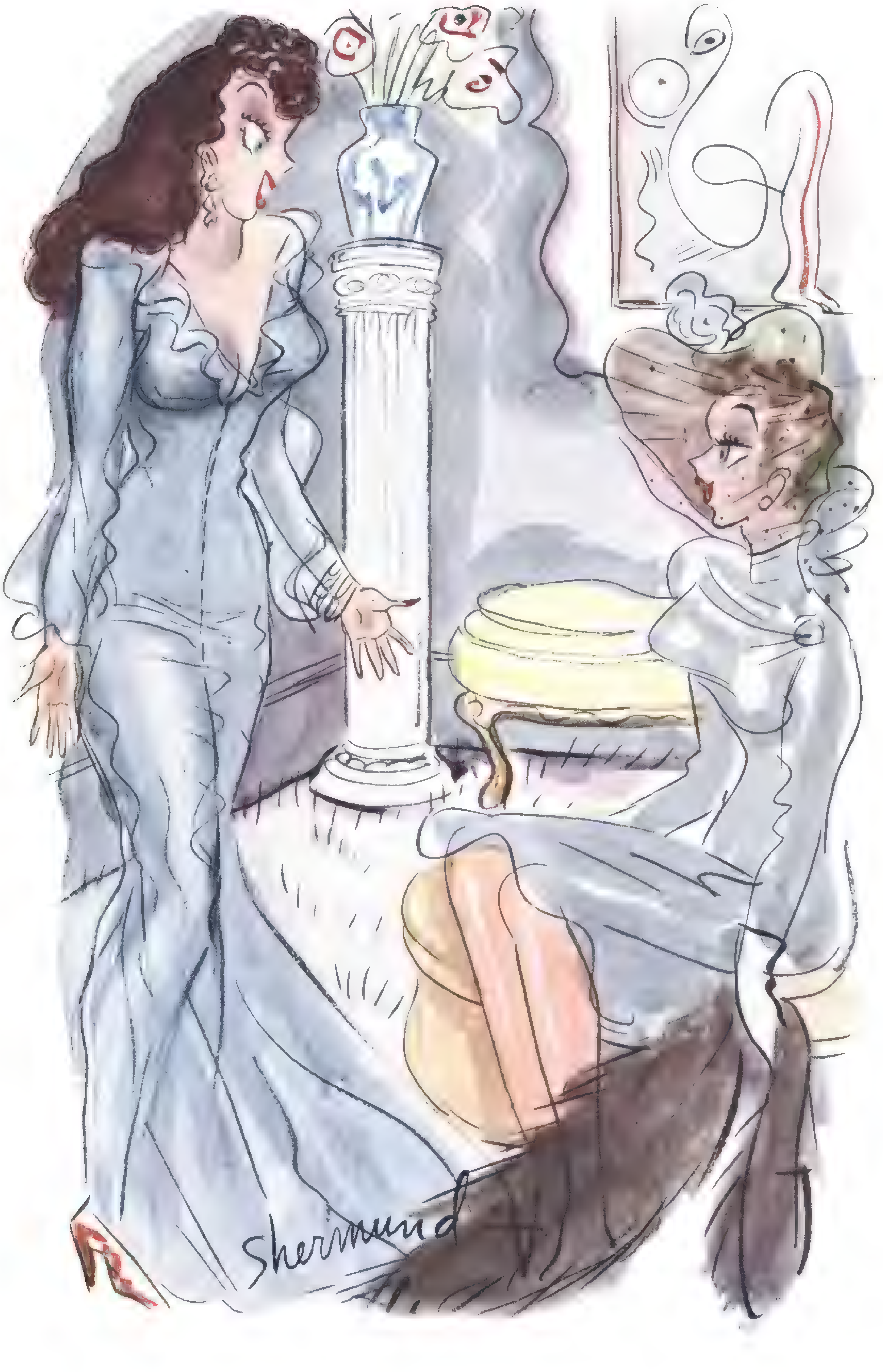
Bill O'Malley



"Well, the doctor told him he should have a hobby, so here I am"

Hawaiian Hospitality

If *H. M. S. Discovery* created good will toward England, her officers and crew were completely charmed

by THOMAS BLAKE CLARK

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Eagerly Thomas Manby, master's mate on the good British ship *Discovery*, stood by the rail watching the great green island of Hawaii rise from a turquoise sea. Would these islands in the middle of the far Pacific prove to be the earthly paradise described by the sailors he had talked to in Liverpool? This first view met all expectations: a sky of the deepest blue in the world, masses of clean white clouds canopying the black volcanic peaks, the white flashes of tumbling waterfalls everywhere! It looked like a paradise, but what reception could they hope for from its people? Barely fifteen years had passed since England's great Captain Cook had been stabbed to death by angry natives on this pleasant-looking island.

The *Discovery* soon found a bay and brought to three miles from shore. There it prepared to wait for a visit from the island king, whose good will George III had instructed Captain Vancouver to cement for England. Even as early as 1793 the islands were attractive to English traders seeking a source of provisions.

Word of the great ship's arrival had flown quickly among the Hawaiians, so that now Manby became the joyful witness of a rare sight which ravished his sailor soul—a Hawaiian welcome. Natives swarmed on the white shore. From every side of the bay, hundreds of canoes were launched—canoes of all sizes, some large enough to hold forty people, some small and narrow, into which no more than two children could be wedged. Their paddles flashed in the sun as Manby watched the approach of the brown Hawaiians, men and women, old and young, handsome and hunch-backed. Laughing and shouting, crying, "Aloha, Aloha!" they made a circle fifty canoes deep around the *Discovery*. The water was dotted with Hawaiians who had swum the three miles from the shore to the boat. As they trod water they held high in one hand gifts of Aloha for the delighted sailors: live chickens, yellow yams, and some even clutched squealing little pigs!

The Englishmen were enchanted. Did their eyes deceive them, or was it true that hundreds of dark-eyed girls were swimming about in the water or sitting in canoes, eagerly looking up, beseeching, imploring to be invited to come on board? Their eyes were fine, black as jet, Manby said of the girls, "and when possessed by youth beam forth with languishing softness." The sailors leaned over the rail and selected the prettiest to ask aboard. "A slight beckon was a sufficient invitation, as they plunged like Sea Nymphs from their canoes, diving under every canoe that obstructed their passage to the ship. No incumbrance of clothes impeded their swimming, as they were in a state of nature except for a small strip of cloth applied like a fig leaf worn by our Grandmother Eve." Once they were on board said the mate, "a towel absorbed the saline particles from their skin and left them cool as cucumbers. No bad thing in a tropical country. Our decks were crowded with young, good-natured girls, whilst the surface of the water around us was covered with some hundreds soliciting admittance. Our Bark instantly became a scene of Jollity and all was Pleasure and Delight."

"Oh, the elevation of spirit of the sailor attended by beautiful feminine companions!" philosophizes the enchanted Mate. "It is them alone that can harmonize the soal, banish sorrows from the mind, and give mankind true felicity; even the uncivilized Brunette in a state of nature can do all this, and convinces that happiness is incomplete without them."

The sailors were shocked, however, upon getting their first close look at their chosen ones, to discover that virtually every one had had her two front teeth knocked out. They later learned that this was done in mourning for a king recently deceased, but at their first meeting, the happy Englishmen generously overlooked the detail. As Manby put it, "... being women, they were surely entitled to every civility and attention honest sailors could bestow."

At the height of the excitement, all uproar and confusion suddenly ceased. The Englishmen ran to the rail to discover the reason. Below them, they saw that the crowded canoes had cleft apart, leaving a wide straight lane from the ship to the shore. Their eyes followed the waterway, and there at the end of the three-mile path stood a Hawaiian of noble stature robed in a beautiful cloak of brilliant yellow feathers and wearing a splendid feather helmet. It was Ka-meha-meha, king of the island of Hawaii.

The King stepped with dignity into the first and largest of fourteen double-outrigger canoes and commanded his forty-six warrior-paddlers to lead the way to the English ship. Ka-meha-meha, spear in hand, stood proudly at the helm, an imposing masthead as his golden cloak and helmet gleamed in the tropic sun. The monarch and his squadron moved with dignity and precision, every man in all the fourteen canoes dipping his oar at exactly the same moment. They approached the *Discovery* and impressively passed three times around her before coming alongside.

The Hawaiians were quiet as shadows as they watched the pageant, but when their king boarded the big ship and exchanged the usual token of friendship with Captain Vancouver by touching noses, they set up an outcry that was deafening, so great was their joy. The uproar continued all the time the king was presenting Vancouver with the gifts he had brought—eighty large hogs, many

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Menu
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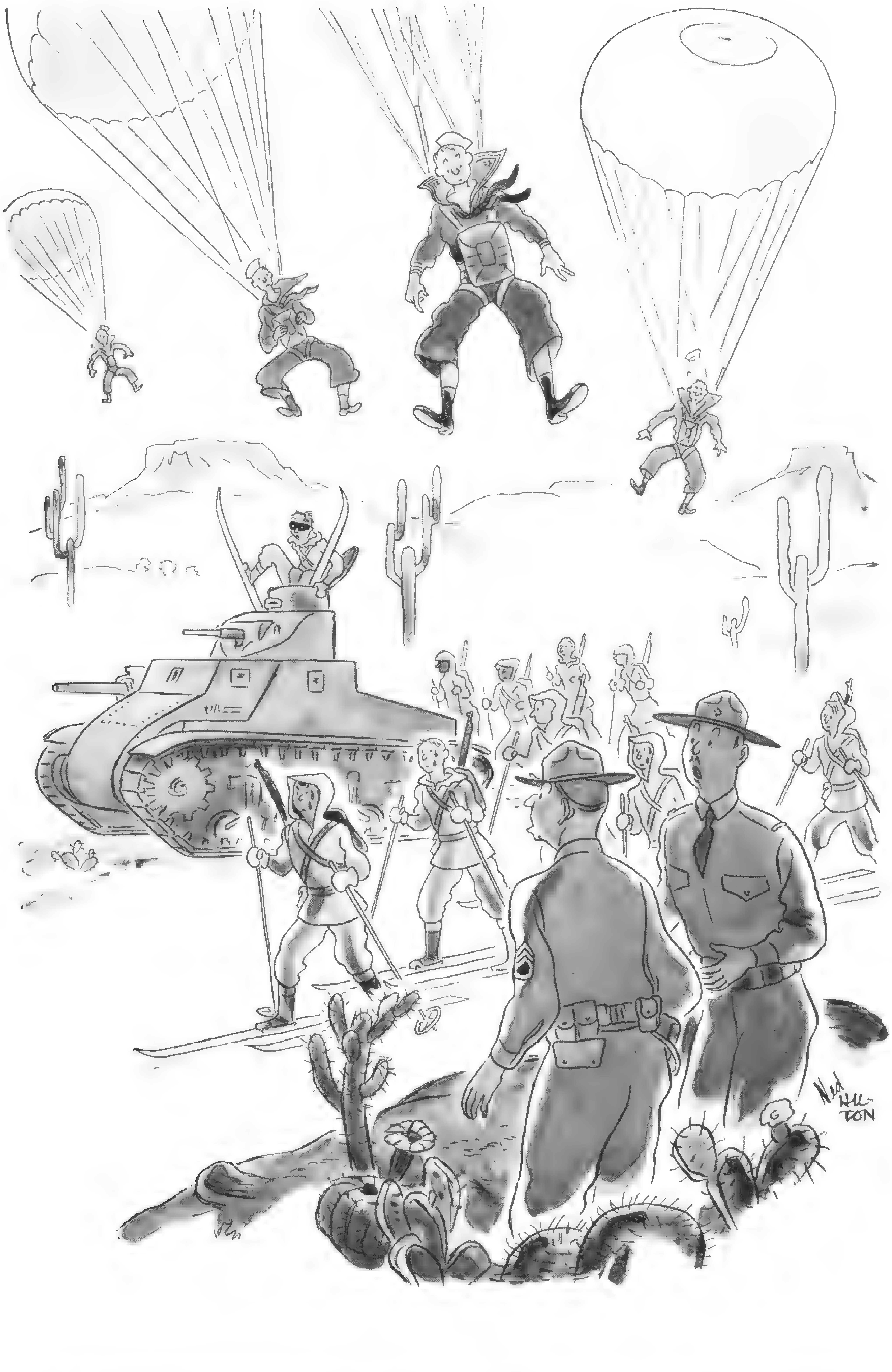
GEORGE WOLFE



"Get Washington on the phone quick and explain that somebody's bungled!"

The Day of the Storm

As Denny's mother explained so brightly, they were to have a party every day until Tuesday

by WILLIAM BRANDON

• FICTION •

"CLOUDS pilin' up, Denny," Uncle Rick said in his deep slow voice. "Pile on pile of 'em, black as boilin' tar, writhin' and squirmin' around each other like snakes, an' rushin' across the sky, an' more an' more of 'em comin' along behind, blacker an' blacker, until the air's stacked full of 'em and it's dark as midnight." Uncle Rick was breathing fast and his one bright eye blazed at Denny's white still face. "Then the wind comes down from those clouds and you can hear it creepin' around in those pines—right back there on the hill—it slips and slides around through 'em an' they begin to sizzle like hot grease burnin' away downstairs an' all the time the wind's crawlin' along a little faster an' faster an' pretty soon those pine trees are startin' to scream, only hoarse, Denny, and low like a railroad train whistlin' down there in the valley. Then for a minute that wind stops and lays still and you can't hear a sound over the whole world, just for a minute, Denny, while those clouds stop like that and hang up there right over your head, an' then that wind gets up an' tears loose. It comes rushin' down the hill an' bends those pine trees over an' shakes 'em an' howls at 'em like a million fire sirens, an' it takes hold of that stack of black clouds goin' clear up to the moon an' it tears 'em all apart an' then throws the strings an' rags of 'em back together again an' snarls 'em up an' spins 'em into a lump an' pitches it into Kingdom Come an' then hauls up twice as many more an' twice as black an' it goes on doin' the same thing until it looks like the whole sky's rippin' into pieces, an' the house is rockin' an' shiverin' an' the wind is bellowin' so loud you could climb right up an' ride on the sound of it . . ."

Denny's nostrils pinched together and quivered and his thin voice was excited and frightened: "What happens then, Uncle Rick?"

"Then? Why, then's when you hear it, Denny, talkin' to you. At first you can't make it out at all because of that wind, but pretty soon you get to hearin' a little flutterin' like some birds that the wind's caught an' won't let go, an' you hear it plainer an' plainer until you think maybe it's rain on the window panes. But there isn't any, Denny. Not yet. So you know it's the storm itself, reaching away down here to talk to you, an' you stand up straight an' open up your ears to listen to what he's got to say, an' there he is tryin' harder than ever to talk an' soundin' like a hundred tractors startin' up all around you an' you still can't make out what he's tellin' you. You go runnin' upstairs to get closer to him an' then you go on up to the attic an' listen again an' then you go climbin' out through the skylight onto the roof an' there he is plain as day, you can hear every thunderin' word he's sayin', only while you're there you got to fight the wind right face to face, an' it's a terrible beast, Denny, it tries to outshout the storm an' it tries to pick you off the roof an' throw you away because it's jealous, it don't want you to listen. An' it mashes those black clouds down until you can feel 'em brushin' the ends of your hair while they go flyin' over but you stand your ground an' hang onto a chimney to fight that wind and right over it an' down through those clouds you can hear him talkin', plain as you hear me now, Denny, callin' you by name an' talkin' right into your head, clear up until the rain comes on, chasin' after the wind, an' then it's time he's got to go. But what you've heard, Denny, what you've heard is like fire there in your brain, it's like knowin' everything in the world in one blindin' chunk. They're magic words you've heard, Denny, an' maybe you'll forget what they were but you'll never forget you heard 'em."

Denny was quiet a minute, his face turned up to the blue spring sky, and then he whispered shakily: "What does he say, Uncle Rick?"

Uncle Rick whistled softly, like a warning. "A man has to hear it himself, Denny, an' even if he remembers some of the words he can't ever repeat 'em. I'd turn spang into a cinder, Denny, if I tried to say 'em now, or any other time. An' the storm would probably come whoopin' over the hill, right out of that blue sky, an' put out the sun with one hand while he picked up what was left of me an' carried it away with the other. No sir, what you hear you'll keep between yourself an' yourself, an' you won't want to tell it, even if you could."

"Gee . . . Then'll I get to hear it myself some time, Uncle Rick?"

"Well, we'll see, Denny. We'll see, later on." There was the sound of a car beyond the knoll of smooth green lawn and Uncle Rick turned his shaggy grey head. The sunlight fell on the left side of his face, a vivid sunken scar from forehead to chin, twisting his mouth and nose into gargoyle shape. His left eye was gone. He stood up to see over the knoll and stooped down to take Denny's hand. "Your mother an' poppa's comin' back. Reckon you better come on in the house."

"Can I tell them about the storm? They'll want to go up and hear him too, won't they?"

"Sure, tell 'em. They might."

He left the shade of the oak and started up the sweep of lawn toward the big red brick Georgian house. Denny hung onto his hand and stumbled along beside him. A pair of swifts wheeled around the roof of the house and raced by above them in a wide erratic circle, squeaking like mice.

The sound of the car's motor stopped near the house and they heard raised voices and a woman laughing.

Denny stopped. "Gosh, Uncle Rick. They got company again." His white face was

Continued on page 131

A. JOHN KAUNUS

"He'll have the line all tangled in a minute darling, then we can go home"

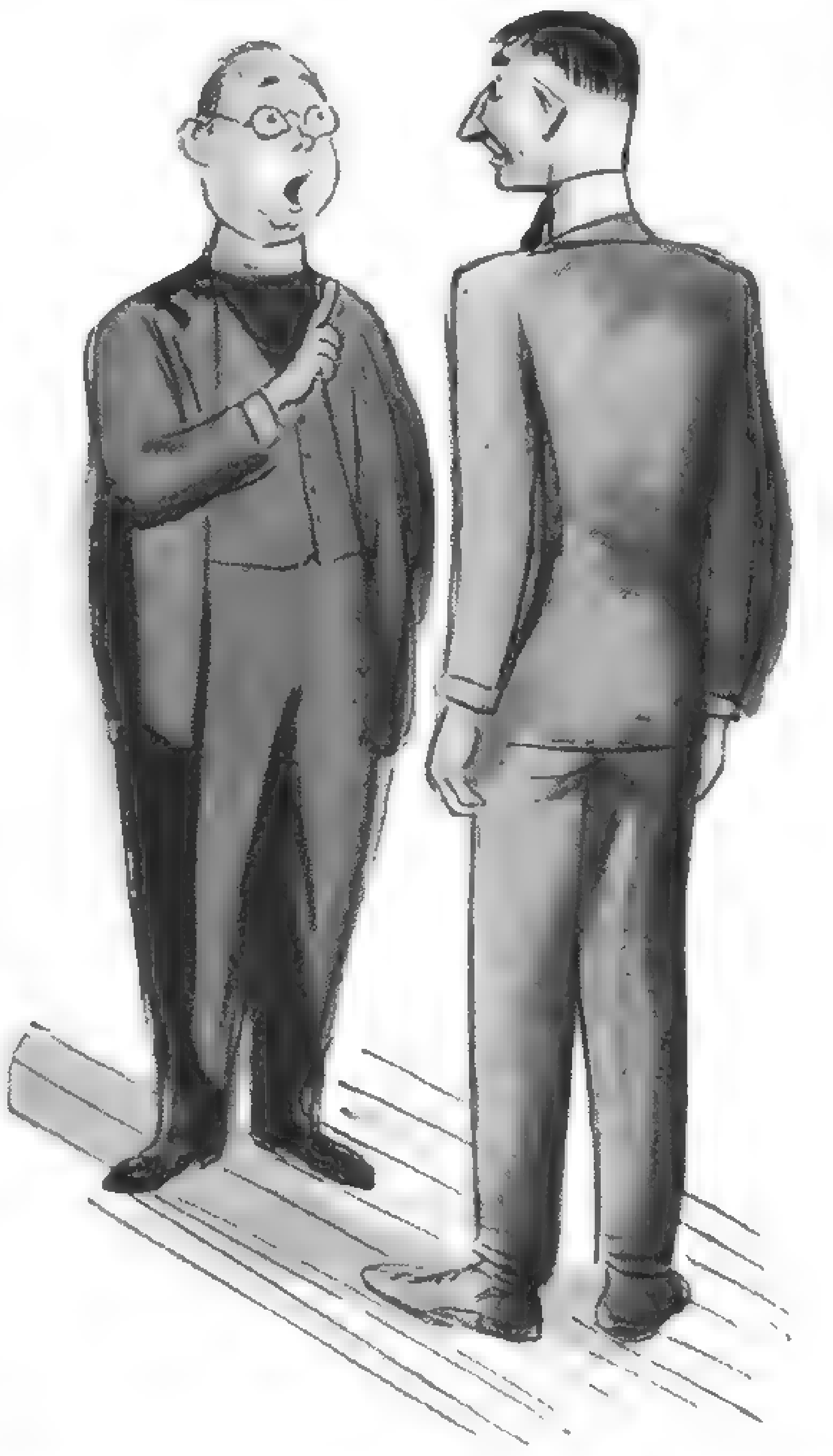
Conversion of Thunderpuss

He worked contentedly at odd jobs, wearing his Christian blue serge suit and reeking with moth balls

by PETER DE VRIES

• SATIRE •

The most vivid character of my childhood was Thunderpuss. This was the prize convert of Reverend Thermon's three-year service at the mission post maintained by our church among the Zunis and Navahos of New Mexico, and whom he exhibited on a fund-raising tour of the congregation. That taste of the world was enough to render the Indian irreconcilable when the Reverend, preparing to assume a regular pastorate at Valley Grove, attempted to send him back. Day and night he importuned the good man, who finally gave up. And so when our new minister rolled into town in his dusty old Dodge there was this trophy bouncing beside him on the front seat. Thunderpuss was a nickname somebody gave him promptly upon his arrival and it stuck, a corruption I think of his real name, which I cannot now seem to recall, if I ever heard it.



First Thunderpuss wove baskets in the small room of the hotel in which he settled, but he soon got sick of this and took heartily to a new life of manifold odd jobs.

He worked first on some of the outlying farms. Not very successful in the fields, where he insisted on wearing his blue serge suit, he was usually busied with chores about the house. One of his most marked failures was at my uncle's, where he attempted to hitch a horse to the wheelbarrow and was discovered beating rugs with the little girl's tennis racket. He accepted correction amiably, though he thought the flabby beater inadequate in any case, and took to whacking the carpets with the coal shovel. The church folk remained commendably long-suffering, and when he returned to town he was able to support himself handily with odd jobs. He was fascinated by the water hoses, garden sprinklers and lawn mowers and for some time concentrated on working up a livelihood as caretaker. That summer, playing about the streets, I saw him every day, sprinting across the yard behind somebody's lawn mower in his tightly buttoned blue serge, high stiff collar and fedora hat. For three weeks he was absolutely in heaven substituting on the one-cylinder mower when the caretaker of Mayor Pasley's estate was laid up with rheumatism. Sent on his first errand by Mrs. Pasley, he swung aboard the grass cutter and scuttered down the highway to the grocer's.

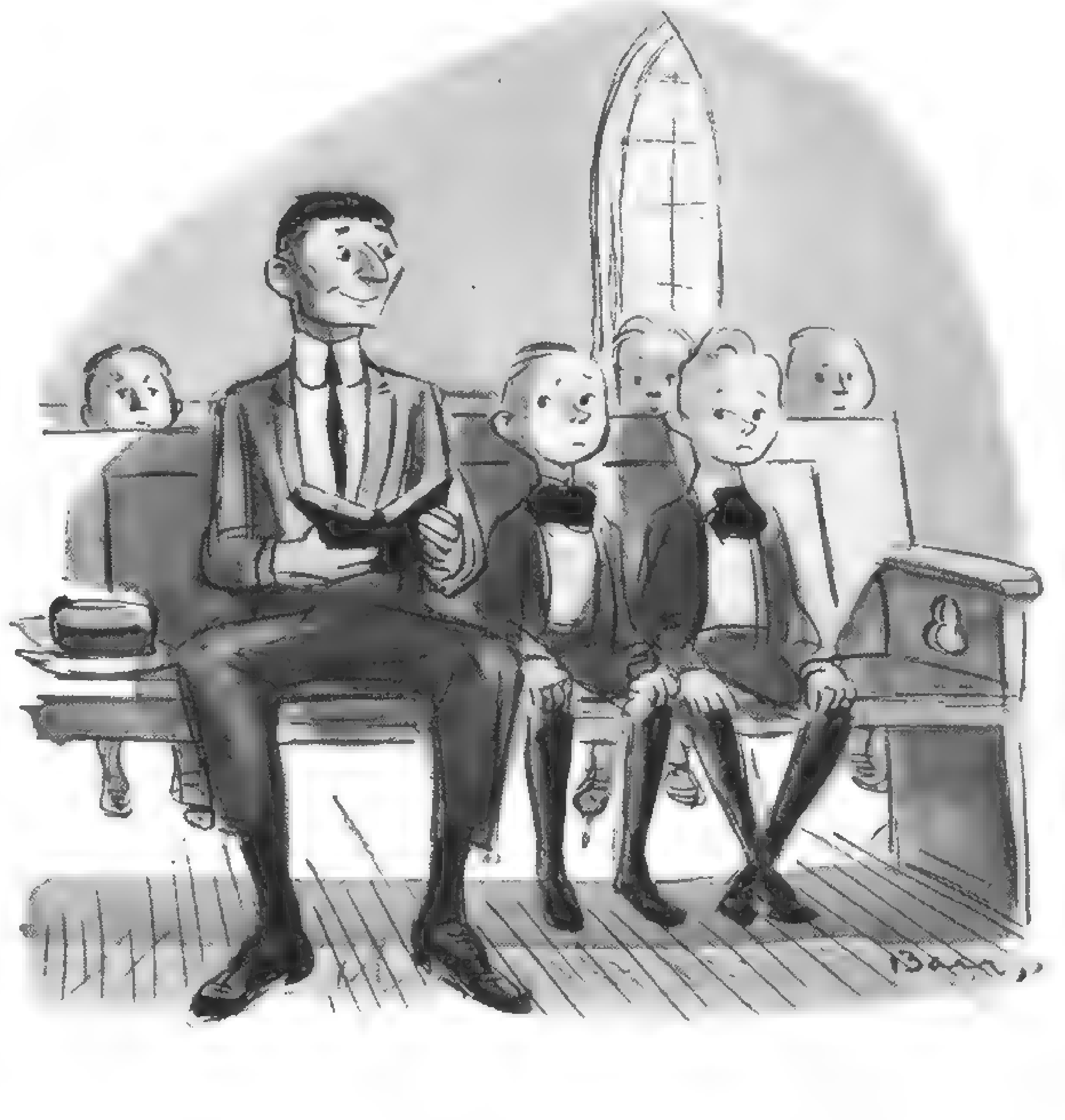
He worked two or three hours a week for the barber, mopping the floor and washing the windows, always taking his pay in neck trims when he did not need a haircut, because the new electric clippers awed him. He had a profound respect for the barber anyhow, not only because of the clippers and the latter's impressive verbosity at public meetings but also because of his first vivid impression of the revolving pole outside, which he regarded as having sacred significance. Stirred by formal speech, he attended all the church services and all political meetings in the town hall, smiling and nodding heartily in the front seat at any oratorical outburst whether he understood it or not. One day he bought an accordion and for seven days and seven nights distressed the proprietor and guests of the hotel. When he saw a chance at a job delivering orders for the grocer, the butcher and the druggist, he sold the accordion and bought himself a bicycle.

He quoted Bible texts prodigiously, putting, as the pastor said, the majority of the parish to shame. One time, coming around a corner on his bicycle, he tipped the local editor into a privet hedge. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," he smiled and pulled him briskly to his feet. He said the same thing when, commissioned to chop down the blighted maple in Bert Parkhurst's yard, he miscalculated and sent it crashing down on the porch roof, caving the side in. He misquoted earnestly, often paraphrased, and ad libbed widely, but the pastor lauded him no less as an example for this.

God-revealing-Himself-in-Nature was a major doctrinal tenet diligently and convincingly stressed in that green farmland where I was a boy, and I had no idea there was anything incorrect the time Thunderpuss rose in Bible class to read his essay on the subject, clearing his throat and announcing his text, "I am the Alfalfa and Omega."

An indefatigable ball player, Thunderpuss could be seen every evening in summer at the sandlot, spitting gravely into his glove, nervously doffing his fedora and chirping at the pitcher—dressed even here in his inevitable blue serge suit, high stiff collar and red tie. Christian clothing impressed him, and no matter what work he was doing he wore the suit by which he diligently postulated his Christian respectability. He refused to slide. When at bat he would bare his teeth in a fierce grimace, swing from the heels and either hit a home run or strike out. When after striking out three times in succession and committing two errors that helped put his side behind eight runs he beaned a runner at second, he said, elbowing his way into the crowd, "Will the Lord cast off forever, has he forgotten to be graceful?" One time when called upon to give a testimony at a joint mass meeting of two churches he rose and said simply, "The Lord is my shepherd. And how." He heard that phrase once and never let go of it, regarding it apparently as interchangeable with "Amen." He was crazy about peanut butter, I remember, and abstract painting.

Catechism was reopened in the fall and Thunderpuss was put in our class, which was comprised of eighth grade and first year high school students. He marched in that first day stiff and erect but beaming, his hat in one hand and a Bible in the other, and sat down next to me. He gave me a nod, set his hat on his knee and opened the Bible. He reeked of moth balls.



He derived a heady pleasure from moth balls and kept them among his things like sachet. This made sitting next to him in church oppressive, and in the course of time came to be looked upon as punishment automatically inflicted for tardiness in attending divine worship—the pew containing Thunderpuss being all that was left for slugabeds.

Thunderpuss had the Bible open to the first chapter of Genesis.

"God," he said to me, "taig the earth which is—" and he pointed to the text.

"Without form and void," I said and he wanted to know what that was. "Nothing. Just a lot of mud puddles and fog like,"I explained. "Nothing."

He puzzled over this, knitting his brow, staring ahead with his chin in his hand. Suddenly a light came to his eyes and he turned.

"Pottery," he announced.

"Right," I said nodding heartily along with him.

He pointed again to the text.

"The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the water," I read and he wanted that explained, too. I told him in general words but he wanted particulars. "You ask Reverend Thermon,"I said. "Here he comes."

Reverend Thermon had hardly mounted the dais before Thunderpuss popped the question. It was related to the season's first lesson and the pastor plunged in happily.

Thunderpuss nodded his leathery head. "Toog a ride over the fogs and waters and went *zzzttt!*" he said, making a deft gesture in the air,"and *snnnfffttt!*," he snorted, to suggest the spirit of God breathing life into the formless deep.

"Yes," Reverend Thermon said and prepared to pass on to the catechism questions.

"Which one did this?" Thunderpuss asked, by no means satisfied.

"Which one? Why, there is only one," said the Reverend.

"No," he corrected. "Three."

The pastor went into that distinction but it was hard going, then and many times to come. An avid theologian in his way, and a sometimes original one besides, Thunderpuss moved toward an interpretation which would enable him to graft in features of his former heathen conception, even incorporate entire deities into the Christian godhead. The trinity was the fatal gap which let polytheism through.

By way of recommending certain of his Zuni deities he made the point that they had likewise been credited with the creation and preservation of the universe, and suggested the stimulating possibility that Christians and Zunis—all peoples for that matter since God was the general term for the author of life—were all the while worshipping and addressing identical beings, only under different names. He really possessed a charming and cosmopolitan tolerance. He lyrically visualized comparative religion as one vast roster of aliases.

"Yes, but your old religion—or any other religion—couldn't save you, you see," Reverend Thermon reminded him. "What does it get you, worshipping sticks and stones? And turtles even," he added reproachfully.

Thunderpuss dropped his head and stared thoughtfully at the floor. He said no more then.

But it cropped up again in discussions and Thunderpuss at last appeared before the church board.

"I don't see why we have to have all this trouble. Why not just tell him yes, the Great Spirit is the Great Spirit, and have it over with," an elder suggested practically. "Why wrangle about terms and befuddle his primitive mind. He's right in part when he says what's in a name. After all, one of the traditional arguments for the existence of a god is that he is universally worshipped. In incomplete fragments, of course," he added seeing Reverend Thermon's expression.

"Yes, he's right," several echoed in chorus.

"No," the others, led by the pastor, firmly replied. Reverend Thermon then went into a long discussion of the problem, whose gravity he as a missionary had seen proved time and again. This kind of looseness was behind much of the degeneracy of the modern church, and they knew how their denomination and its mission board stood.

This, it appears, is a question with which missionaries among the heathen are frequently occupied, the canny ones apparently minimizing, wherever possible, the distinction between rival deities as nominal, occasionally absorbing pagan deities into their system, or at least incorporating them into their calendar, a policy by which conversion is said to be enormously facilitated.

The church board finally exonerated the mooted member, who was whittling outside on the church steps while awaiting his fate, on the grounds that this was an exceptional case for them up there far from the mission and they would in all probability never be confronted by such a difficulty again.

But they spoke too soon.

Several of us lounging on the steps of the general store one day the following spring, saw two dilapidated old Fords rattle into town and come to a stop across the street. From among boxes, mattresses and pans lashed to the cars a score or more of Indians peered stonily out at us. The motors gurgled into silence, and the dust settled slowly. Nobody got out. They just peered at us.

Suddenly there was a hoot down the road and Thunderpuss came running up, waving. Instantly the newcomers poured out of the cars. The children danced around him, yelling and smelling his suit.

Impressed by his increasingly seductive accounts of the country and its hospitable inhabitants, these relatives of Thunderpuss—two brothers and a sister and their families—had taken his advice and packed up and come out. Life on their grudging half-acres would never be better than dull and depressing anyhow, and if half of what Thunderpuss said was true, this was paradise itself. Also, in his letters, he had discussed conversion a good deal, representing it as not at all the impossible transition they had thought it, and all in all migration came to appear much the advisable thing to do. And so finally here they were.

The townfolk heard of their arrival with consternation. However for the time being they put them up at the hotel. For days the newcomers explored the town and nearby country, congregated at the mayor's fence to watch Thunderpuss squirt the hose and ride the lawn mower, and deafened the hotel guests with blasts from the radio in the lobby. The villagers tried to persuade them to return but they had seen the farmlands for themselves. Moreover, Thunderpuss explained, they would never be able to go back to their old life now after having renounced it, which was not quite accurate but eloquently advanced. The upshot of it was that a committee was formed to assist them in settling. It so happened that soon a solution fortunately presented itself. A wealthy farmer, ready to retire, offered for sale his seventeen acres, and the purchase of this the church underwrote. The Indians would pay back a certain amount each year, with interest.

Not excessively industrious, but growing steadily in numbers, they rapidly reached a state in which they were able to consume almost all they produced, and the money was not repaid very fast. They attended church services regularly, rattling punctually into town in the two groaning Fords. Thunderpuss was impressed by his liaison capacity between the two groups in matters of theology and otherwise. Things went along fairly well.

Then occurred the incident which created perhaps the gravest *contretemps* of Reverend Thermon's pastorate at Valley Grove. The town council could be considered partly to blame for it, having invited the Indians to chant and dance at a jubilee pageant and programming them as well for picnic enter-

Continued on page 126

Point after Touchdown

Kicking the place kick isn't the science it used to be since the foot has vanished from football

by JOHN R. TUNIS

SPORTS

The figure 6 slips into the scoreboard beside the big word VISITORS. 6 to 6. Now the score is tied. Then a boy dashes out from the sidelines, his right arm in the air, a slip of white paper in his hand. It's the point after touchdown.

As there is less than one minute left, this play will decide the game. It will also decide other things. Because those two old rivals, State and the University, have come down to the final Saturday of the season with the Conference title still in the balance. If the kick is successful, one team will win and one will lose. If not, they will remain in a tie for the championship.

Much more than merely victory or defeat hangs on this play. With victory the offensive coach will receive a new three-year contract at a substantial increase in salary. Lots of folks a long, long way from the Stadium are interested in this kick, too. In half a dozen cities the wise boys hunch over their radios. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in football pools in every town in the country will change hands if the kick is made.

Everyone in the stands realizes how much depends on this single play. A hush falls over the packed stands, over the breathless thousands on both sides of the field. No one envies that boy on whose shoulders rests the outcome of the game. He measures off the distance to his kneeling teammate, and coolly draws a mark on the turf with his cleats. The sharp, shrill whistle sounds time. For just a second he stands motionless and alone.

It's the point after touchdown. A point that is important, and with the decreasing influence of the foot in football, seems likely to be more so. On one single Saturday of the 1940 football season, approximately fifteen per cent of the important games in the East and Middle West were lost through failure to kick that vital point after touchdown. Among them were such contests as those between Minnesota and Northwestern, Iowa State and Drake, Columbia and Wisconsin, and Rutgers and Lafayette. One team had the specialist, the sure-footed kicker, the boy who came through under pressure. The other didn't. And lost.

Some coaches call the point after touchdown a team effort. Lou Little of Columbia believes so, and feels no worse over losing a game by the margin of a point than when some back misses an assignment or fumbles going into the line on a touchdown play. He will tell you that the misses on the point after touchdown are more often the fault of the man who places the ball, or the center whose pass is bad, or of the line which fails to hold or the protecting back who neglects to protect, than it is of the kicker himself.

Other coaches do not share this view. If a pass is thrown, or a run attempted, the point after touchdown is certainly a team effort, with everyone sharing in the play. But nine times out of ten the scoring team elects to kick. Then, they believe, the team element is subordinated to the individual, the man behind the line. It is true as Little points out that the center must make a clean pass, the man who handles the ball must place it quickly and accurately. The line must hold. Backs must block charging opponents. But it is the kicker who delivers. On his shoulders falls responsibility for winning that game. If State and the University end up in a tie, the Sunday morning newspapers will say:

"Harrison of State had a chance to become famous; but his kick was wide of the posts and the score remained 6 to 6. Two plays after the kickoff the game ended."

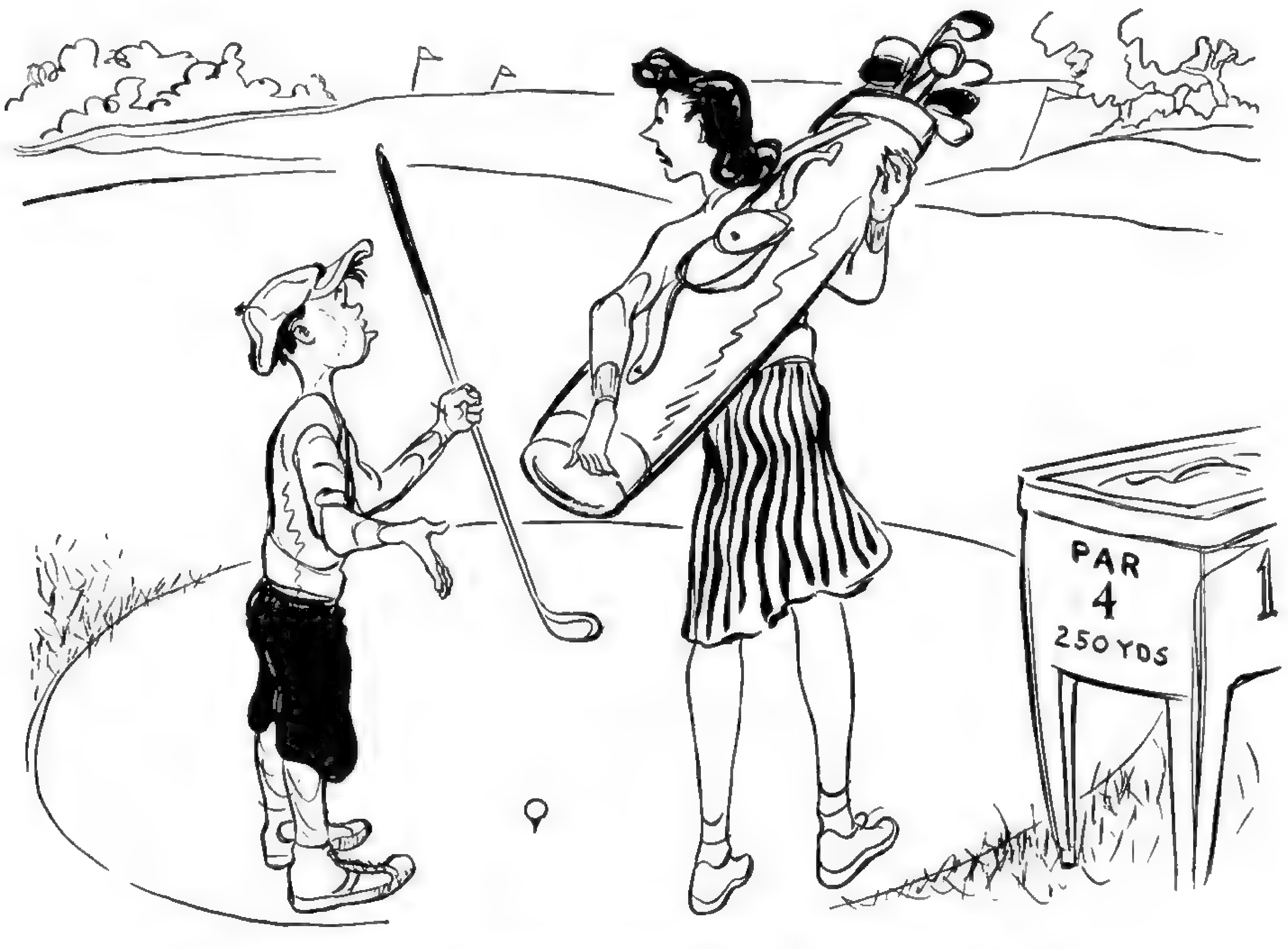
It is interesting to trace the decreasing influence of the foot in football. Back in 1876 when Captain W. Earle Dodge of Princeton invited Columbia, Harvard and Yale to a conference at Springfield, Massachusetts, to adopt the Rugby Union Code from England, it was decided to form an American Intercollegiate Football League. At this time the foot was the vital factor in the game. Under English rules, scoring was entirely by means of the foot; by goals kicked. The Conference changed this slightly, making one goal equivalent to four touchdowns. Games were decided by a majority of touchdowns.

Eight years later changes were again made. In 1884, a touchdown was counted at 2 points, while the try for goal afterward was valued at 4 points, and the goal from the field at 5 points.

In those days, as you can well see, football was the foot. Then the rulemakers reversed themselves, and not for the last time, either. They counted a touchdown as worth 4 points, and reduced the try for goal afterward to 2 points. The importance of the foot took a slump.

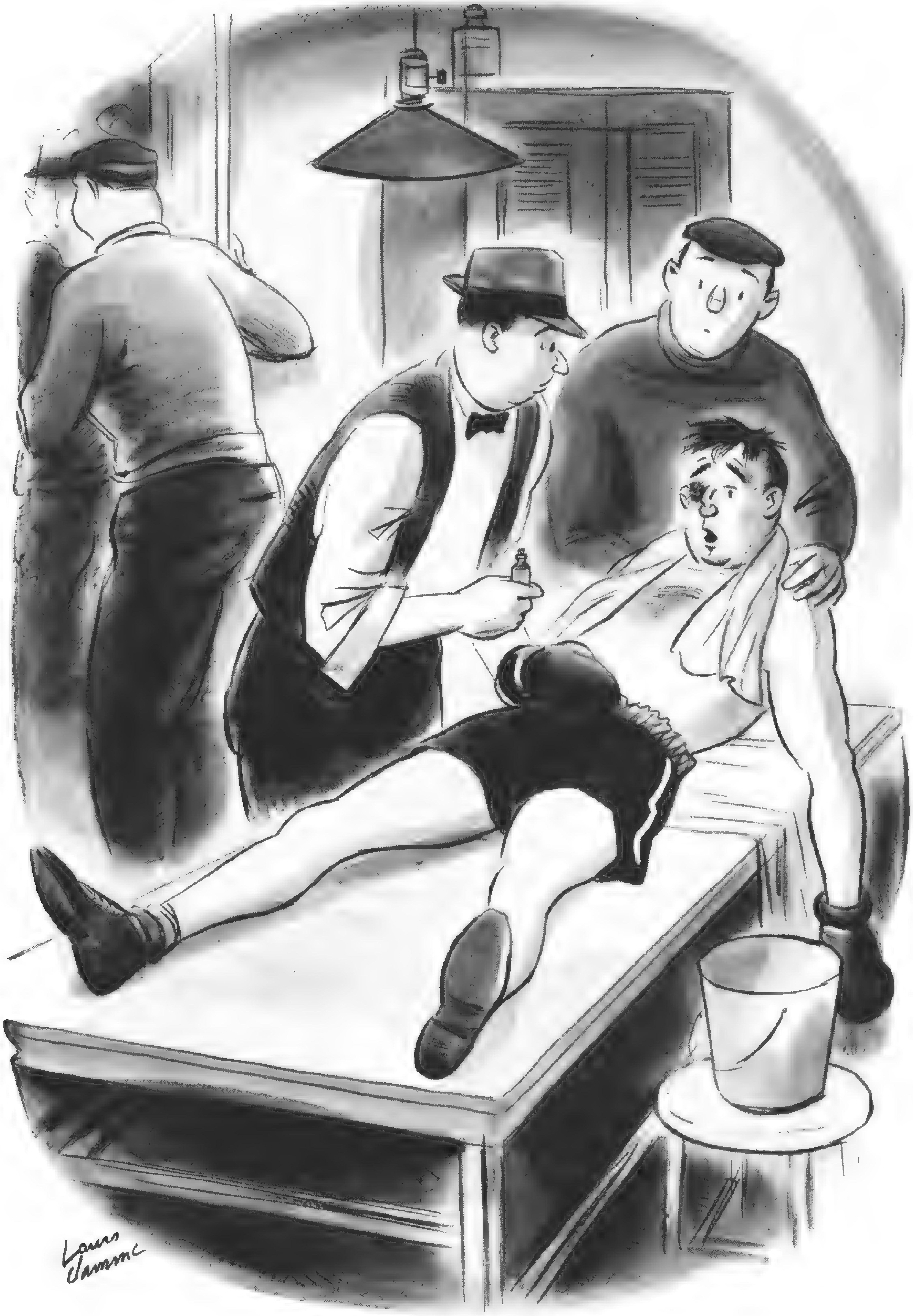
For over ten years these scoring values persisted. Then in 1897, radical changes were made. The value of the touchdown was raised to 5 points, the value of the try for goal reduced to one point. The importance of the foot in football was lessening with time. This trend reached its peak in 1912. That year the touchdown became worth 6 points, its present scoring value.

Meanwhile from almost the earliest days of the game, the try for point after touchdown had to be made 15 yards out from the goal, and opposite the place where the line had been crossed by the ball carrier. However, the scoring team had the option of kicking from this spot, or punting out behind the goal line to a player on the same side who tried to make a fair catch. The punt was placed as nearly as possible before the posts, so that it would be easy to kick the point following the fair catch. If the receiver caught



"No, Lady, it's you hit the ball, and I carry the clubs"

Continued on page 110



"I hope my old job at the butcher shop is still open"

Time Out of Mind

For twenty years the Comte Henri had entered the Café at precisely four-thirty and ordered one cup of coffee

by SIDNEY CARROLL

FICTION

"I do not exaggerate. I say that you are the first friend I have had in twenty years."

I knew that my friend the Comte Henri did not have humor enough to play little games with the truth and I knew he could not lie deliberately if he tried. Still, it was an astonishing thing to hear. I must have smiled, for when the Comte repeated himself he was angry. "I do not exaggerate," he said, and he stamped his cane on the pavement beneath the table, "I say you are the first friend I have had in twenty years!"

"My profound apologies, Monsieur Le Comte," I said, "did my demeanor betray any emotion it was surprise rather than disbelief. I know your respect for the truth."

If the Comte hated levity in any form, he adored formality. I could always calm him down by using the stilted sentences of the old society. He leaned back. He was a little ruffled; he pouted in his beard, but my apology satisfied him. I could not afford to destroy his mood. I knew that he was finally going to talk about himself and I wanted to hear every word. I wanted no interruptions. I decided on a bold stroke. I called the waiter. "Another cup of coffee for Monsieur Le Comte," I said, "and for me another cognac."

Bernard, the waiter, could not believe his ears. He stood there, gaping at the Comte like an idiot. I had to kick his shoe to make him shuffle off to the kitchen. Then I could hear him hurry the last few steps to the swinging door at the rear of the café. I could hear the excited echo of his voice from the depths of the kitchen. I could not make out the words, but I could imagine them. He would be screaming into the ear of Madeleine the cook. "But never before," he would be saying, "never before in the history of the Café d'Aborigines has the Comte Henri ordered a second cup of coffee! Never . . . not in twenty years!" I looked past the box hedges into the interior of the café—for we were sitting on the sidewalk, the Comte and I—and I could see that even Louis had left three customers at the bar and was running into the kitchen to hear the news. This is a Moment, I thought. Only three things could make Louis come from behind that bar. These were, in the order of the strength of their motivation, a fight, a fire, and a physic, and to these dire three Louis was finally adding a fourth. He left the bar when he heard that the Comte Henri had ordered a second cup of coffee. History was being made at the Café d'Aborigines.

History had always avoided this small boxlike café at the very beginning of the Rue d'Aborigines. It was . . . a Montmartre café. It had one plate glass window with a row of bevelled glass panels in a crooked row across the top of it. These panels would shine like the spectacles of schoolgirls every time Bernard would polish them, which might be on the third Friday of the month. A frightening word—"Byrrh"—was spread in great black and red letters across the window. There were two enameled wire tables with three chairs apiece on the sidewalk. The bar was small, glistening, and a hangar for the fattest flies in Paris. There were four tables inside, besides, and Madeleine the cook could make passable stew and excellent coffee. I had been coming to this place for only one reason—it was so close to my studio.

"Skip the war, Uncle Hershell! What did you do at the New York Convention of 1937?"

When I moved to Montmartre I told myself I would work like a machine and accomplish a great deal. I would eat, sleep, and paint by a timetable. I would make myself run as regularly as a railroad. And the first thing I did under my system of self-regimentation was to force myself to knock off every day at four for a cognac.

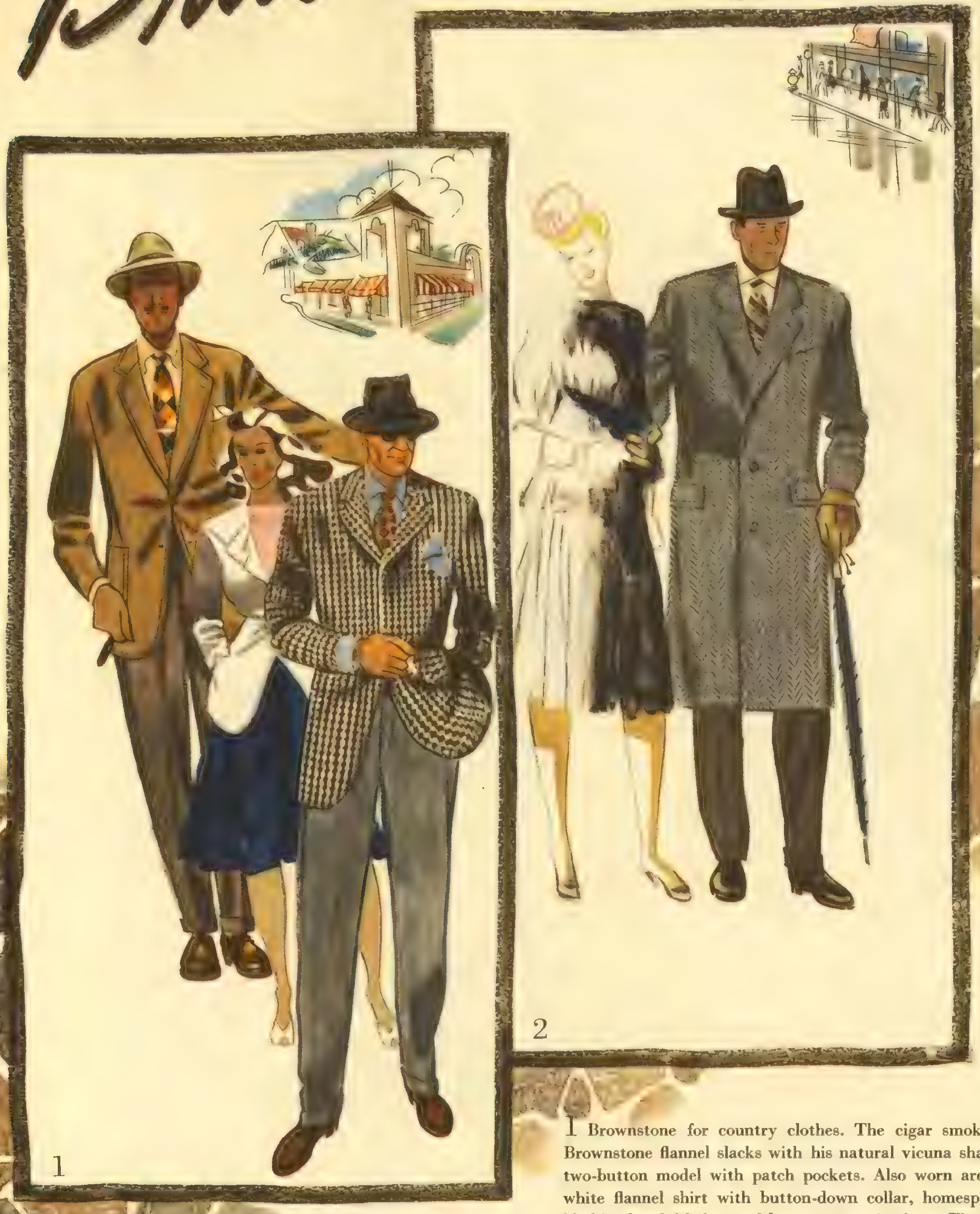
On my very first day in Montmartre I found the Café d'Aborigines. And for three whole months, every day at four, I lived up to my system. I had a cognac at the Aborigines. I had no presentiment of the fact that my system would bring the Comte Henri into my life.

At four o'clock the Aborigines would begin to be a busy place. The workmen who were remodeling the Espignard palace across the street would come in and stand at the bar. A few booksellers from the Rue Escargot would sit at the tables inside and dip into Madeleine's stew. A few ladies would mingle with them. It was all very gay for a French afternoon. Louis would play the records of Maurice Chevalier on a hissing old victrola and every one would swat flies. Anselme Cot, the old French middleweight champion, would come in on certain afternoons. He was slow and stupid by that time, for that was a year or two after his fight with Harry Greb. Cot would come into the café and stand at the bar. There would be an interlude of silence in the café and the men at the bar would gather around him. Louis would lift a glass egg cup from the shelf behind him, polish it carefully with his apron, and place it, top down, in front of the former champion. Anselme Cot would stare at it for a little while and the tears would come into his eyes. Then, like a flash of lightning, his left arm would shoot into the air and his fist would close—Chomp!—at the end of the stroke. Slowly he would bring his hand down to the egg cup. Louis would lift the edge of the cup from the table, Anselme Cot would put his fist up close to it and slowly uncoil his fingers. Always, a fly would dart from his fist into the cup. Anselme Cot would always catch five flies like this—he never missed—and when he had imprisoned his fifth fly Louis would give him a tall glass of sherry. Anselme Cot would drink this slowly, the tears would come running down his cheeks, and when he had sucked the last drop of wine out of the glass he would

Continued in center of page 151

Brownstone key color blends Grey

The fashionable color for fall, Brownstone,
is a rich brown with greyish overtone that makes it complimentary to all
types of men. This mixture is not only prominent in clothes
for town or country but
accessories, accented by bl
maroon, yellow or white.



1 Brownstone for country clothes. The cigar smoker combines Brownstone flannel slacks with his natural vicuna shade jacket, a two-button model with patch pockets. Also worn are brown and white flannel shirt with button-down collar, homespun wool tie, khaki colored felt hat and brown moccasin shoes. The second male member of this threesome wears a Brownstone checked Shetland jacket with blue overplaid and harmonizing lightweight felt hat. The rest of his outfit consists of a blue oxford shirt, brown and red foulard tie, blue handkerchief, grey flannel slacks and brown reverse calf shoes.

2 Brownstone is the dominant color theme of this town ensemble. It appears in his cheviot topcoat, unfinished worsted suit and Homburg hat. The accessories are pale tan broadcloth shirt, striped repp silk tie, pigskin gloves and brown straight tip shoes in town last.

3 This traveler
brown. This ty
being seen mo
tan polo coat.
shirt, copper c
capeskin gloves

4 The compan
cheviot suit wit
His accessories
tan and blue stri

5 This executi
striped unfinish
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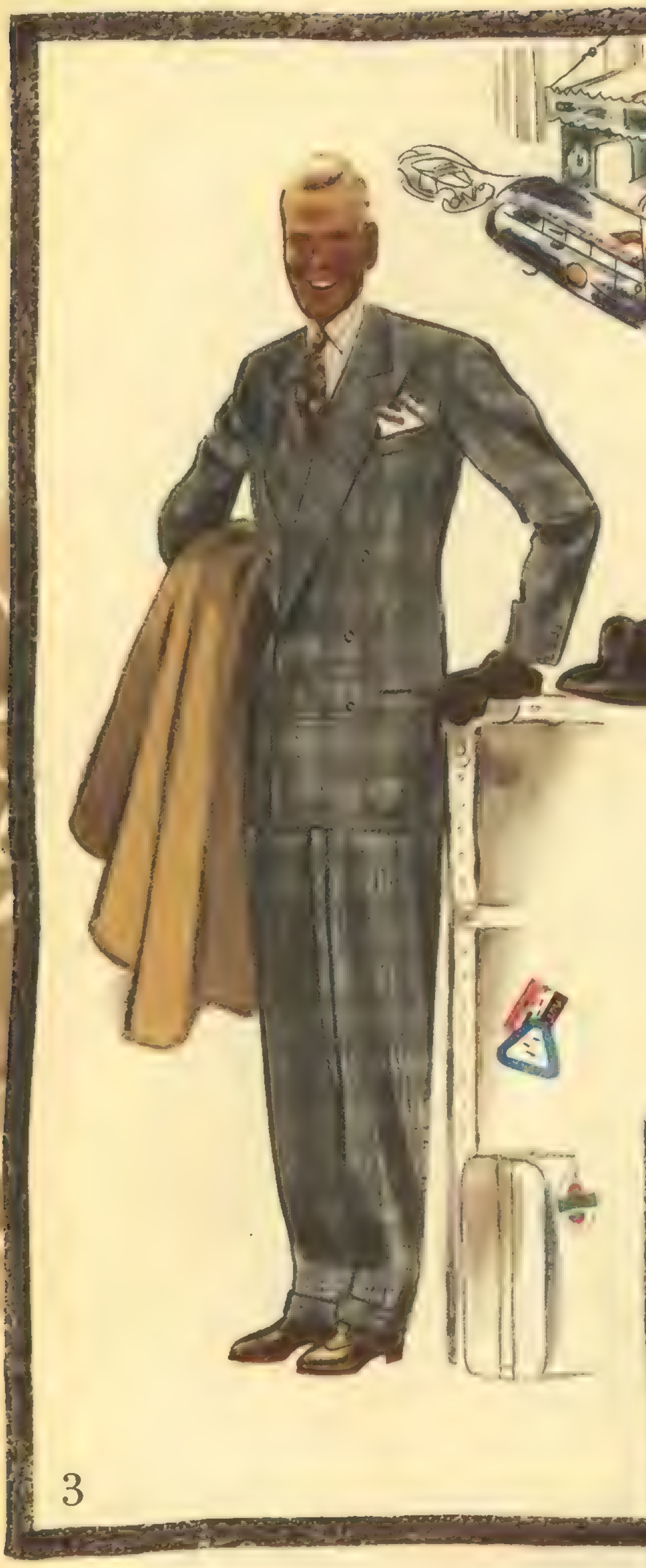
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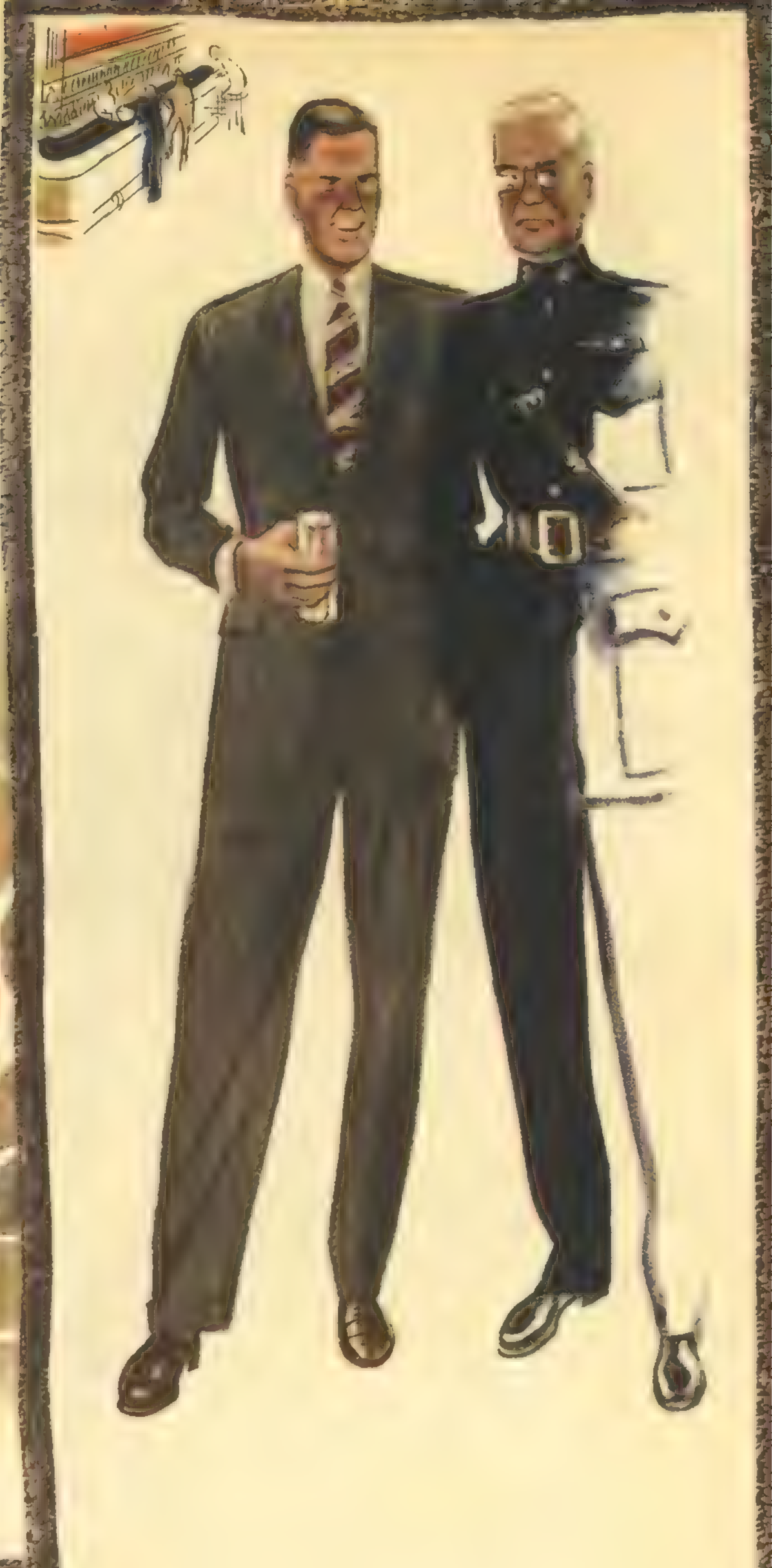
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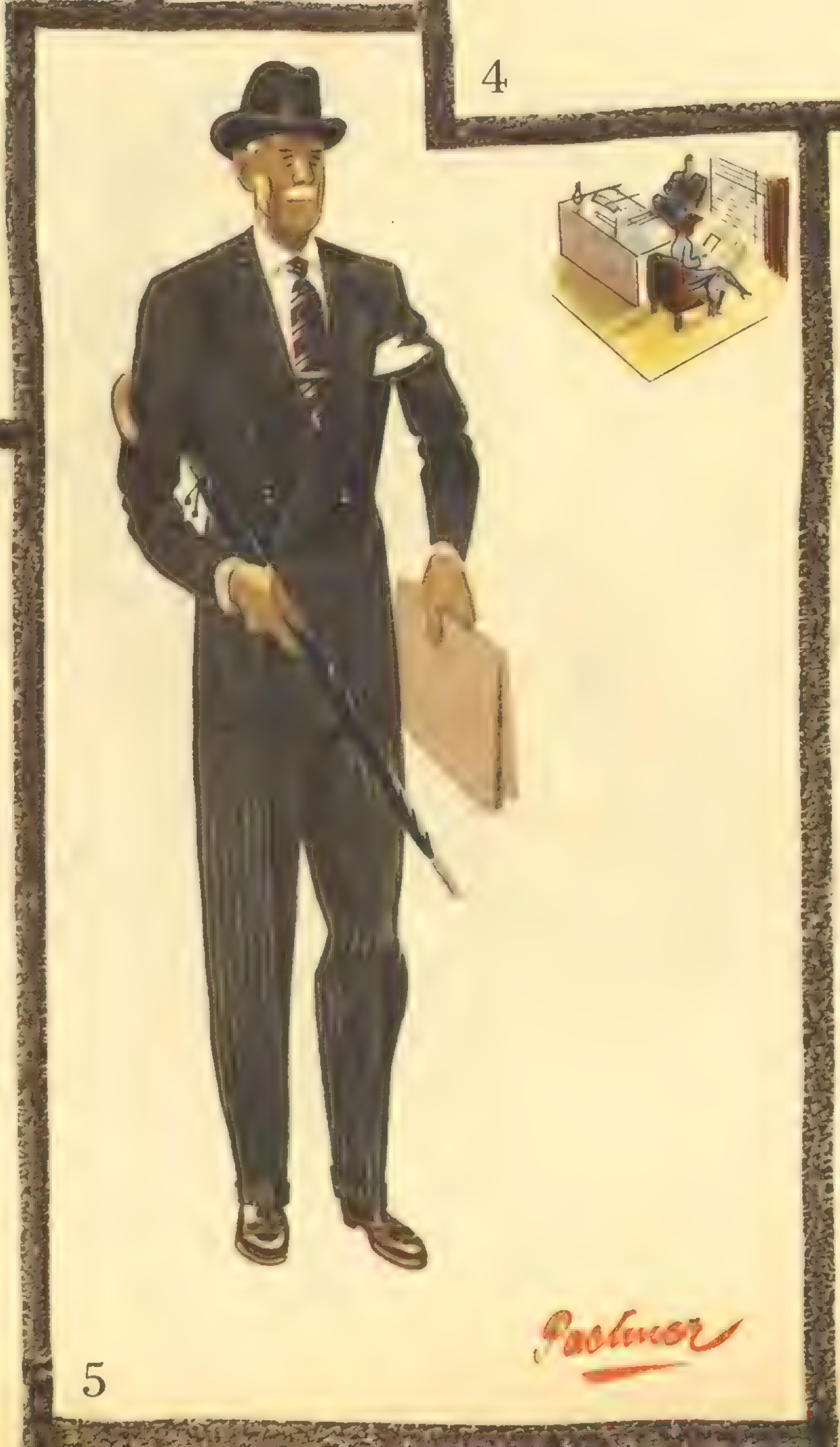


5

wears a Glen plaid suit in this merger of grey and
pe of pattern in unfinished worsted or Saxony is
e often in double-breasted models. He carries a
Also worn are Brownstone and white broadcloth
lored twill silk tie, border striped handkerchief,
Brownstone felt hat, and brown wing tip shoes.

on of the officer in the marines wears a Brownstone
two-button jacket, which is gaining in popularity.
omprise an ivory colored broadcloth shirt, maroon,
ped repp silk tie and brown straight tip blucher shoes.

e with an umbrella and brief case wears the chalk
ed worsted suit in Brownstone shade. His blue on
pp silk tie is backed up with a white broadcloth shirt
ar. His brown hat and shoes complete the ensemble.

"Oh, just another proposal from a boy whose number's up—"

This Can't Be Corn...

Tribute to those hardy perennials whose friendship seems to flow as smoothly as their songs: Messrs. Rodgers and Hart

by GILBERT SELDES

•THE LIVELY ARTS•

COLLABORATORS on musical shows are touchy folk. The snarling quarrel of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan is only a classic example of the long hatred which is the basis of good work together. Good successful collaborators are in the position of the revered Richard Mansfield who disparaged Bernard Shaw—after making a comeback in *The Devil's Disciple.* His wife reproached him and said, "You ought to get down on your knees and thank God for such a great successful play," and Mansfield replied, "I do—I do—But I always add, why did it have to be by Shaw?" So a good collaborator can't help admiring a neatly turned musical phrase or a verbal quip—but he knows in his heart of hearts that one part of the work really counts for success—and that part is his. Deeper still, he wonders why he wasn't born doubly endowed, like Porter or Berlin.

In passing, no collaborator has ever admitted anything of the sort. Not until the whole partnership broke up.

But on one subject collaborators agree: their new show, their latest song, must be the best. The composer will modestly say that the lyrics are the best; the word-and-rhyme man will praise past performances unless (God forfend!) there is no current show. Then you can say that the song the boys did for the 1909 Follies was a high-water mark in their career.

There's a fair chance that *Pal Joey* is at least one of the three best jobs by Rodgers and Hart. It isn't the best only because *On Your Toes* is an incomparable, flawless, and unforgettable masterpiece. *Pal Joey* is a tough satirical show, in which the music and the words are exactly the music and the words for John O'Hara's hard-hearted book. (All three factors—book, lyrics, music—are a good mile and a quarter ahead of the darling of the pushovers, *Lady in the Dark.*) Because their work is kept in lockstep with O'Hara's brutal tramping, it may suffer a little—there isn't, for instance, the smooth velvet song which you find at least once in most of their other scores. There isn't anything like *This Can't Be Love.*

Maybe it would be a good thing for me to list a few of the works these tireless (and apparently unenvious, totally friendly) coworkers have written. People forget who wrote what; then they read a list of one team's work and wonder whether anyone else ever wrote anything good. Rodgers and Hart have been at this business nearly twenty years; and they have done enough; for instance:

Girl Friend, from *Girl Friend*
My Heart Stood Still, from *A Connecticut Yankee*
With a Song in My Heart, from *Spring is Here*
You Took Advantage of Me, from *Present Arms*
Blue Moon, from the movies
Where or When, from *Babes in Arms*

and the score of *On Your Toes,* which is so exceptional (cf. above) that I list every number it contained:

Four a Day for Loew
Bach, Beethoven and Brahms
It's Got to Be Love
Too Good for the Average Man
A Small Hotel
Ballet: The Princess Zenovia
Quiet Night
Glad to Be Unhappy
The Heart Is Quicker than the Eye
On Your Toes
Ballet: Slaughter on Tenth Avenue

This is a list; strike out the numbers you happen not to fancy—and you still have one of the most respectable musical outputs of our time. These lads are copious, free-handed, and full of energy; they have probably turned out some grim stuff—who hasn't?—under pressure. Looking over the list of their shows, I find *Chee Chee* and *Ever Green* which mean absolutely nothing to me. But an average of two memorable songs a year isn't too bad—and a lot of songs that stand by you for five and ten years are the mark of great popular composers. A few composers can come through with two or three songs you remember for years; of all the songs you sang or heard when you were young or fell in love again or went round the world or lived in Paris for a winter—of all those any one or two held on, drenched in sentiment because they had power to absorb emotion. They are memorable for themselves, not for your association with them. The proof is that everyone remembers them.

A song you constantly have in mind—not the kind you merely recognize when played—has to be good because it has to overcome changes in method and tempo which make yesterday so outmoded and send us bustling back to the immortals who are beyond changes in tempo, to Dean Swift and Bach and Norman Douglas.

In 1915 Kern was developing a style which still lives because he has kept it alive, by changing the tempo of his characteristic utterance; Berlin was already master of three or four changes of pace and was beginning to build a style. But half a dozen others who were good then are only antiques now, full of power to evoke nostalgia or the pain of getting old—but not themselves alive as composers; as for the lyricists, they age and stale even faster, unless they have the technical certainty of a Gilbert, and the huge good-humor of a Wodehouse.

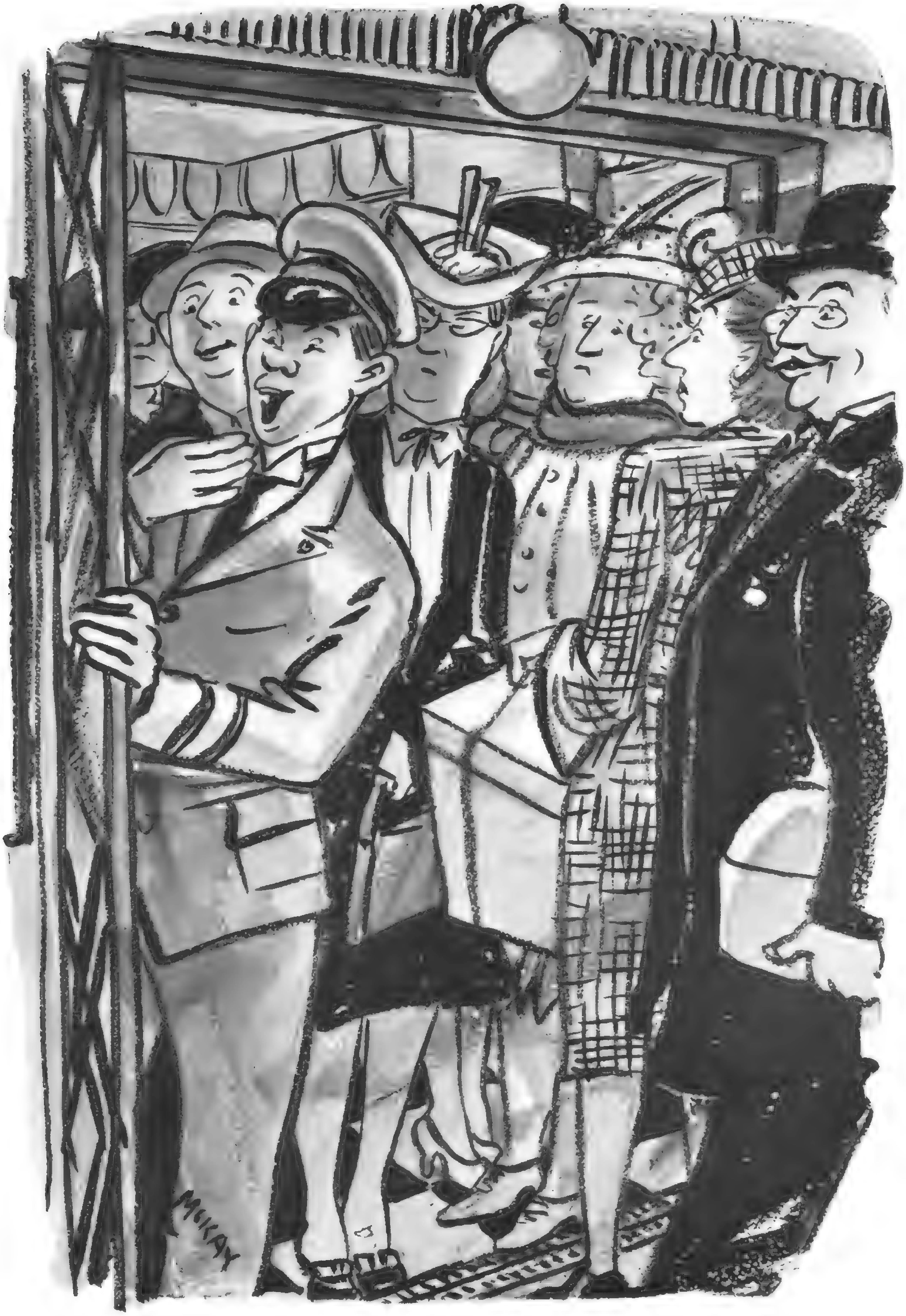
I am not setting a time-limit on Rodgers and Hart. They'll be around a long time—they are fine workmen, they know their trade.

My pleasure in a song does not rise from any inner belief that I am not wasting my time on ephemera; a song is a satisfaction as

Continued in center of page 160

WEATHER BUREAU
Bill O'Malley

"Any calls, Miss Smith?"



"Fourth floor . . . Jewelry, Stationery, Perfumes, Lingerie, and Oh Boy! . . . Hedy Lamarr!"

The Superman of Baseball

The sport's least-known figure, he controls baseball's life blood as its absolute, unchallenged dictator

by LEO FISCHER

▪ SPORTS ▪

He has recorded more base hits than Johnny Mize and Joe DiMaggio combined.

He has registered more home runs in one season than Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig in their prime.

He has handled more fielding chances in a week than Charley Gehringer and Frank Crossetti put together.

He has scored numerous no-hit games and has rung up strikeouts by the dozen.

He isn't afraid of Judge Landis nor anyone else in baseball, for they can't over-rule him, once he makes up his mind.

Who is he?

Stand back, scouts! Don't rush me!

He's an anaemic-looking individual, usually hiding behind thick-lensed glasses, with a pen and pencil as his weapon.

He's the official scorer!

Peering down from his perch in the heights of the press box, he's the least-known and the most important figure in the sport. He's the man who decides whether it's a base hit or an error, whether a pitcher is charged with victory or defeat, whether it's a passed ball or a wild pitch and whether a run is earned or a gift. For the official scorer is the man who controls the life-blood of baseball—the batting, fielding and pitching averages—and his word is law.

A fielder may juggle a grounder, drop it and then kick the ball into the grandstand, but if the man who is the duly-appointed official scorer says that it's a hit—then it's a hit. He may get scornful comments from his colleagues in the press box, but the combined efforts of Judge Landis, President Will Harridge and President Ford Frick can't make him change the ruling. They wouldn't try, either, for the result might be very embarrassing.

The absolute dictatorship of the official scorer is something that has grown up through the years. There was a time when each ball club hired its own scorer and his tenure of office depended on how well he favored the home team on doubtful decisions. One of the finest examples of keeping the family interests safeguarded was on the old Chicago Cubs team right after the turn of the century when Frank Selee was manager. The official scorer was—Mrs. Frank Selee!

Since approximately 1922, however, the job of being the official scorer at major league games has been delegated to members of the Baseball Writers' Association. The job is split up among the men regularly assigned to report games in their home city—but one and one only is the designated scorer at any one game. No more can there be mixups such as that which caused such a furore in that 1922 season and has left Ty Cobb's real batting average for that year still a matter of doubt.

The difficulty came about through a game in New York. John Kieran of current *Information Please* fame was then the official scorer for the Yankees. Frederick G. Lieb, then and now a famous baseball writer, was the official scorer for the Associated Press. During the course of the contest, Cobb hit a grounder to Everett Scott at shortstop. He failed to field it. Lieb gave Cobb a hit. Kieran called it an error.

At the end of the season, the averages as sent out by the Associated Press showed Cobb with a .401 mark. The official averages, as compiled by the Howe News Bureau of Chicago from the league records, showed Cobb hitting only .399. A checkup revealed the cause of the discrepancy—that ball hit to Scott, which was called a hit by Lieb and an error by Kieran. That left it up to Ban Johnson, who proceeded to make a ruling which brought the baseball writers up in arms. He ruled in favor of the "unofficial" score—and decided that Cobb should be credited with the hit and his .401 batting average.

The Baseball Writers' Association voted to reject the Johnson ruling, but things like that made little difference in the life of the stormy American League president. If you'll look up the batting averages for 1922 you'll see that they still show Cobb with .401—but the result was that from then on there has been only one man at each major league game who decides whether it's a hit or an error. He is appointed by the league and his scores go direct to league headquarters, from where they are turned over to the agencies who convert these official scores into averages.

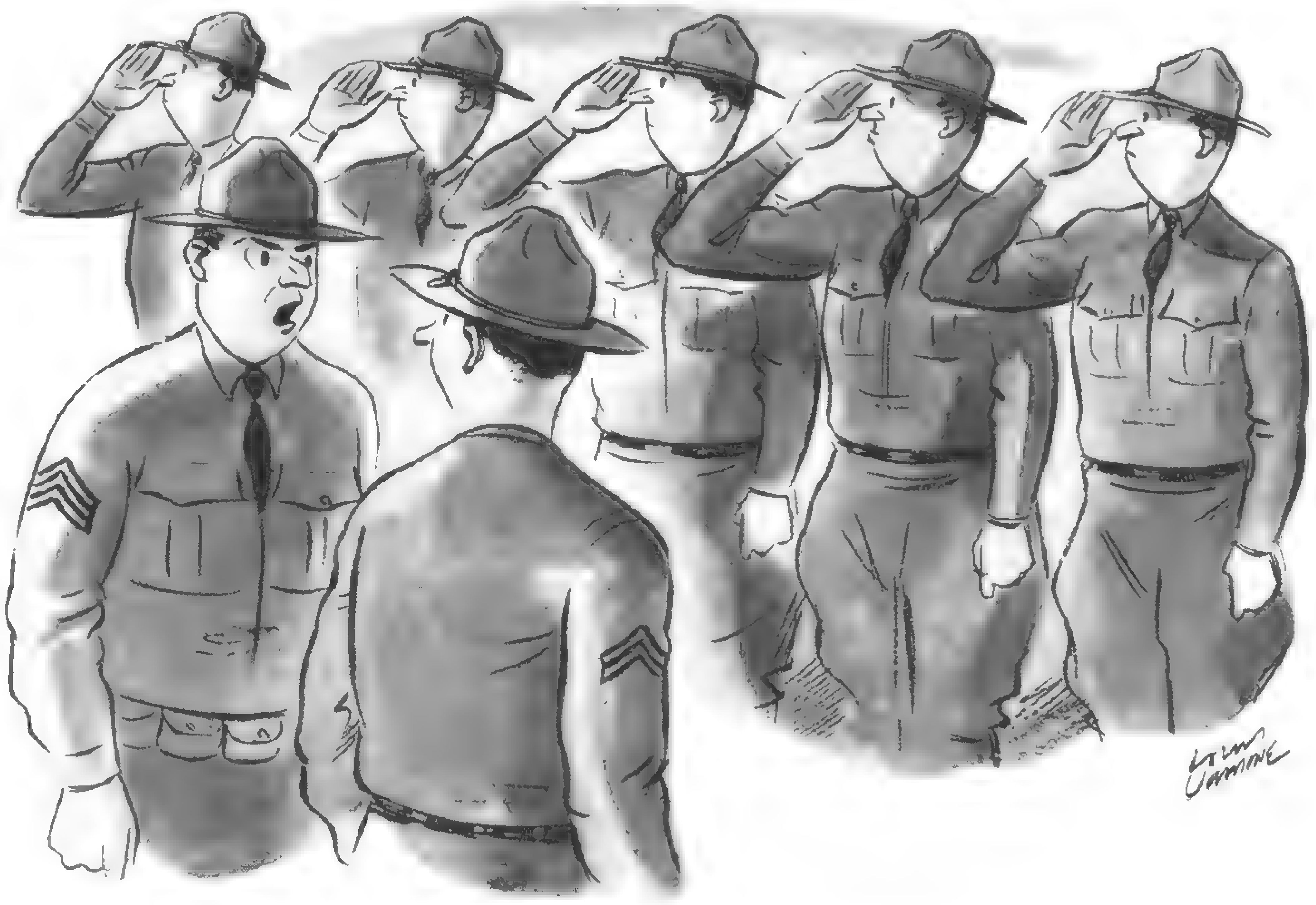
One scarcely realizes how vital these averages are to the game of baseball. For every fan who gets an opportunity to see a major league contest, there are thousands who can spout off pitching and batting records like a record book. It is axiomatic among sports writers that the best-informed followers of baseball are in the backwoods and rural districts where the average person has never seen a big league game and scarcely hopes to see one.

It was in one of these sections some years ago that a Class D minor league was organized. A league statistician was appointed and all went well until the end of the first month, when he sent his records to the *St. Louis Sporting News*, "Bible" of the baseball player. The editor looked at the figures and whistled in amazement.

"I don't know whether they're using a rubber ball in this league or not," he called to his assistant. "It may be that the pitchers are tossing the ball underhand and slow, but look at these averages!"

They were amazing, to say the least. The first ten batters were hitting around .850, while even the dubs at the bottom of the list were close to .400. The league was contacted

Continued on page 158



"No, no, Corporal—never teach the salute and right dress at the same time!"

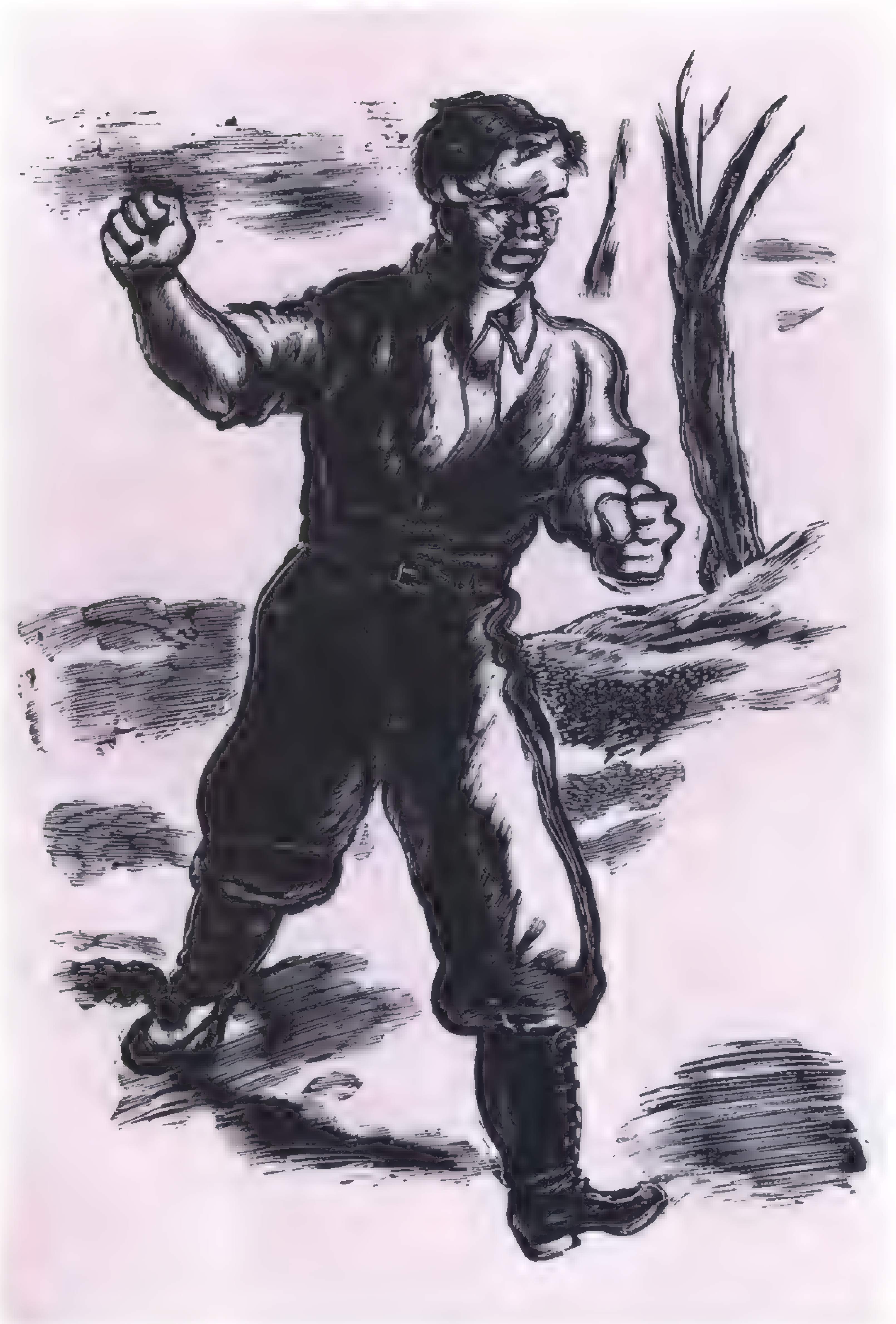
The Diary of Death

Sarah's careful report was pleasant reading but hell broke loose after Zack was left to shift for himself

by EDMUND WARE

• FICTION •

℞



On a winter's evening, in his apartment in Boston, Mr. Usher sat down to read the record of events which had transpired during the previous year at his camp in the wilderness on Mopang Lake. The record was kept in diary form, with daily entries by the resident caretaker. Mr. Usher opened the volume at hand with marked anxiety. He had been able to spend but two weeks at his camp during the previous year, and this diary, which he had just received, represented the first twelve months residence of a new and untried caretaker, Zachariah Bourne.

Mr. Usher had hired Zack Bourne with strong misgivings. There had been no doubt as to Zack's woodsmanship, or his qualifications to live happily in the wilderness. He was a magnificent physical specimen, and he had lived in the wild lands all his life, but he had a reputation for lawlessness, and a primordial sense of justice which both attracted Mr. Usher and frightened him. Moreover, in his desire to protect Mr. Usher's interests, Zack had seemed overzealous from the start.

"Jest you rest easy, Mr. Usher," Zack had said. "I'll shoot the feet from under anyone I see fishin' in our waters, or huntin' in our territory."

"But you can't do that, Zack."

"I'm the best rifle shot in Mopang."

"So I'm told. I simply mean that the lakes and the forests are free to anyone. Part of your duty would be to keep the peace, as I have always tried to keep it here."

"Sure, Mr. Usher. I'll jest fix it so things'll seem peacefuler to trespassers if they stay away from here."

Mr. Usher probably would not have engaged Zack if it hadn't been for Zack's wife, Sarah. Sarah was city bred, and Mr. Usher saw at once that she would have a gentling effect on her tall, tough-minded husband.

"Zack Bourne!" Sarah had reproached. "Hush that wild talk."

Turning to Mr. Usher, Sarah had then explained that Zack had lately returned from visiting a crony who was in jail down in Mopang. The crony's name was Thomas Jefferson Coongate, and he was an evil influence on Zack, and a menace in the community.

"Coongate?" Mr. Usher had inquired. "I seem to recall the name. Isn't he the one-eyed poacher of Privilege?"

He was indeed, said Sarah Bourne, and briskly sketched the Coongate character. Old Jeff Coongate, according to Sarah, was composed solely of vices. He was a chewer of tobacco, a drinker of bottled goods in any alcoholic form, and a kind of marathon blasphemer. He was a sworn breaker of game laws, and an enemy of the State. He was a jacklighter of deer, a gill-netter of salmon, a dynamiter of trout, and above all else a plotter against the lives of game wardens. In fact, he was currently in the clink for shooting the stern off a game warden's canoe with an automatic shotgun. Happily the warden was a good swimmer.

When Sarah paused to draw breath, Zack said: "But he's a good feller, jest the same."

"That's what you think," snapped Sarah "because you an' him river-drove, an' poached together, when you was boys. Every time you been in trouble, 'twas him got you into it."

This conversation more than half convinced Mr. Usher that Sarah had Zack under control, and he had hired Zack on the spot.

"I want you both to regard this place as your home," Mr. Usher had said to Zack and Sarah Bourne. "The canoes, and all the equipment are for your use, as well as mine. I hope you will love this camp, as I do. I request that you do not leave the place alone for more than two or three days at a time, except of course in emergency. And there is only one thing on which I insist. That is the regular, and accurate keeping of the camp diary, day by day."

"You mean," said Zack, troubled, "that I'm to write somethin' down every day? Every single day?"

"Exactly."

"I'll tend to that myself, Mr. Usher," said Sarah.

Now, in his apartment, as he read Sarah's careful entries in the diary, Mr. Usher's mind gradually relaxed. Sarah had done an excellent job. From the simple facts she had recorded, Mr. Usher got a clear picture of the seasons, the work, the weather, and events. Mr. Usher read with absorption, and fascination. The diary was vivid evidence of the reality of the place he loved beyond all others.

January and February told of blizzards, bitter cold, the crackle of northern lights, and the thunder of the ice at night. And always the loneliness:

"No one come by for seventeen days, too cold, 27 below today, mouse in back pantry, Zack has toothache, but hauled wood from choppin across dam."

March and April told of thaws and freezes which made travel on the lakes next to impossible. Then came May, and the last, deadly weeks of waiting for the ice to leave. And on the 23rd, the joyous entry:

"Ice went out overnight in northwest gale, flock geese landed in cove at sunset, Zack took me out in canoe, wonderful. Salmon fishermen be coming soon, and will have company here in this lonely place at last. Zack leaving daylight tomorrow for supplies."

So read Mr. Usher—on through June, and the fly season. He read of three deer feeding in the back clearing, a family of otter living briefly along the stream, and a moose sighted across the dam. Mr. Usher's satisfaction with his new caretaker was first clouded by an entry in late August.

"Game Warden Tom Corn stopped by today out of tobacco. Zack would not give him any, mean I call it. It was Tom Corn's canoe that Jeff Coongate shot stern of off. The warden reported Jeff Coongate gets out of jail October one. Oh dear. Hope he don't come to see Zack, we been so happy here, even through this long and terrible winter."

Mr. Usher began to read more rapidly. He had a feeling that the inevitable was about to happen, that the nefarious one-eyed poacher would soon arrive and lead Zack Bourne astray. On September 11th a swallow flew through the open kitchen window. Sarah wrote that this was a bad omen, that it meant that someone would be very sick, or get hurt. But the dramatic import of this was lost to Mr. Usher. It was completely over-shadowed by Sarah's description of the turning of the leaves in early October—and by the following entry under date of November second:

"A most awful day. Thos. J. Coongate come up lake in night, arrived here crack of day. He had whiskey, and offered to Zack. I would not let Zack touch it. He tried to get Zack to go to Little Mopang Stream to trap beaver, this against law. I would not let Zack go, as I know Mr. Usher would not like it. Finely I told that one-eyed poacher to go away from this place, and he went after darkness fell as he don't want no one to see him. Zack mad at me, says am not cordial to his friends. Cannot be cordial to that outlaw man, for fear Zack will get himself in trouble."

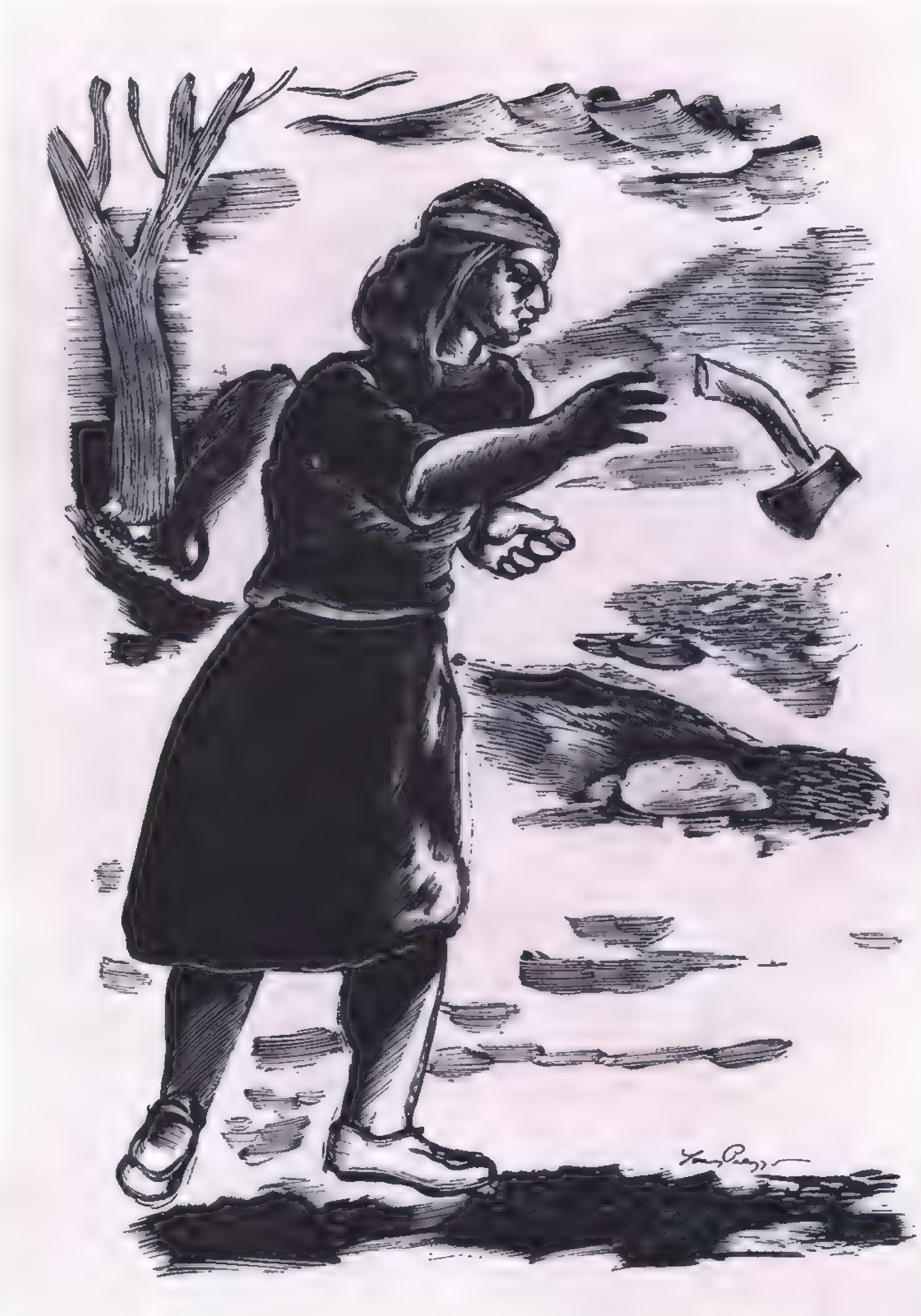
On November third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, Sarah reported that Zack had not spoken to her. But then on the seventh:

"Zack made up today, kissed me, so sweet, said he knowed I was right, and if it hadn't been for me he would of done something foolish. Was so sweet, hugged and kissed me, till I am bruised and squoze, he don't know his strength. My!"

The entry of November 10th told of Zack's last trip out to Privilege for supplies before freeze-up. Zack returned two days later with a canoe-load of provisions, and the mail. November 13th:

"Unlucky day, Zack brought letter from my brother saying my sister very sick in Bangor. Must go to her, as if anything happened would feel awful, and shell ice on lake now in many places. Must go, hate to leave Zack alone, as don't know what will happen. Do hope and pray that one-eyed devil Jeff Coongate don't come back this way."

As he finished reading the above entry, Mr. Usher stiffened in his chair. He, too, hoped and prayed that the one-eyed poacher would not, or had not visited his camp when Zack was there without Sarah. November 14th, 15th and 16th were blank, indicating the time required for Zack to get Sarah out to Privilege en route to Bangor. On the 17th, Zack had returned to the job. The handwriting was no longer in Sarah's clear, even penmanship, but showed signs of tremendous effort. Mr. Usher remembered that Zack had seemed troubled when he learned that he was to write something every day. The first entry in the labored, masculine handwriting, was on the 17th.



"Hellish trip back uplake after leaving Sarah in Privilege, broke ice clear from Caribou Ledge and chewed canoe canvas plump to hell. Geese went South in night, big flock, wish was with them, lonesome for Sarah all ready, but brought plenty big supply medicine back with me, Hernando's Fiery Dagger rum an Old Blow-Torch gin, ha-ha!"

Mr. Usher's heart sank. This was the thing he had dreaded. But he had not realized that Zack would be so brazen as to write it down in his own handwriting. On second thought, he realized, Zack Bourne was exactly the kind of man who would do just that, and do it unblushingly.

From November 17th on to the end of the year, the diary of Mr. Usher's beloved camp was the plain, agonizing record of a bush-queer man going steadily and irretrievably to hell. It was both fascinating, and appalling. November 19th:

"Cold for two days, ice four inches caught pickerl through ice, will say anyone that can stand up on this black ice after drinkin pint of Fiery Dagger rum is sure good balancer. Fell flat a dozen times gettin ashore, found camp door open wide when got back, someone maybe comin. Wish Jeff Coongate would come, would have hell of time. Plenty rum and gin left."

This entry was enough to sicken Mr. Usher, but he didn't realize to what depths a lonely man would sink until, on December 4th, Zack Bourne became a squaw man.

"Down to Privilege over the ice with hand sled. Stopped at Injun Villige on way back, got a squaw here now to keep me warm nights, her name Elsie Brown Blanket. Found old cat, Daisy, had kittens in cloze basket, five. Elsie thinks kittens might be good to eat. Some squaw, all right. Big bull moose workin over in woods near cove."

December 5th to 10th, inclusive, were quite clearly given over solely to debauch. Mr. Usher, reading between the lines, saw the desecration of his camp, and his wilderness. The handwriting for this period had become an illegible, drunken scrawl. December 11th marked Zack's return to partial sobriety. Mr. Usher read this day's entry, his stomach revolting.

"Elsie been keepin diary for me past few days, but I can't read what she wrote, but I know what she wrote about, ha-ha, thats all we been doin anyway. Snowed last night an covered most all empty bottles an tincans in front dooryard of cabin."

Mr. Usher was but slightly relieved to note that, on December 14th, Zack Bourne had tired of Elsie Brown Blanket's aboriginal charms.

"Elsie wants to get marrid to me and raise famly, can you beat it? Thats a squaw for you. I said did not plan to commit bigmy with her, but only a little adultry, ha-ha. She got mad an throwed hand axe at me, so am leavin today to take her back to Injun Villige. Good snow-shoein on lake, tempriture zero, wind north, clear."

There were only a few more entries. Zack's year, reflected Mr. Usher, his heart heavy within him, was almost over. So was Zack's job as caretaker of the camp on Mopang Lake. If the record of decay had so far sickened Mr. Usher, the last few entries did even more. They froze his blood.

"December 20th:

"My two dogs, Buck and Slats, been chasin moose in woods across dam. Will go after moose some day soon."

"December 25th:

"Merry Christmas, like hell. Buck an Slats dogged the moose out on ice. He dropped with first shot, I got the bastid right back of ear, some shot, as I had drunk 2 qts. rum yestdy an was shakin so couldn't hold rifle ver stiddy. Was dressin out moose when game warden Tom Corn stepped out of hidin

Continued in center of page 173

Some Linesmen Learn Braille

Umpire's view of the sportsmanship of players, the toughness of tennis crowds, as related to John R. Tunis

by BENJAMIN H. DWIGHT

▪ SPORTS ▪

Allison, the underdog, had pulled up from behind and was leading three games to two in the fifth set. Facing Fred Perry of England for the American title in the championships at Forest Hills, Wilmer finally reached game-point with his own service to follow. The great crowd in the Stadium went wild. I held up my hand for quiet.

"Thirty-forty . . ."

Perry nervously twiddled his bat in his hands before serving. Then he tossed the ball in the air. Allison leaned into it and whacked his return deep to Perry's left corner, rushing as he did to the net. Perry, miraculously fast, got to the ball but could only make a desperate lob. It sailed over Wilmer's head as he stood watching at the net. In . . . out . . . in . . .

I didn't know. That ball was either just over the white line or on its outer edge. The game, and probably the match as Wilmer was playing, hung on that one decision. Suddenly the linesman spread out his palms, indicating that the ball was good. Perry went on to win the game and even the score. Had the lob struck a fraction of an inch farther, Wilmer would have taken that game and a commanding lead. Yet he never said a word, never moved a muscle of his face. Perry took the set, 8-6, and the match.

To come so close to winning a national title was a disappointment. But Wilmer never mentioned that lucky—or unlucky—shot to me afterward. However, a day or so later he sent me a telegram expressing his thanks for the work of the linesmen on that match, including the man who made that fateful decision. This, remember, was not the emotional outburst of a winner, but the calm statement of the loser of a critical final round match.

It's always nice to have a smiling loser. Of the many players for whom I've umpired tennis matches since 1914, the easiest was Vinnie Richards. He never questioned decisions, thereby greatly helping his concentration by the way. I recall one of the hottest August days of the hot summer of 1925 when Vinnie had a long, five-set match with Bill Tilden. The Stadium was baking under the rays of a terrible sun and not a breath was stirring. Tilden won after a long struggle. I walked back to the club house with Vinnie, disappointed but resilient.

"Know why Bill beat me today? 'Cause he's taller and the air is so much cooler up there."

People often ask me why it's necessary for quiet during a tennis finals whereas cheers and noise are a component part of baseball and football. They do not realize that in tennis two men face each other alone. Baseball and football are team games, whereas in tennis the whole thing depends on one man. Moreover the crowd sits much closer, right beside the court. I remember in the Challenge Round at Germantown several years ago being driven nearly mad by a radio announcer who was a point late all through the match. Just as I'd call "thirty-all," he would shout "thirty-fifteen." This was done in a decisive tone that bothered the players too. In baseball this announcer would be too far away to be heard.

Noise and cheering are a part of team games, but golf and tennis demand concentration every second. To keep order in a frenzied and partisan gallery of fifteen thousand is no simple matter. The first thing I demand of my linesmen is to make all calls loud and clear, with a sweeping movement of the arm whenever the shot is out. This carries conviction. Conviction does not cover palpable errors, but it does carry weight on close decisions.

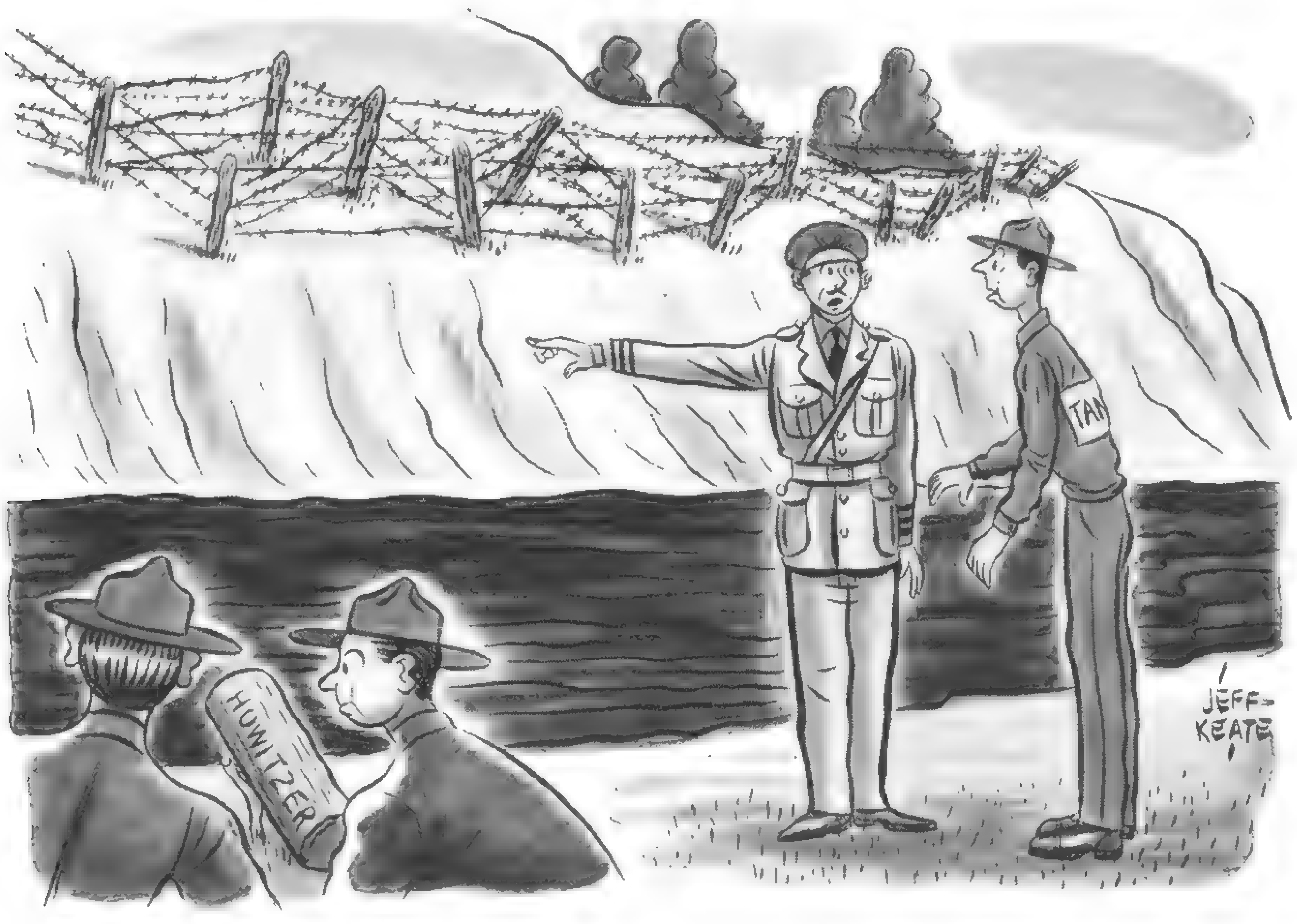
There's only one way to hold a big tennis crowd. Never let them get started. Disapproval of a few spectators always sets the others going. Before you know it the entire Stadium is in an uproar. At the first murmur I hold up my hand for quiet. The most difficult part of every match comes toward the end when the gallery has taken sides and becomes unfair. They start booing decisions. If they don't stop I halt play and ask cooperation. You cannot bully or shout down a tennis gallery. You must ask their help to conduct the match properly.

Seems as if there's always a few nuts in every crowd who make trouble, women who scream at tense moments or men who yell and put the players off when they are about to make a volley or hit a smash. Crowds are always more partisan, which means harder to handle, when an American meets a foreigner. The two most difficult matches of my career were the Tilden-Lacoste match in 1927 in the finals of the championships at Forest Hills, and the Budge-Perry contest in the same event in 1936. Tilden had been beaten the week before by Lacoste in the Davis Cup in Philadelphia, and an enormous crowd came hoping he would win. Thousands were turned away that afternoon, but the packed stands saw Lacoste victorious in straight sets. The crowd was on edge throughout and had Bill won nothing the match would have kept them in the stands. As it was I felt he lost because he wasn't aggressive enough, and afterward Jean Borotra, Lacoste's teammate substantiated this.

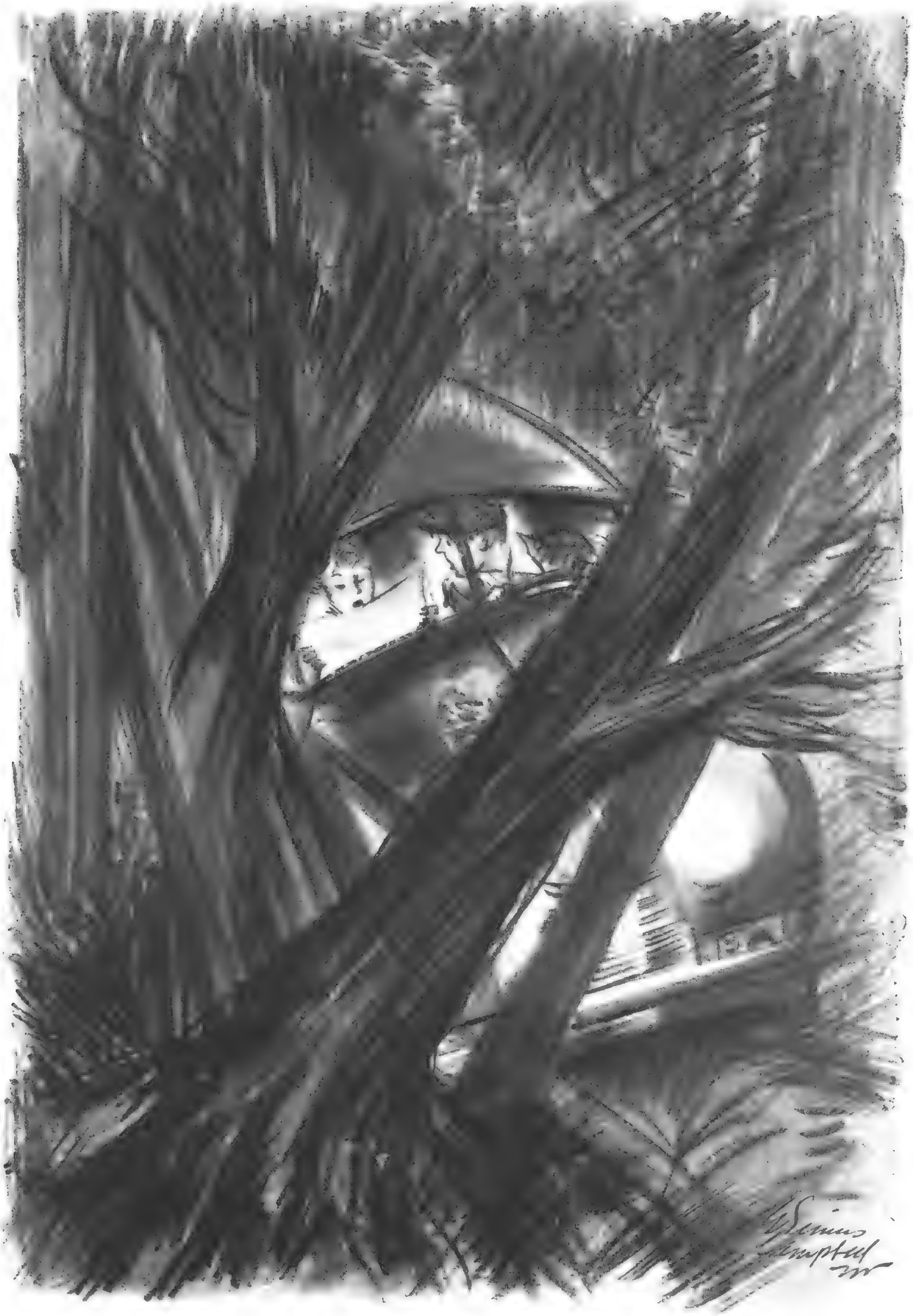
"You can't beat Lacoste from the baseline," he said.

Tilden was certainly the toughest problem of my twenty-five years in the chair. Highstrung, nervous, restless, intensely irritable on the court, his frequent questionings of line decisions made it hard for all. Added to that, the crowd loved to get Bill's goat. They

Continued on page 107



"All right, Fenley! Go through this mud hole, go up that incline and smash past that barbed wire—you're a tank!"



"Darling, may I look at the road map just once?"

"...as Long as Ye Both Shall Live"

He was eternally baffled by the puzzle of conflicting duties, to his mother and father, his wife

by LOUIS ZARA

• FICTION •

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He pressed the button next to the name "Raleigh" and ran up the creaking stairs two and three at a leap, clutching at the bannister and at the newelposts on the landings. At the top flight he saw her waiting, small and thin, with a brown fringed shawl about her shoulders, her gray hair like a silver crown on her head. Her face was pinched but her eyes were alive and grateful. Silently he put his arms around her and bowed over to kiss her cheek. She gripped his hand and drew him inside.

"Vicki is waiting downstairs, Mother. No place to park. She went over to the drugstore. I need toothpaste and things."

"I'm glad you thought to come in before you leave," she said tenderly. "But I wish Victoria would have come up, too, Daniel."

"Oh! It's only a short trip," he said. "You know San Francisco isn't far these days. Not by air. Besides Vicki'll come in to see you tomorrow. She promised."

He sat down with her in the living room with its large family portraits, not oils but enlargements of daguerrotypes and other early camera studies, its old furniture, the familiar worn rug that had lain there twenty years or more. In a corner was the little Jenny Lind table on which he had done his first homework as a grade school child. A picture of him in cap and gown sat on it now in a brightly rubbed silver leaf frame. Over the oaken upright piano the stereoscope still lay with its box of views of Niagara and other wonders of the world. His mother's cornplants, set in green wooden tubs, had grown uncommonly tall for any living-room space, but they still crowded each other in front of the curtained windows, contributing a funereal air to the place.

"Will you wait for your father?" Anxiously she twined her fingers in the fringe of her shawl.

He hesitated but took off his coat and muffler. If he waited too long he would miss the plane. Yet, a carry-over from his youth, he did fear the older man's displeasure. "I don't know if—"

"Wait, Danny!" she urged, her forehead lined with countless wavy lines. "He'll be home early tonight. I know. Wait!"

He knew Vicki would be sitting and fretting down in the car. Perhaps, having failed to find a parking space, she would be driving around and around the block. She would not blow the horn but she would be annoyed, nevertheless. Still he waited. A little while. It would please the folks, and his mother had not been well of late.

"How's father been?"

She shrugged. "He doesn't complain," she said quietly. "You know your father. He'd never complain even when it brought him down."

She rubbed her hands together. The gesture served as a cruel reminder to Daniel that the joints of each of her fingers were swollen with arthritis.

His father suffered from that, too, but his was an occupational arthritis that resulted directly from years of heavy toil. Whenever he shook hands with his father the man's palm was as hard as a board and his fingers were stiff as iron. He shook his head and wished that he had the means to take the old man from his labor. Perhaps next year—that was what he always promised himself. He never said anything to them, hoping they understood. He knew, stealing a glance at her quiet, wise eyes, that she did understand. He often returned in his thoughts to his childhood and wished that some day they could all live together again as happily as they once had. But he knew that it was not possible, and not practical even if it suddenly became possible. It would be unfair to Vicki and unfair to his mother. He felt so baffled by the puzzle of conflicting relationships that he wanted to shout and stamp his feet in anger.

Still it was hard on them. When he thought of it his heart ached and he suffered for them. His father was sixty, his mother even older. There was the one daughter, his sister, Jenny, who was older and had three children and lived in Omaha, where her husband had parents of his own to help. All the outside assistance that the Raleighs received came from himself, their one son, and it was difficult for him to do much.

He did what he could. He and Vicki had only the one child and Daniel earned a good salary, very good for a fellow in his late twenties, but it all went out. Perhaps they lived too well, although not as well as some people they knew, and he needed a new overcoat and Vicki was always lacking good shoes, and there were his insurance policies and the small annuity that might some day, if the world didn't go topsy-turvy, keep them from the need his parents knew.

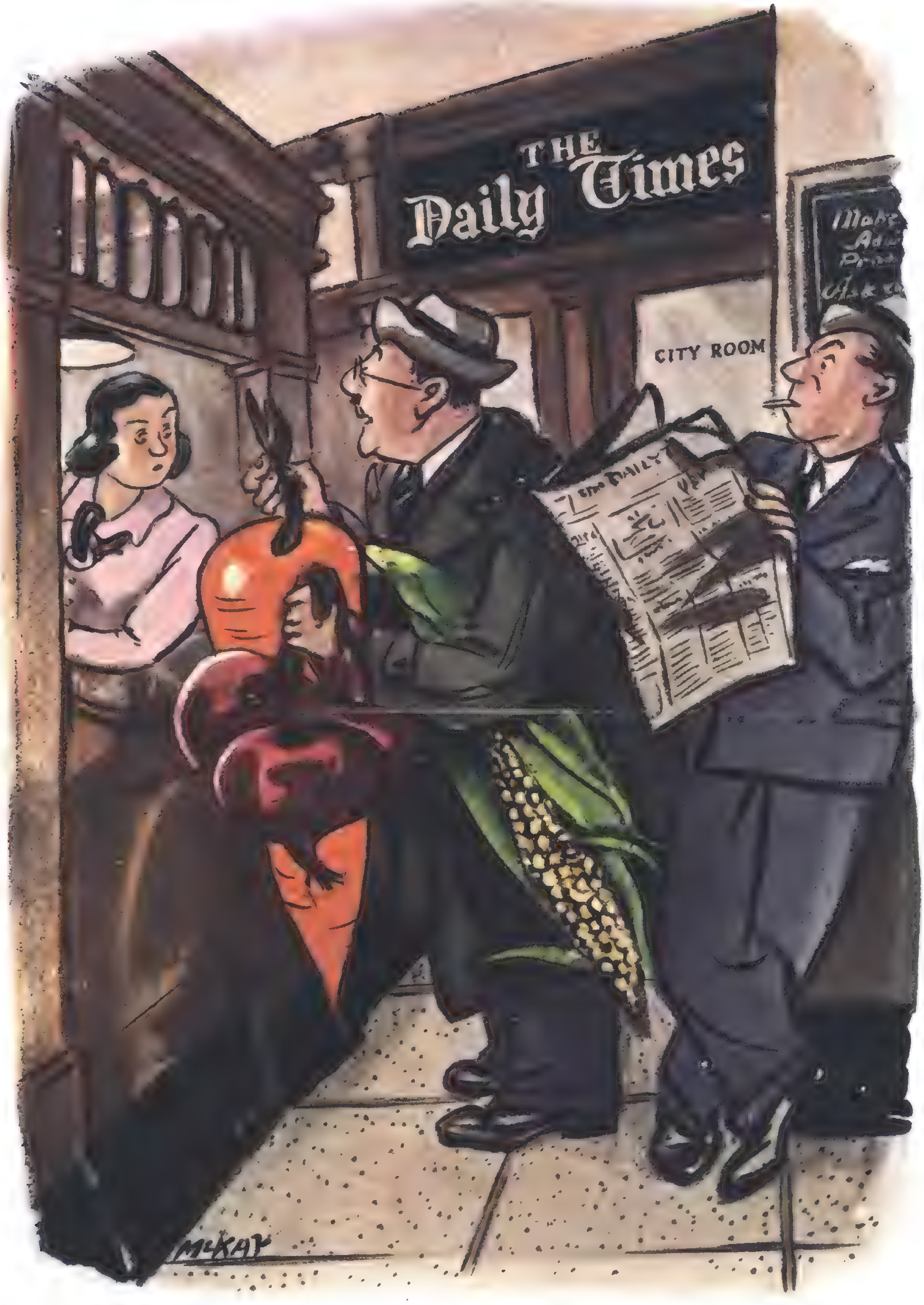
Sometimes he sent the money by mail, sometimes he brought it himself; when he couldn't put it aside one week he felt miserable. He needed it, but they needed it worse than he did. Vicki knew he did this and she never really complained, but when he thought of all the things she needed he felt guilty about the help he gave them. Often he didn't tell her. When he did tell her he searched her face to see if she was displeased. She wasn't, as far as he could tell, but he often thought she must be dissembling for his sake, and was, at heart, grumbling about it.

He listened to his mother: she was repeating the story of a neighbor who had gone to Florida with her daughter for the winter season. He knew she meant no slight but the details annoyed him. It was the sense of guilt about them, and he knew it, but he couldn't

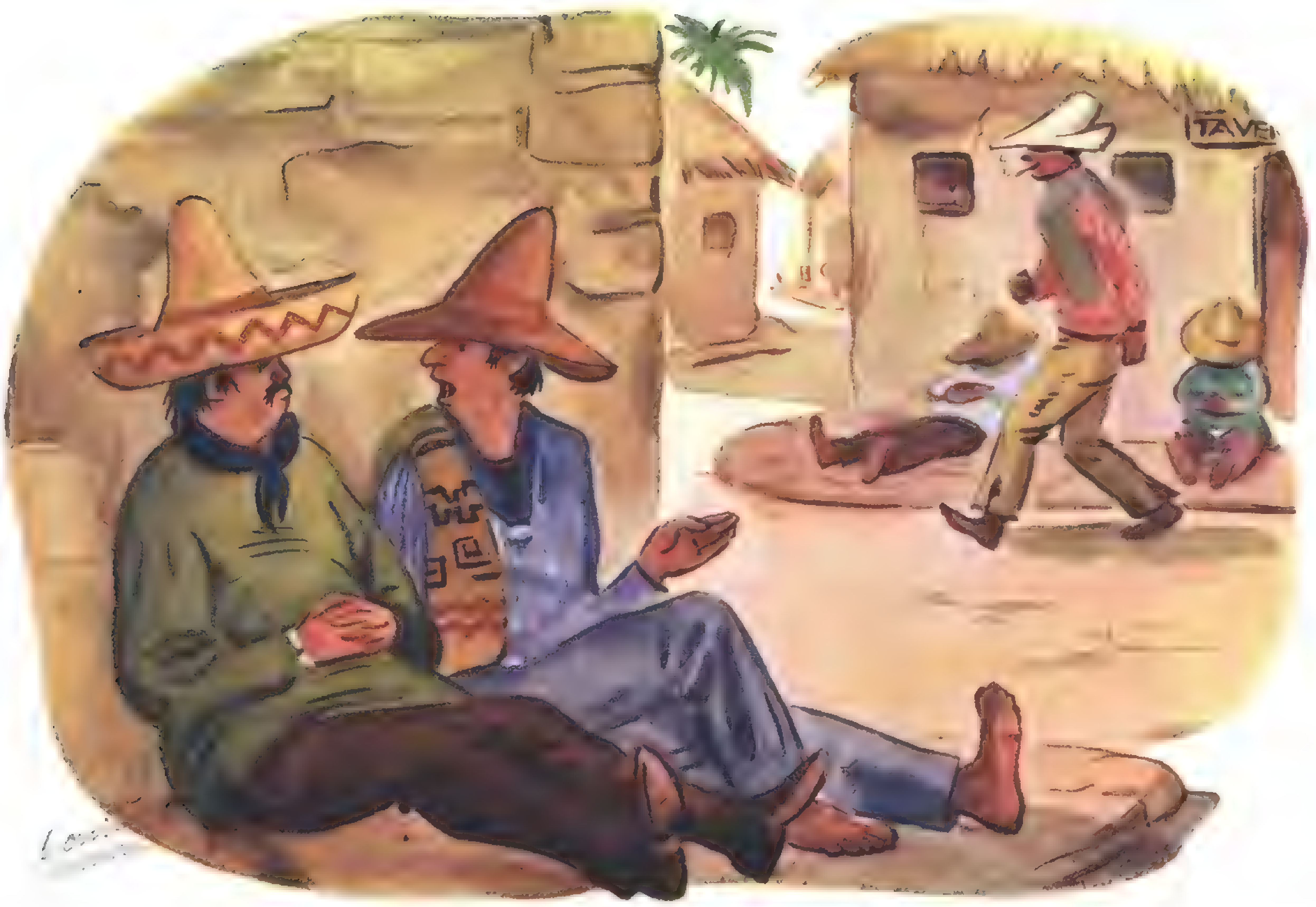
Continued in center of page 112

HENRY BOLTINOFF

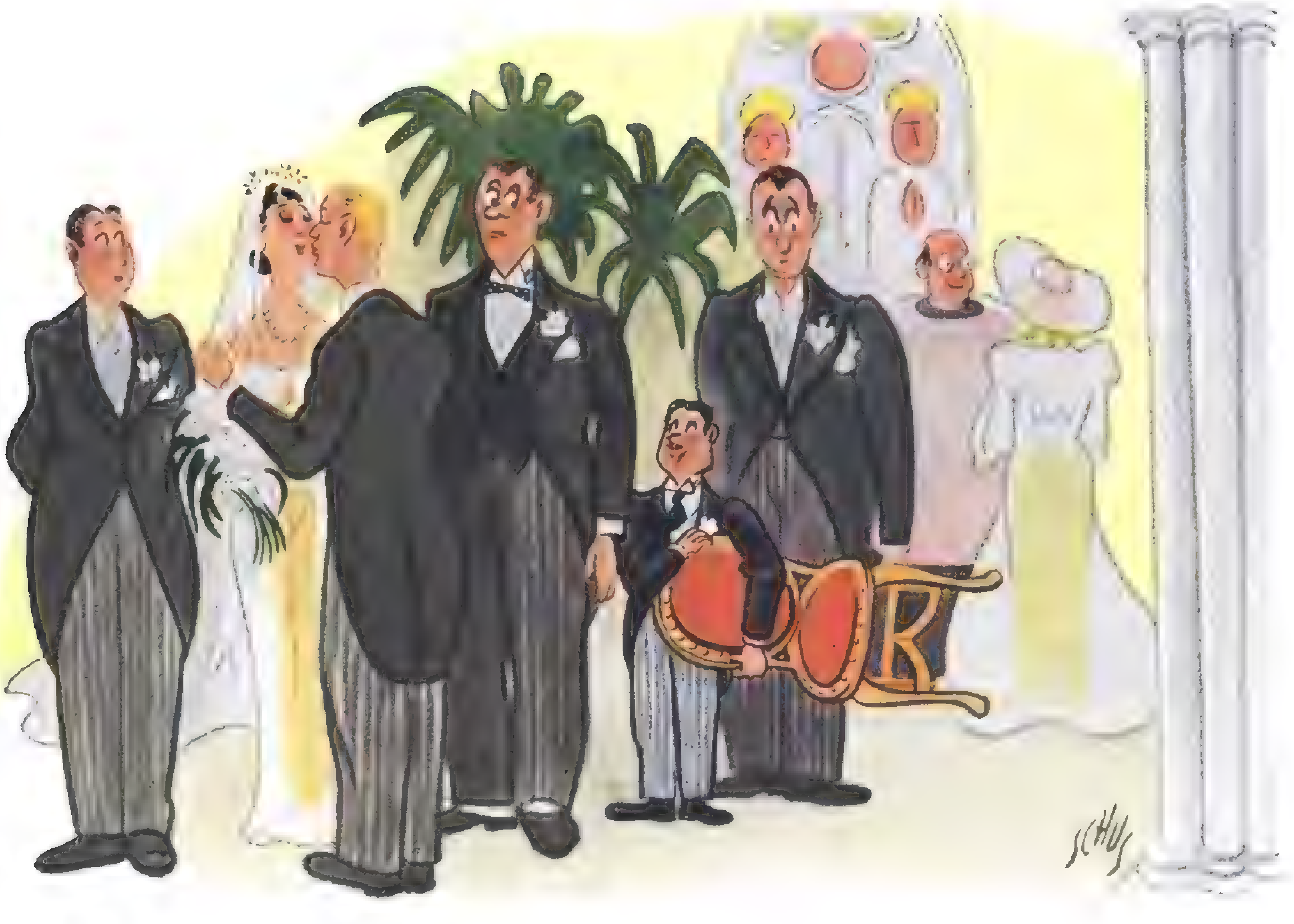
"That's all right, I don't mind riding backwards!"

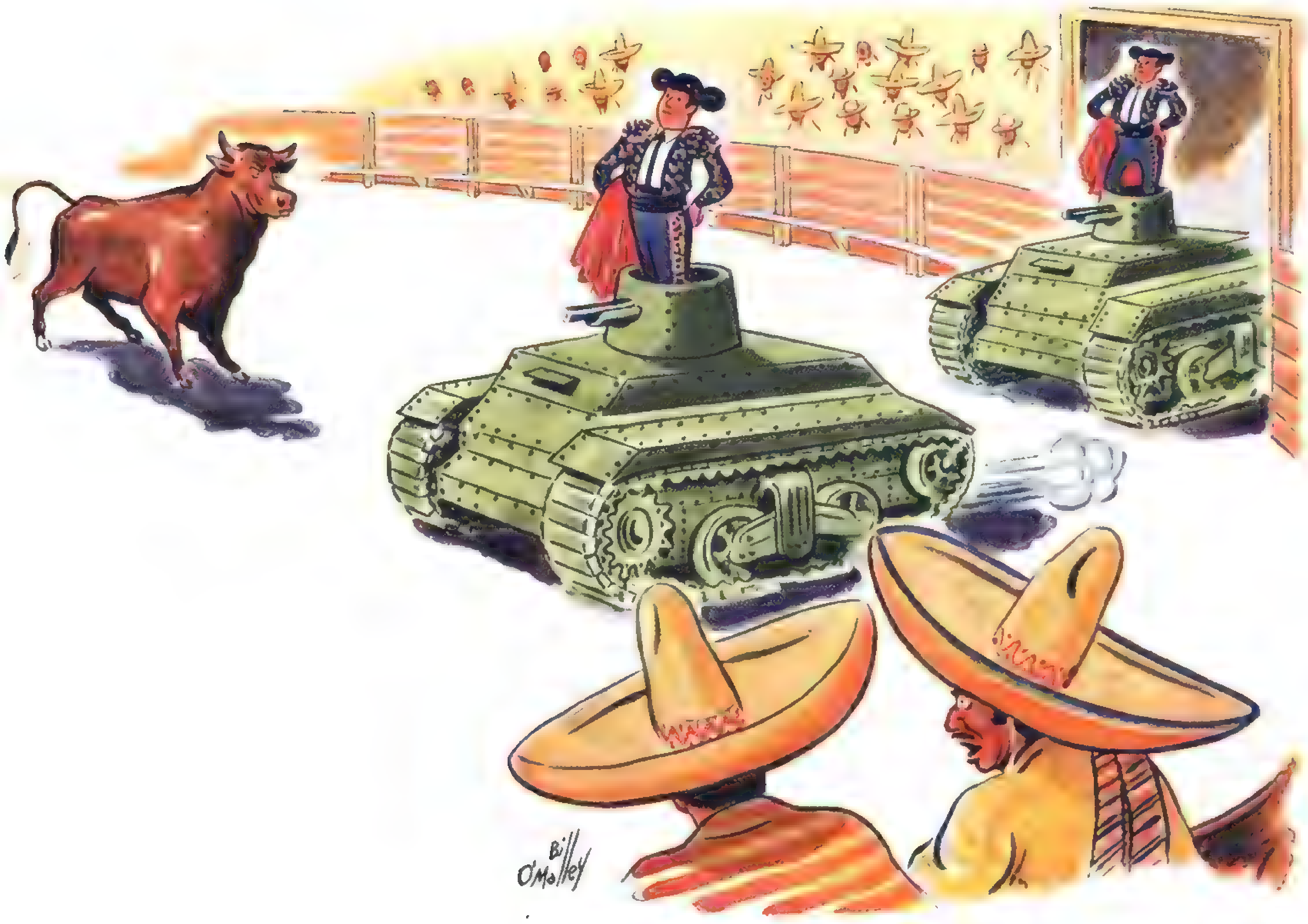

THE Daily Times
CITY ROOM
THE DAILY
McKAY

"Will you tell the Garden Editor I'd like to compliment him on his very helpful articles?"

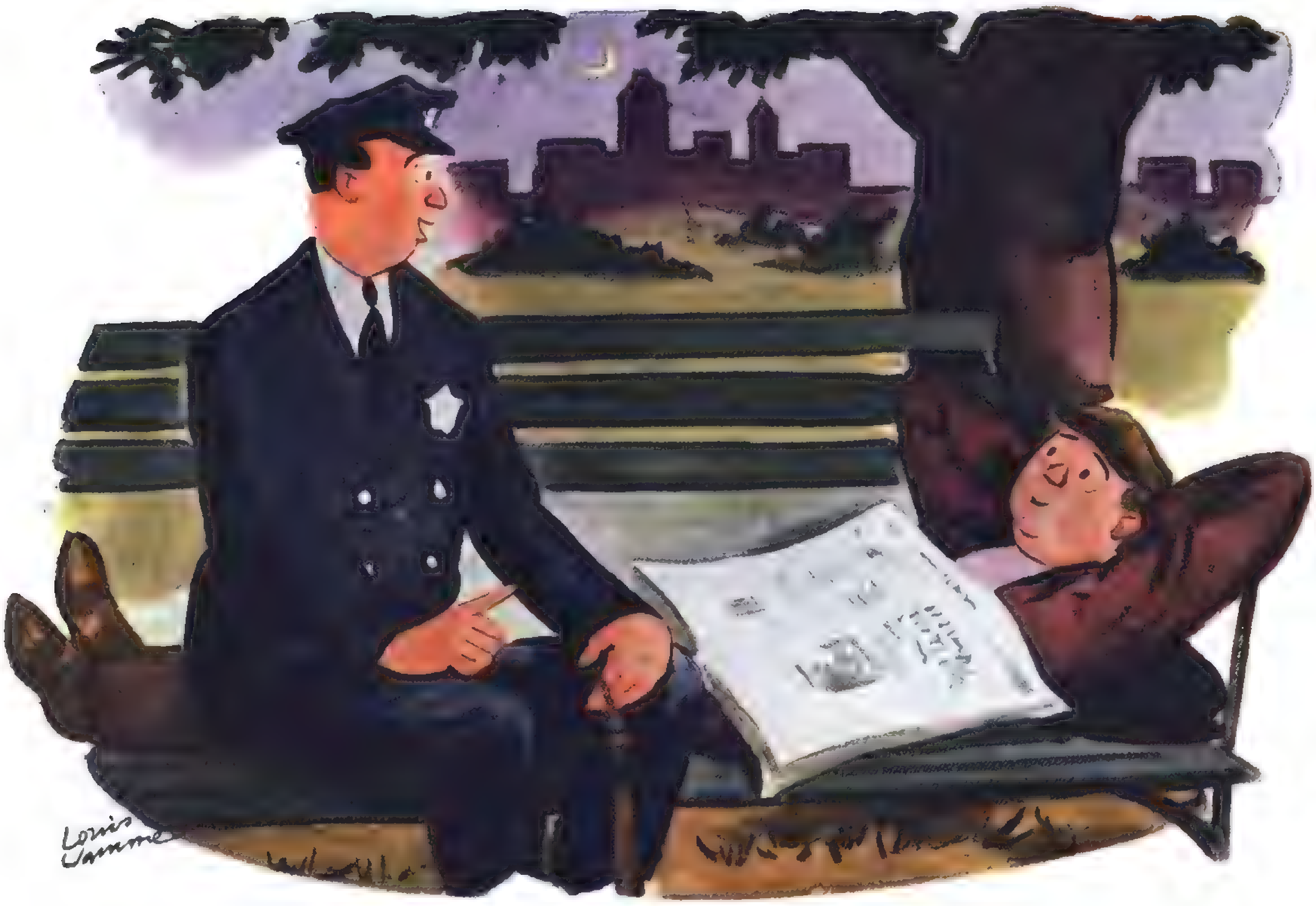


"That Miguel will regret it if he doesn't slow down—up until all hours of the afternoon"

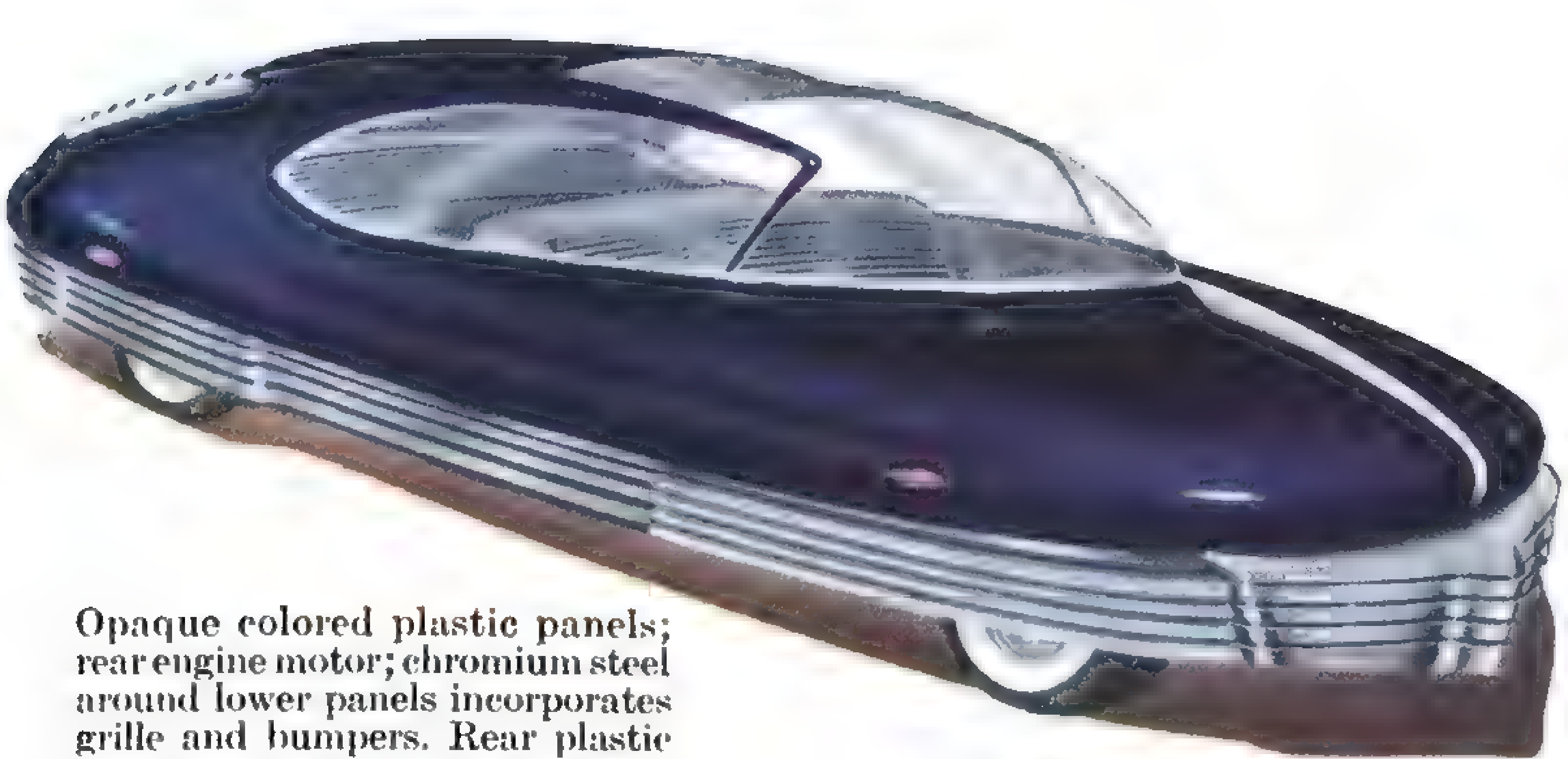



Bill O'Malley

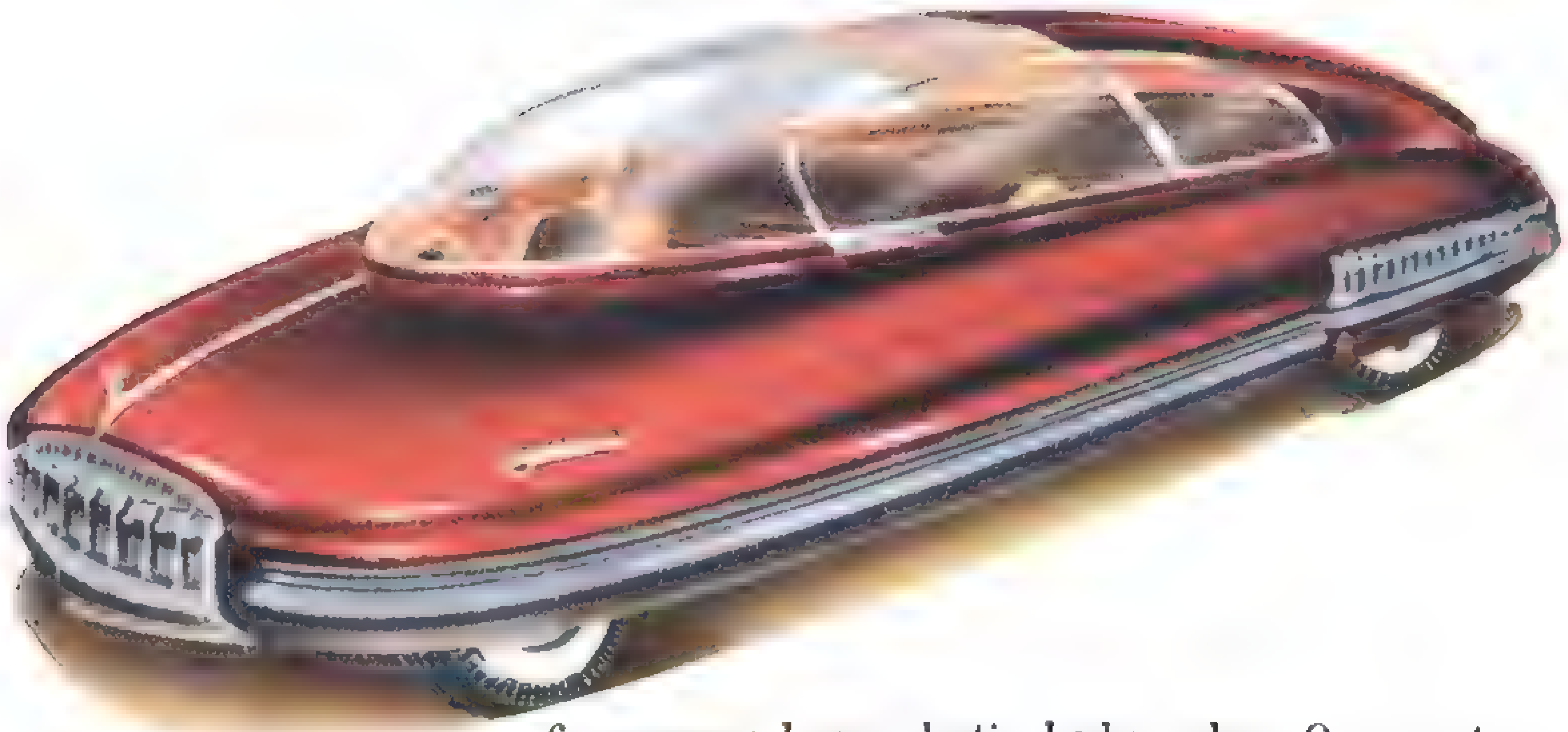
"Mechanized!"


Louis Jamme

"—and then the mother bear said, 'Somebody's been eating my porridge too!' "



Opaque colored plastic panels; rear engine motor; chromium steel around lower panels incorporates grille and bumpers. Rear plastic panel has ventilation to cool motor. Rest of the top is clear plastic material incorporating windshield. Concealed head lift lights. 5-passenger.—by George Walker.

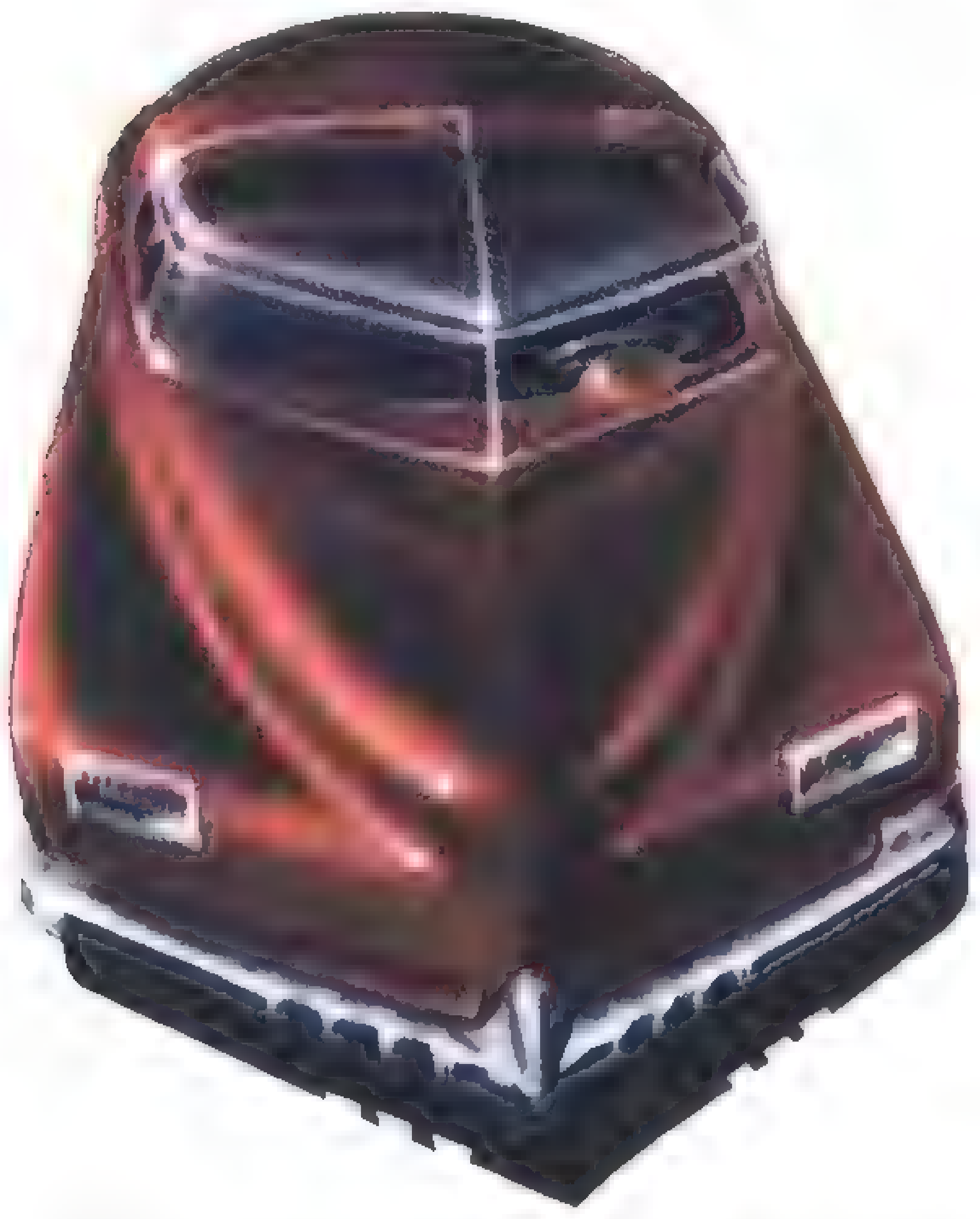


6-passenger large plastic body sedan. One-quarter opaque top and the balance in clear plastic material. A chromium bumper runs completely around the car, also including an integral grille. This is a front motor car with draft ventilation coming through the rear compartment for cooling.—by George Walker.

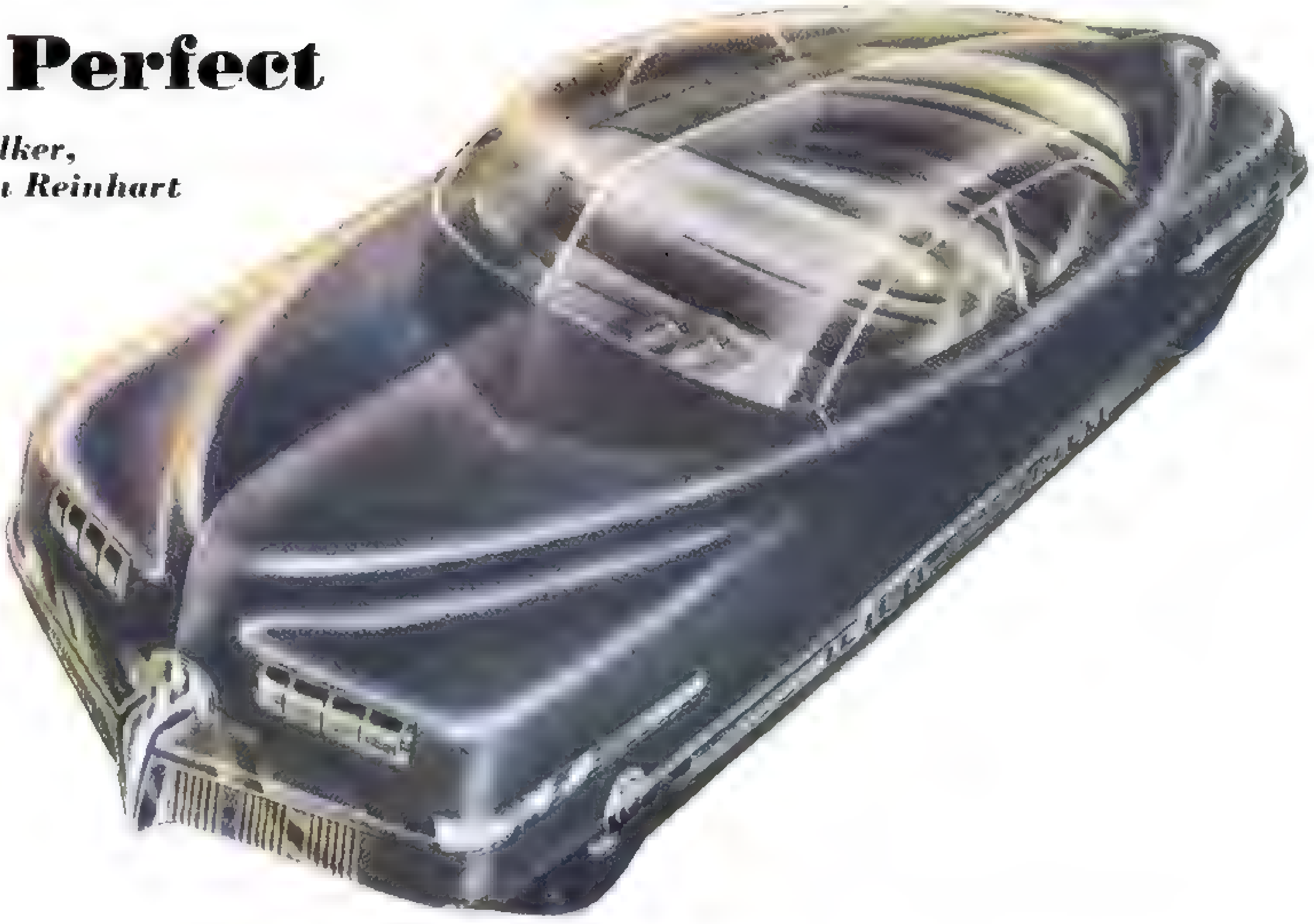
Plastic Makes Perfect

Designs by George Walker, Arthur Fitzpatrick and John Reinhart

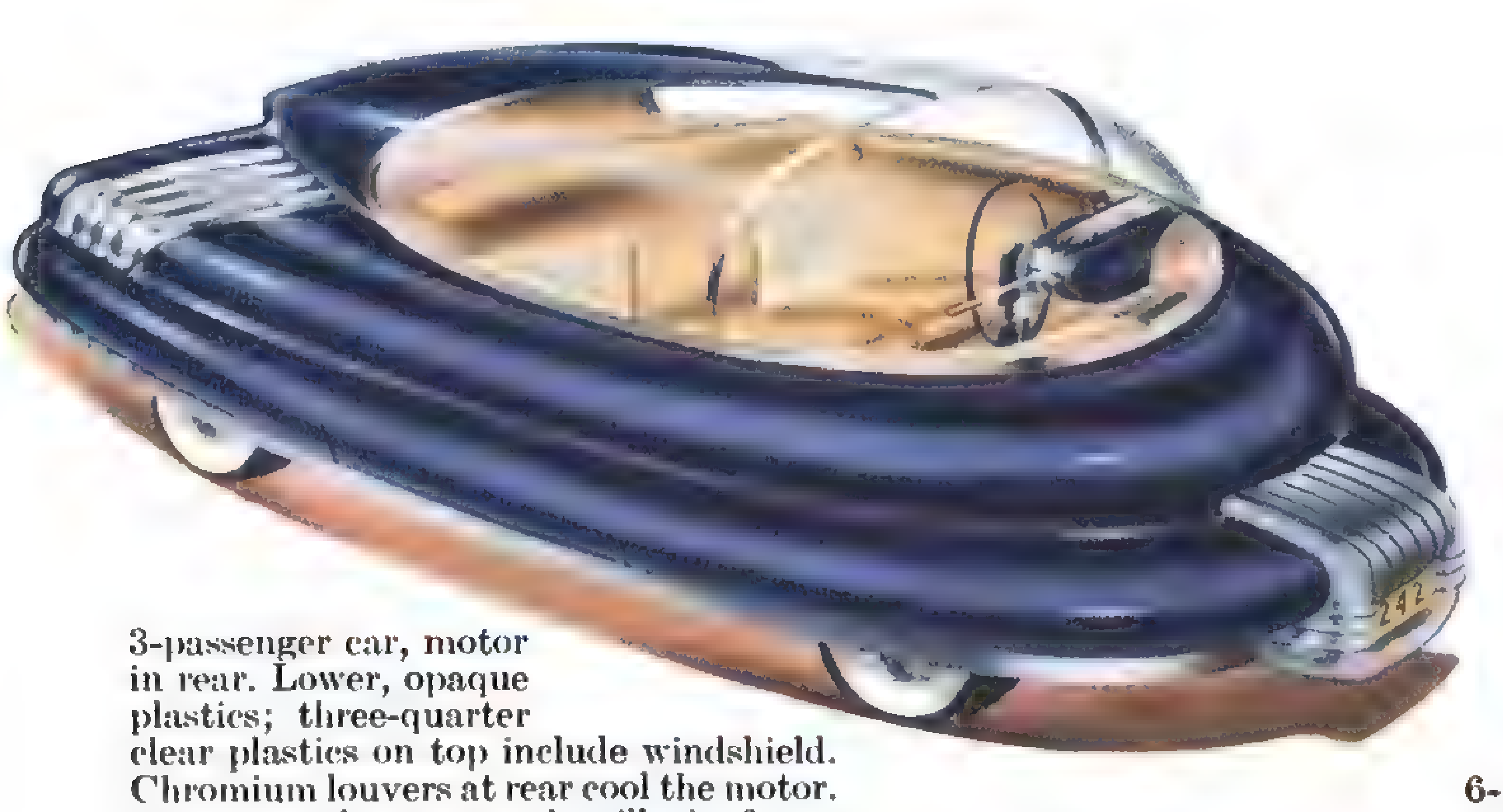
THREE Detroit automobile designers here present their conception of cars of tomorrow. Lighter, and therefore more economical to drive, they will be quieter and more comfortable—for plastic insulates against noise as well as weather, while "living room" is increased. Most of these are small-wheeled cars with small tires which afford the proper turning radius in view of the fact that a portion of the side panels comes beyond the wheel and eliminates wheel housing. These body panels are complete compression moldings and can be molded in sections so they may be easily replaced in case of accident. Vision is improved by the use of transparent "plasticglass" tops, and by the lighter pillar support which is required in the windows and windshields.



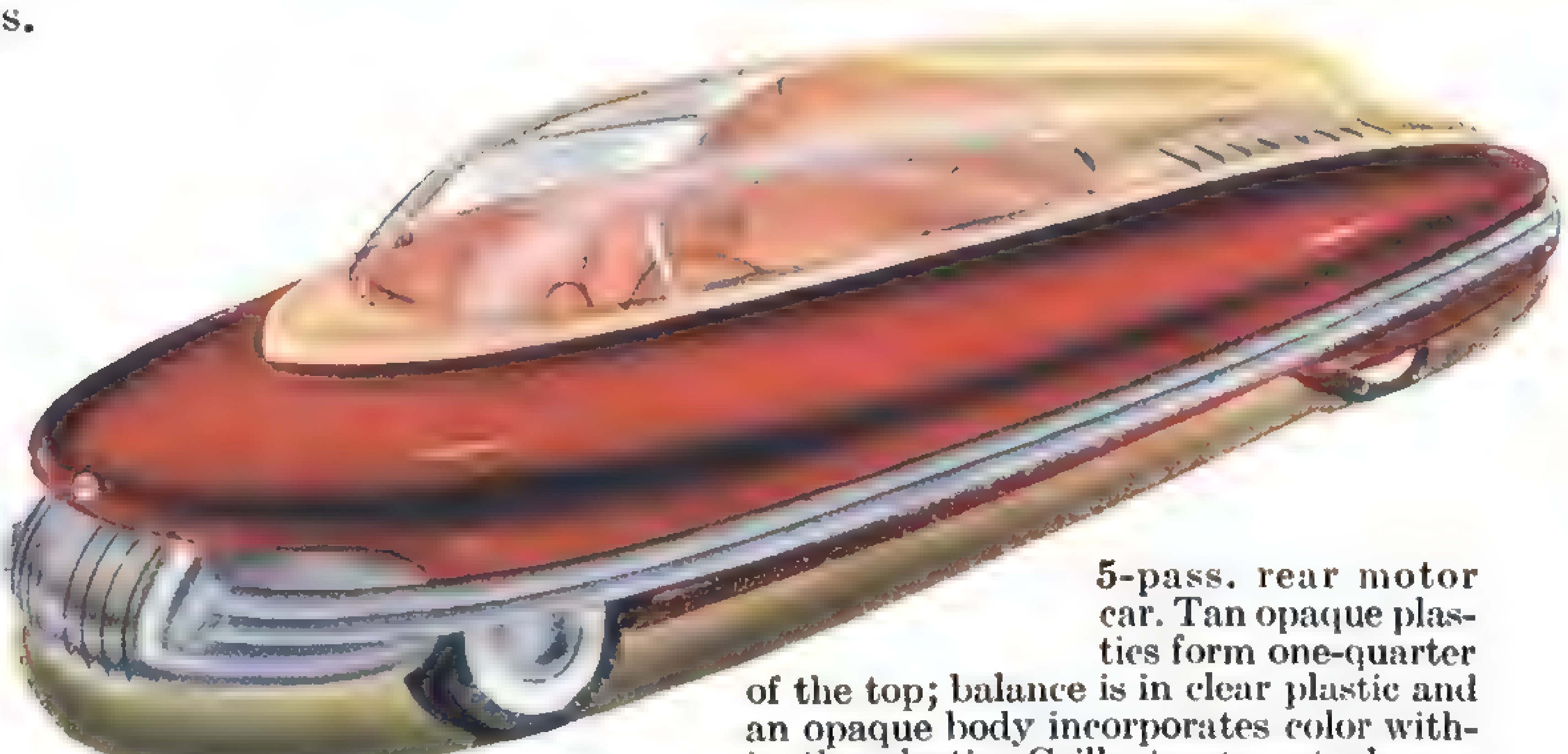
Sport coupé designed for front or rear engine has free flowing lines. Lamps flush with front fenders. Air intake above fared in bumper. Body panels of molded plastic. Top over front seat can be screened by concealed blinds. Rear part of top could be made to fold.—by Arthur Fitzpatrick.



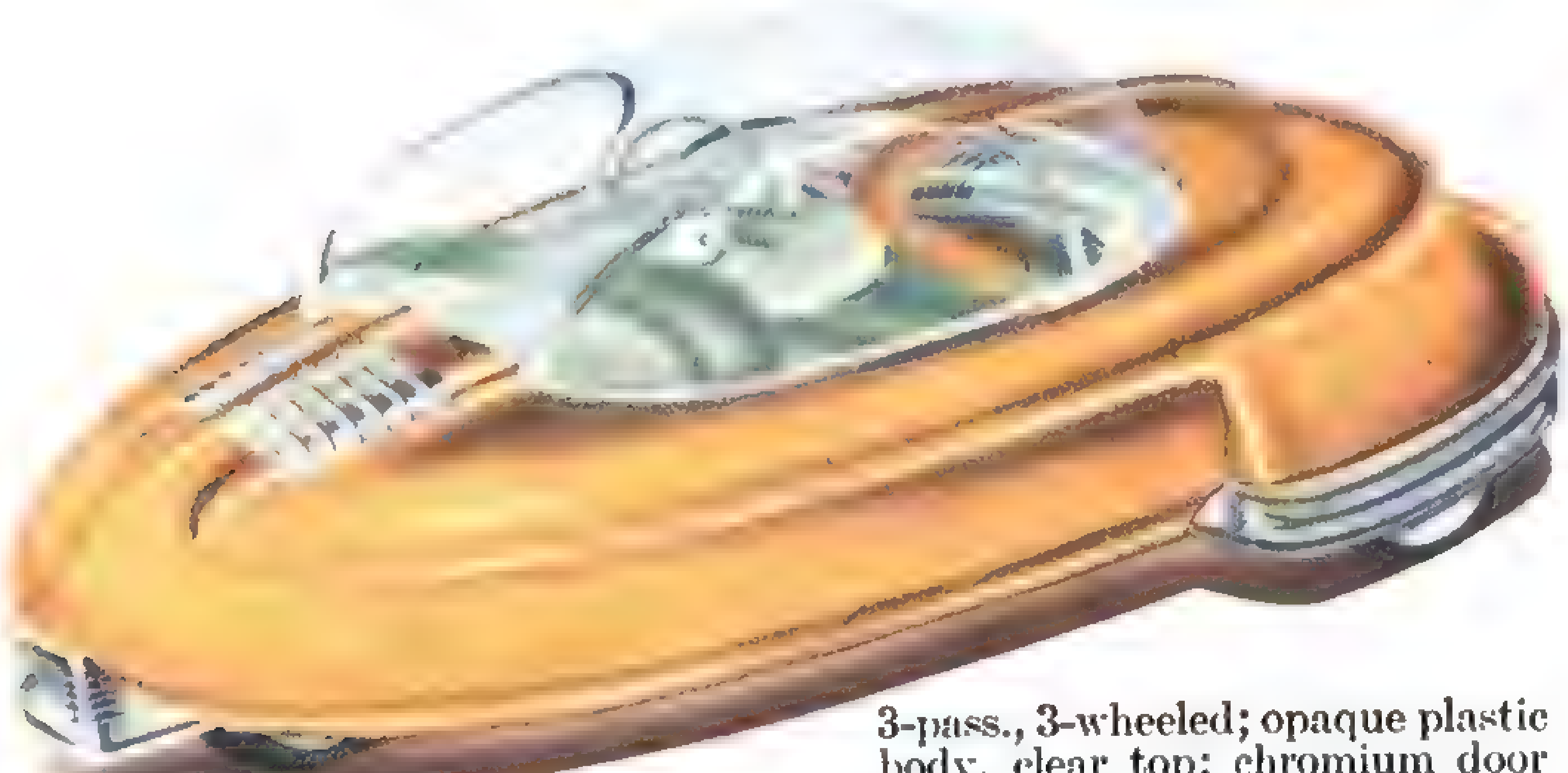
6-pass., rear-engine sedan. Plexiglass top, has concealed curtains. Built-in bumpers with air-conditioning intakes. Trunk under front bonnet. Wheels encased by shrouds; front shrouds turn. Color through body panels obviates repaint.—by John Reinhart.



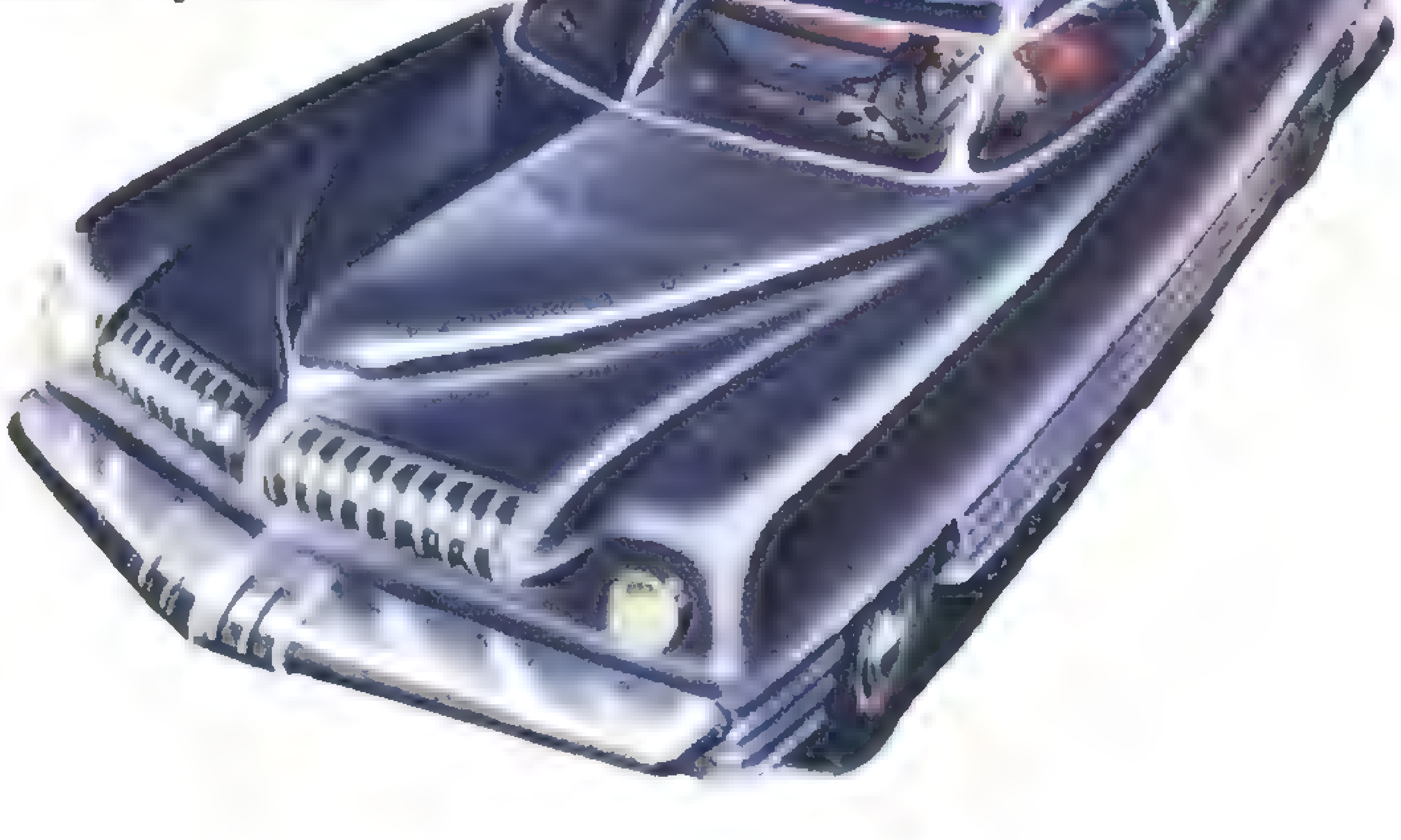
3-passenger car, motor in rear. Lower, opaque plastics; three-quarter clear plastics on top include windshield. Chromium louvers at rear cool the motor. Chromium bumper and grille in front. Chromium band completely around car staves off stones.—by George Walker.



5-pass. rear motor car. Tan opaque plastics form one-quarter of the top; balance is in clear plastic and an opaque body incorporates color within the plastic. Grille treatment also an integral part of the bumper. White rubber inlay in the center of the bumper encircles the car.—by George Walker.



3-pass., 3-wheeled; opaque plastic body, clear top; chromium door frames. Bumpers embrace front, include cooling grille. Rear chromium piece shields rear wheel, forms bumper. Chromium at rear for cooling.—by George Walker.



6-pass. sedan, front-engine chassis; cooling grilles abolish radiator shell; body contours replace fenders. Corrugated panels form base. Curved plastic windows and windshield; light pillar construction increases vision. Leather and cloth interior.—by John Reinhart.

Plastically Speaking

Motor car designers are experimenting with new materials not vital to defense against the day the O.P.M. cracks down

by CLYDE VANDEBURG

• ARTICLE •

Under the whip of defense necessity, 1942 may usher in a new era of automotive design approved by the public and dictated by the O. P. M.

Automotive manufacturers, examining the inventory of restricted metals designated by the Office of Production Management as essential to defense industry were not slow to recognize this list as a carbon copy of the one used in the manufacture of modern automobiles.

The "critical" metals so listed by the O.P M., through its Priorities Division, includes some twelve different items. Restriction of these metals is by no means an indication that the United States has used up or exhausted its source of supply. It does mean that the O.P.M. has set aside a selection of vital metals that go to spice the molten brews from which machines of war are molded. It also means that the United States Government has placed a prior claim against these metals. So long as the war emergency may exist, this claim will continue in force. It is merely the O.P.M. way of serving notice upon peacetime industry that commercial use of these metals is henceforth curtailed.

There is an even more dramatic interpretation of cause and effect behind the displacement of gold and silver in favor of a dozen lowly metals now lifted to a place in the sun. These kitchen metals are the working substances of peacetime industry. Elevation of these metals to the "vital" list of defense need sends peacetime industry upon a search for a group of replacement "ersatz" substances that may outperform and perhaps outdate the original metals themselves.

Necessity establishment of a new standard of precious *working* metals, marks a break with traditional custom that long ago designated gold and silver as the basic items of precious metal.

A civilization long accustomed to basing its value faiths on traditional gold and silver, must now accustom itself to a standard of *tougher* metals. These new metals are precious in the fact that they harden and temper under heat, where traditional gold will melt and run. By the test of working strength what was precious metal yesterday is base today. The pampered gold hoard behind the battlements of Fort Knox is both impotent and impractical in a mechanized world where metal must work its way.

Keep your eye on that word mechanized. It is the root from which our family of working metals grew from rags to royalty.

The new set of precious metals is based upon the machine. The machine, in turn, is the foundation of a new war economy . . . a new root of values in a world where stark realism is essential to survival. Lack of such machine economy . . . failure to make adequate provision for this new standard of working metals has hastened the destruction of more than a dozen European countries within the year.

War has long been a common leveler. In the case of mechanized war, necessity has taken over to demand new standards of economy and a new set of precious metals, the value of which is neither decorative nor precious in the established sense.

In the new economy of working metals, gold and silver take the siding as aluminum and its train of critical metals takes the right-of-way on the main line of defense industry.

By the stimulus of defense need and its resultant priorities, such lowly kitchen metals as aluminum, zinc, copper, brass, bronze, tin and monel metal have been lifted from the ranks. They are joined on the main line by other and lesser known vital metals such as vanadium, tungsten, nickel, magnesium, chromium and steel itself.

Many of these metals are vital to the production of a modern automobile and most of them are found in one form or another within the mechanical conveniences of car or home.

The automobile manufacturers have been asked by the O.P.M. to find substitutes for the vital metals. There are two ways in which the manufacturer may interpret the O.P.M. demand. If he is bogged down with success and congested thinking, he may see it solely as the warning signal of curtailed production. If, on the other hand, his reactions are true to historical form, he will view it as just another crisis for the industry. As in the past, he will use the obstacle as a stepping stone to new design and a spur to the discovery of substitute "Liberty" metals or other replacement items.

And so it may be that necessity, operating in the guise of restricted metals, may force the industry from the design lethargy of excess chrome and nickel decoration, to creative thinking and functional design. This may be achieved by way of super streamlining, embellished by rich, colorful plastics in a hundred decorative and utilitarian forms.

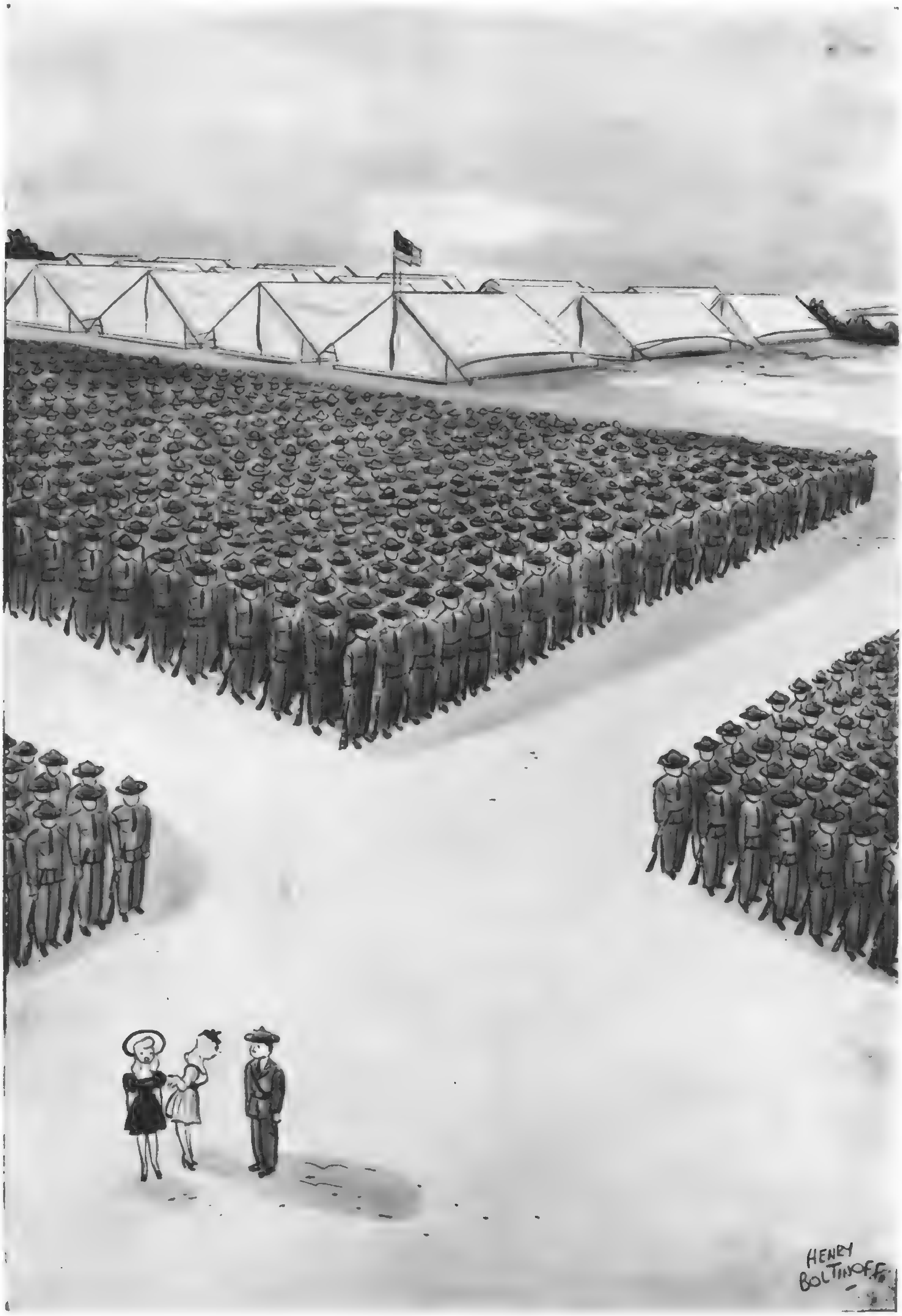
And if there is any doubt in your mind, permit us to kick down the barriers of custom and prejudice to offer a fascinating glimpse of the plastic car of tomorrow as seen through the eyes of a top-flight industrial motor car designer:

Opening the door to the future, George William Walker, of Detroit, gives us an intriguing glimpse into oncoming automotive years. Articulate in paint and prose, he sketches motordom's plastic age and traces it to the industrial, social and economic revolution through which we are now passing.

Walker has more than the dreams of an automotive designer to establish his position as an industrial artist in the little known

Continued on page 164

"We're teaching him to walk—the finance company took the car"


HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Can you get someone for my girl friend?"

Credo of Men at Arms

Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die, but they can't be court-martialed for thinking

by ROBERT T. SOUTER

• SATIRE •

Read Across

The Colonel Believes:	*The Sergeant Believes:*	*The Private Believes:*
That his uniform makes him look like Lewis Stone.	That his uniform makes him look like Victor McLaglen.	That his uniform makes him look like Gary Cooper.
That the Sergeant looks like a Boy Scout in that uniform.	That the Private looks like a Boy Scout in that uniform.	That the Colonel looks like a Boy Scout in that uniform.
That he could lick his weight in rattlesnakes.	That he could lick his weight in wildcats.	That he could lick his weight in lamb chops.
That his men respect his every wish.	That the men suspect his every wish.	That men neglect his every wish.
That a week-end leave is hardly worth getting.	That a week-end leave is hard to get.	That a week-end leave is hard to get over.
That officers in the Navy are overpaid.	That petty officers in the Navy are overpaid.	That gobs are overpaid.
That the Chaplain is a real gentleman.	That the Sky Pilot is an O.K. Gent.	That Holy Joe is no gold brick.
That God is on the side of the strongest battalions.	That God is on the side of the strongest battalions.	That God is on the side of the strongest battalions.
That blondes fall easily for an officer's uniform.	That blondes fall easily for a uniform.	That blondes fall easily.
That he'll never be rich.	That he'll never be rich.	That he'll never be rich.
That he knows what the scrap is all about.	That he knows nothing about it.	That he knows that he knows nothing about it.
That he'd like to have his old boss under him.	That he'd like to have his present boss under him.	That he'd like to have his old boss over him.
That an army travels on its stomach.	That an army travels on its feet.	That an army travels on and on and on.
That he misses his wife's cook.	That he misses his wife's cooking.	That he misses his wife.
That civilians live in a land of milk and honey.	That civilians live in a land of milk and money.	That civilians live in a land of silk and money.
That he used to sleep better.	That he used to sleep.	That he could use some sleep.
That women like his rank.	That women like him and his rank.	That women like him in spite of his rank.
That he who would teach men to die should at the same time teach them to live.	That he who would teach men to die should at the same time teach them to fight.	That he who would teach men to die, should too, at the same time.
That he will some day live up to his name, Ulysses.	That he will some day live up to his name, Patrick Michael.	That he will some day live down his name, Clarence.
That he can take a drink upon occasion.	That he can take a drink upon occasion, and some times when he has no occasion.	That he can take a drink but has no occasion.
That nothing is sacred to the attainment of an objective.	That nothing is sacred.	Nothing.
That he will leave the Army a General some day.	That he will leave the Army a Colonel some day.	That he will leave the Army some day.
That he won the last war.	That he will win this war.	That he wins all wars.
That he writes more letters than he receives.	That he writes more letters than he receives.	That he writes more letters than he receives.
That war is hell.	That war is worse than hell.	That war is Heaven compared to some varieties of peace.
That women near an army camp are an unnecessary evil.	That women near an army camp are a necessary evil.	That women near an army camp are necessary Eves.
That he is a born soldier.	That he was born to be a soldier.	That he wasn't born to be a soldier.
That when he gets home to his wife, apple pie will be the first thing he asks for.	That when he gets home to his wife, *chocolate* pie will be the first thing *he* asks for.	That when he gets home to his wife, apple pie will be the *second* thing *he* asks for.

How To Be Slice-Happy

If golf were a natural game, more than a million dubs like Clarence wouldn't be playing to the right of the fairway

by FRANK WALSH

• SPORTS •

Golf as played by Craig Wood, Bob Jones, Byron Nelson, Ben Hogan and others is played curving the ball from right to left, a stroke known as a hook or draw flight. These golfers are forever on guard against a hook; they guard against it in many ways, such as placing the right hand on top of the club, slipping the left hand underneath, opening their stance, opening the club face on the backswing and other tricks and actions that should stop a hook. In fact most people think it should produce a slice, but it doesn't; they go on hooking nicely just the same. Why?

These Birdie Hooking Golfers tee off the left of the tee, shag their hooks down the left side of the fairway, chip and putt from the left side of the green. They have little to worry about, they walk on air, they're happy, so to Hell with them—for now.

Let's get at the broken, twisted sufferers coming along the right side of the course, staggering through the trees, dragging their dogs through the traps. Wrong Golf, as played by Banker, Butcher and that foursome ahead of you last Sunday is played from left to right-slice. These golfers fight and fight like hell against this distance-killing, trouble-making curve. They close their stance, put the left well over the top, the right hand well underneath, nose the club in, fix their eyes on the ball, take the club away inside in the backswing and slowly the swing starts. But no! It's n.g. A huge slice results, there she goes, spinning and bouncing right, ever and ever to the right. Sure enough it's out! Shoot another! Striving for pars and birdies with this type of swing is like elephant hunting with a fly swatter.

A Hooker hooks one out of bounds and he reaches in his pocket for another ball, a smile on his puss. This lush hit the ball flush and got a good feel out of it, but the chap Clarence playing with him is a slicer and two holes later the fence is on the right and he is worried. He fixes himself, right hand, right foot inside, etc. etc., then the swing, no feel to the ball sliding off of the club face and over the fence it goes. As this player reaches for another ball, he has in one minute changed from a man to a beaten mess of aches. For him the end of the world can come before he has to make another futile pass at the dimpled mystery. But he has company plenty! His kind are everywhere, by the thousands. Hence this article. It will help some, or I would not write it.

It is Saturday afternoon, there is action at the Golf Club. Golfers stepping out of cars and buses have a good look at the flag on the flag pole in front of the club house, Old Glory, the Red, White and Blue, Strength, Beauty and millions would gladly die for it and what it stands for. But these men looking at it eagerly Saturday noon at the golf club, are looking to see what the hell way the wind is blowing. Old Glory is a wind gauge. If the flag waves to the right (and it does) that means the wind will be blowing from the left on the first hole. The first hole with a left wind is a bastid.

Our Clarence had stepped out of his car earlier and had taken a quick look at the flag. Under his breath he had said, "Jeez, what a day I am in for." He seemed to stiffen as he looked at it wildly flapping. In the meantime he has bawled out the locker room boy, he has raised hell with the caddie master, his conversation and laughter is a thing of plastic beauty.

Joe is yelling to him from the first tee, "Come on Satchel Pants." Clarence is telling his caddie to get out an old ball. Joe keeps yelling, Joe is keen to start, Joe has not taken a squint at the flag since Decoration Day, Joe is a hooker. Joe does not give a good damn about the wind. His shots are quail high, he never hits a tee shot higher than thirty feet, always with that hook. His opponents say his ball always seems to land on a rock, an overspin rock. God how it does run.

Clarence gets to the first tee, the wind seems to be increasing. With twenty people listening, Joe opens with, "Clarence, I better give you fourteen strokes today cause I punched you full of holes giving you ten strokes Thursday."

You loudmouth, thinks Clarence and then Joe throws in a crusher, "Hey! Clarence, how about having a buck bet on the first tee shot."

The wind is blowing a gale through Clarence's left ear. Clarence feels run-down and says, "No, Joe, let's have Mulligans off this tee."

"Oh hell!" says Joe, "that's not golf, the first shot counts, we play the first ball—that is, Clarence, unless this little breeze catches that high slice of yours and slings it over the fence."

Joe was going to say more, but he saw Clarence on the ground. Yes, Clarence was telling Joe he had not been feeling so well, you better go ahead Joe, if I feel better I will join you. Clarence intended to watch them all drive. Joe won the toss and drove first. Clarence was sitting on the ground directly behind Joe's line of flight, the wind was whipping across. The fence on the right seemed to have moved in much closer to the fairway, Joe took the club straight back and let fly, his club head flew through toward the fence and so did the ball. Clarence quickly thought, that's where it should go from that kind of a punk backswing, but it all took place so suddenly, the ball flew right over the fence and then started to curve and curve back to the fairway, the goddam thing had come down on the right-hand side of the fairway and was now running like hell toward the center of the course and Clarence was blind bleery-eyed. The guy had taken the club straight back on the backswing and hit a shot that hooked right back smack-dab into the wind and bounced to the left. The guy even has a hook bounce on it, thought Clarence. For sheer beauty that shot makes Hedy Lamarr look like a cross-eyed fluzzie.

Clarence did not remain to see the others drive. He had enough, he crawled away. He saw the snakes moving around in the grass over his head, he'd never beat Joe again, the last time he beat him was at Peoria C. C.; the dogleg holes there just fitted his swing. I guess it would be a big job to open a law office in Peoria and start all over . . . No what the hell is the use of kidding myself, the slice I am wearing now is so much worse, why the hell do I continue to play this game? I wonder what I could get out of driving with an iron. Maybe I could have another driver made by Spaulding with six degrees of hook on it, this one with four degrees of hook I have only used three games, Oh hell, I guess not. The Little Woman is all ready raising hell about the new drivers I have in the closet. I must watch myself at home too, it was damn small of me Thursday on going home after Joe beat me, just because she said, "Will you slice the Turkey?" for me to go off half-cocked and yell, "You mean Carve the Turkey." Yes, I guess it's got me, I'm golf-drunk, slice-happy. Some one gave me a Micky-Spin-Finn.

"Are you going to play, Mr.?"

"What! Oh, no, caddie, here is a dollar, turn my clubs in." I swear that boy seemed happy when I said I was not going to play, I wonder what the caddies think of me, I wonder what the Pro thinks of me, what do I think of myself? Well my unhappiest hours are spent on a golf course playing a game that I really love, now there is a strange state of affairs.

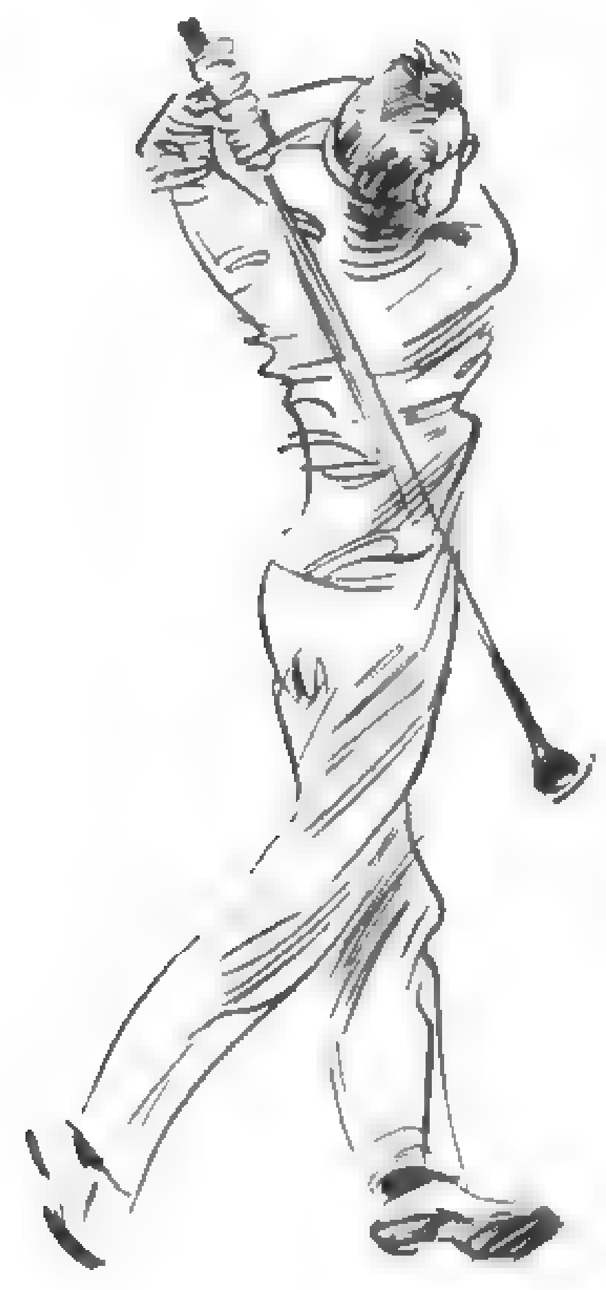
So Clarence asks Johnny, the shop boy, is Sandy in. Sandy is the Pro. "No, Sandy is not in," says Johnny, "Sandy is out having some fun with Mr. Jones."

"What do you mean having fun with Mr. Jones, where are they?"

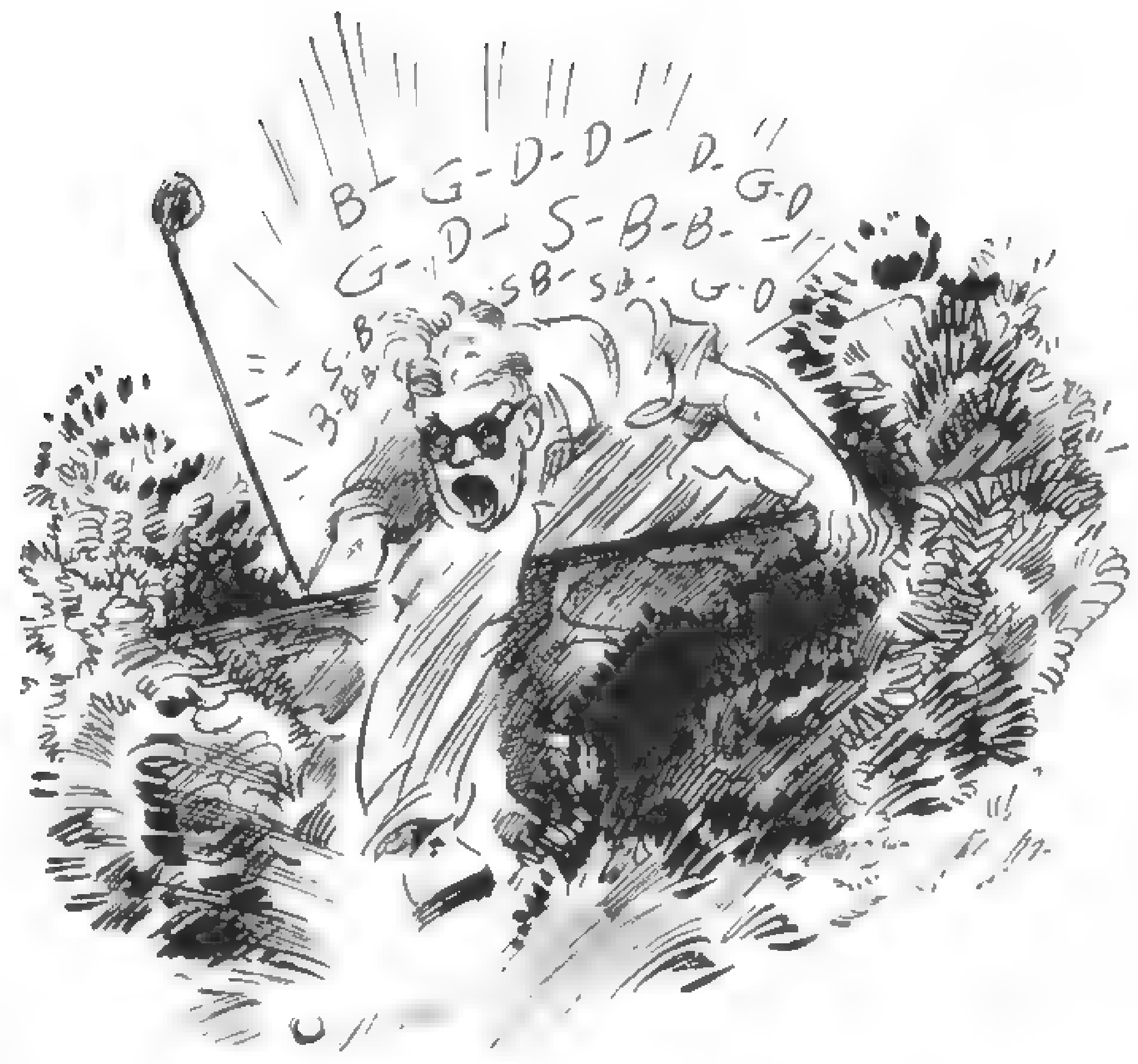
"They're on the Polo Field: Sandy always takes Mr. Jones on the Polo Field when the wind is from the left."

"Why, is Mr. Jones a big hooker?" "Oh, no sir, Mr. Jones is a big slicer and the wind from the left helps him a lot and Gee, when the wind is really blowing and he can hit them straight we are all in gravy. Sandy gets paid double, the caddie gets plenty and I usually get in on it too."

"Yes, yes, but how in the hell can a wind

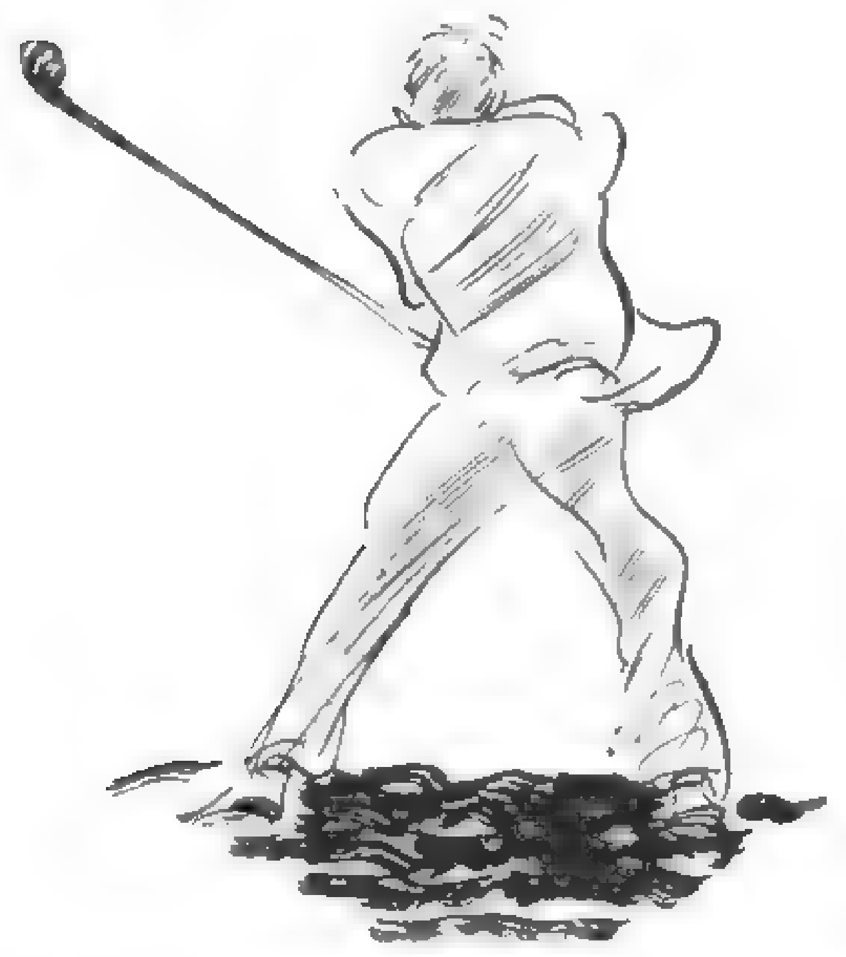


1—Of all the dubs that golf can boast
The guy who slices suffers most!

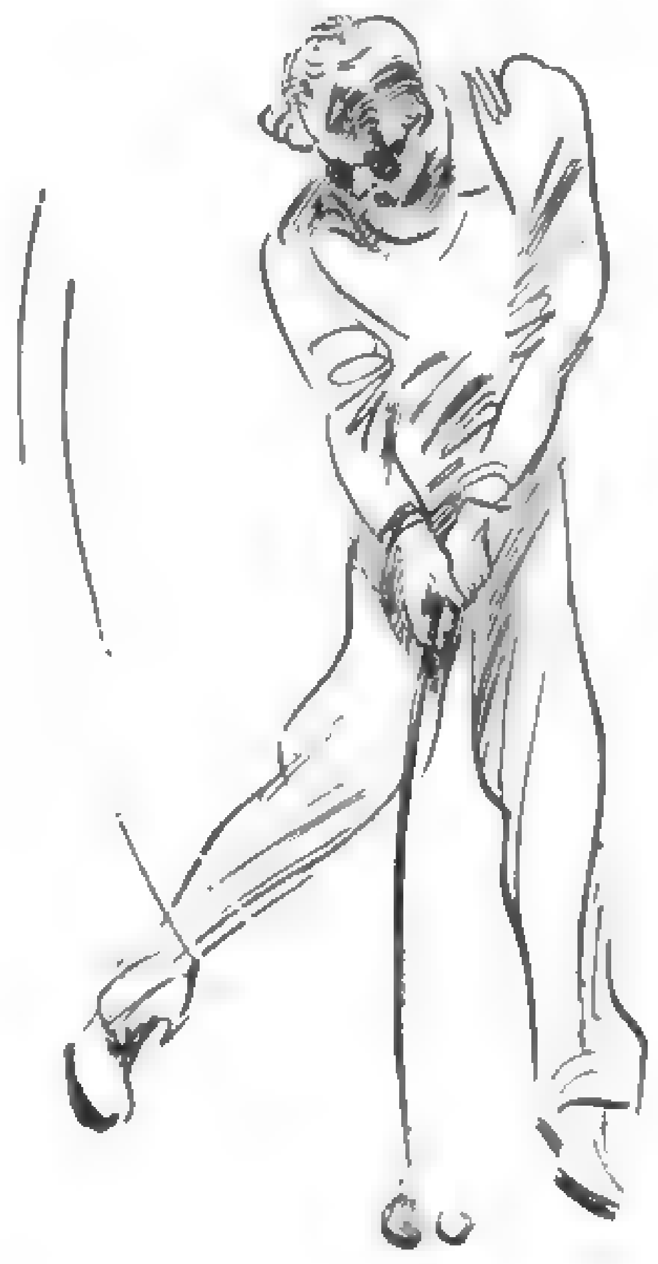


2—His curses soar . . . his body tenses . . .
His pants are ripped from climbing fences;

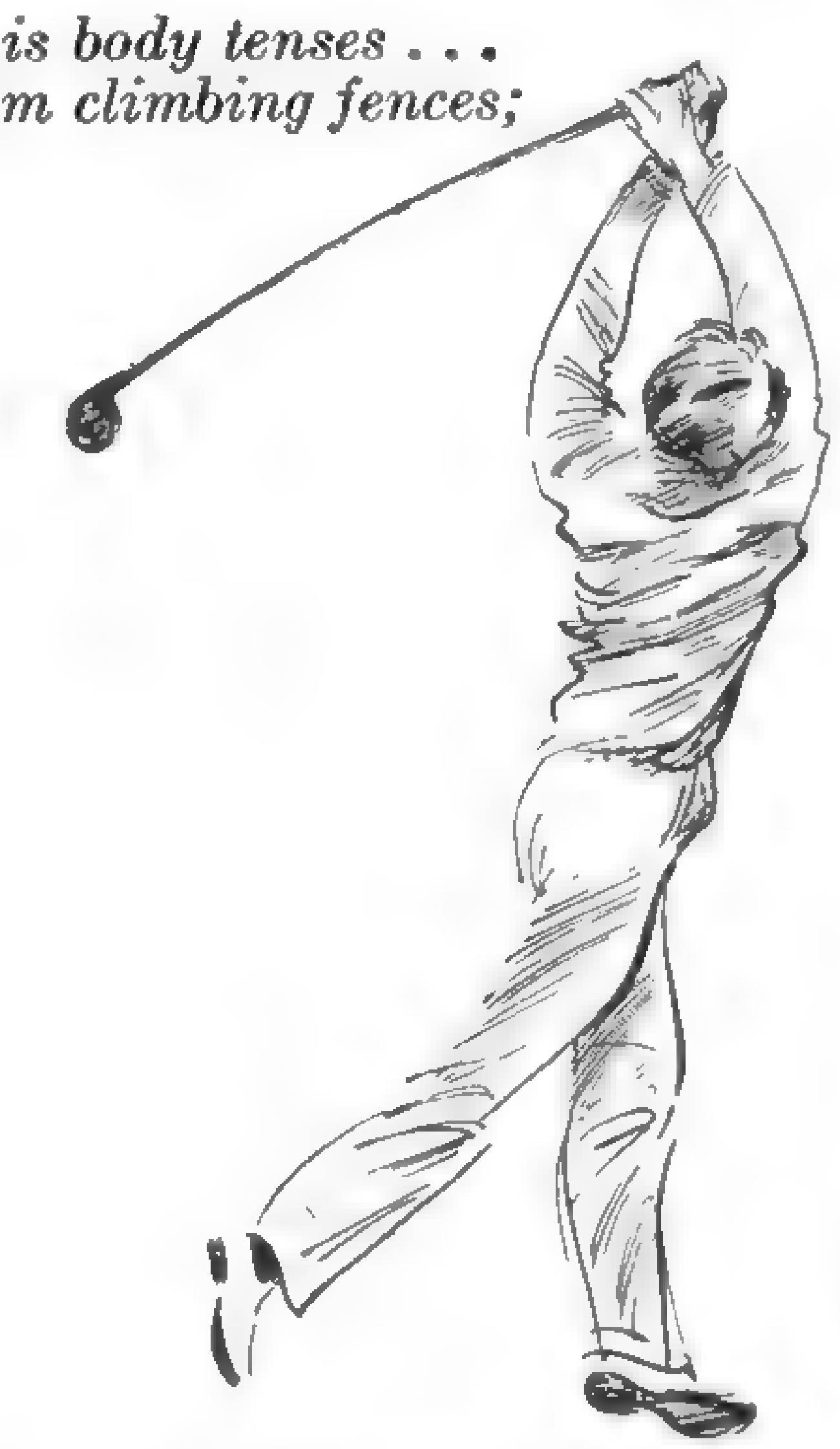
3—And yet a little sage advice
Will cure the most pernicious slice . . .



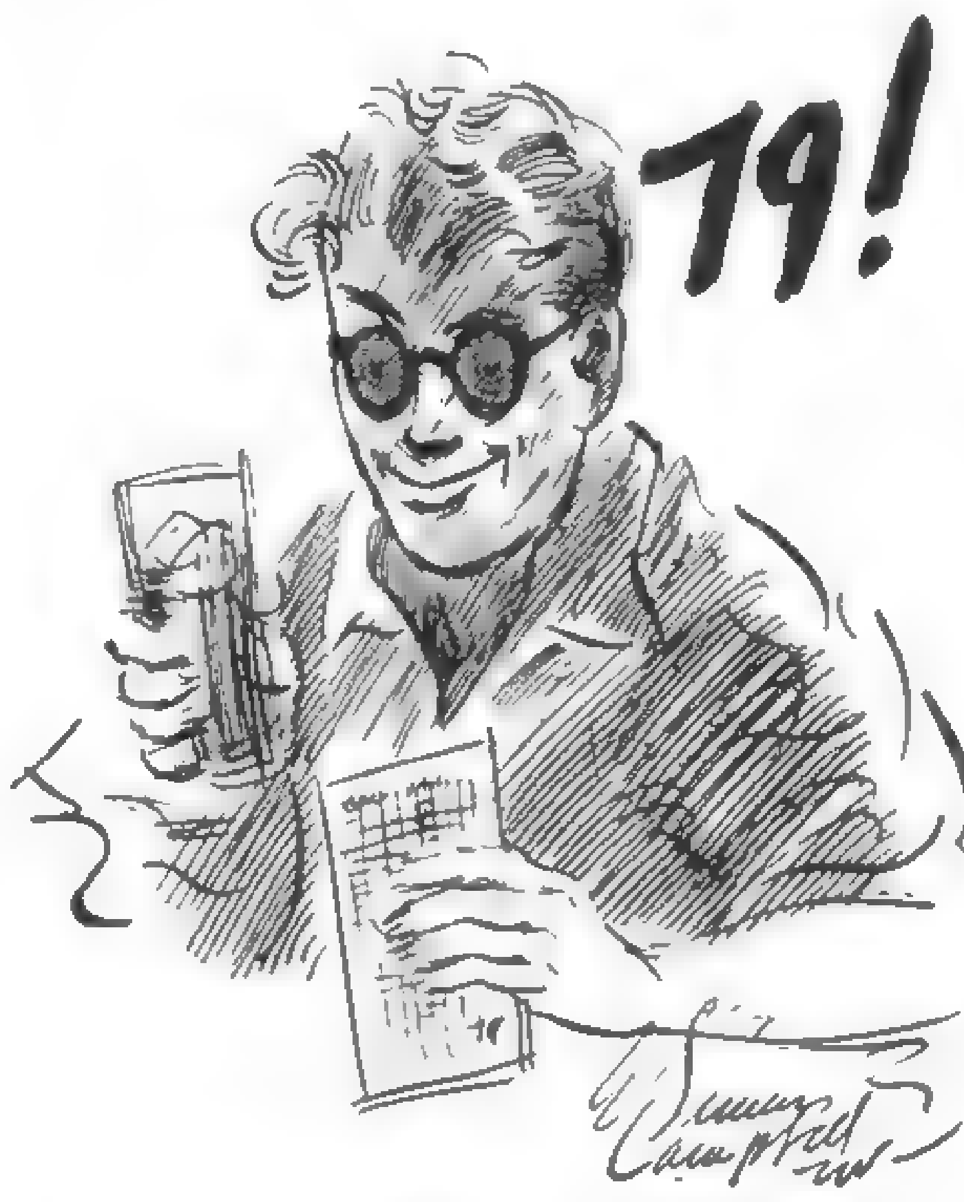
4—It's just an antiquated notion
To use a counter-clockwise motion



5—But if you are a clockwise smiter
Your bills for golf balls will be lighter;



6—Now! Club straight back . . . then inside . . . Look!
Your slice is gone . . . you've got a hook . . .



7—And soon you'll relish, bless your soul,
Each hooker at the 19th Hole!

—Phil Stack

from the left—where are they—don't bother I'll find them."

Clarence saw it all as he stepped around the Club House. His hopes were high. Then there is a way, hoped he, to cure the slice. In the twenty lessons Sandy had not straightened out his curve, but maybe he could learn by watching some one else. He heard voices, happy voices, as he turned the corner. It was Sandy and Jones, they were standing rather strangely, they were just reeking with joy, yelling and waving. The wind just tossed their voices violently to the right, they were trying to tell the caddie the last shot Mr. Jones hit went clear over his head, it is out by the 225 yard stake. Such gloating! Sandy was saying, "Bonnie swing Sir, take it back inside, that's what does it."

Jones was saying, "Yes, damn it, I've got it, Eleanor can have Her Day, but this one is mine."

Sandy had teed up another, Jones was approaching it. What's this?—Hells bells—Jones is left-handed, he waggled—"Inside now," said Sandy. Inside Jones took it—god what a loop, down it came on the outside, I could hear the ball spin—a lousy sound, the same as mine, it was trying its damnedest to slice, but the wind was just too much for it, it gave up the struggle and the wind grabbed it and swept it back toward the caddie. A little hook on that one grinned Sandy. Jones was all smiles—they were filthy rich with fun.

Sandy teed another, Jones went toward it brave like, he got all set to give it the inside heave on the backswing, he was just ready to leap when the wind stopped dead, but Sandy must have been watching like a hawk for just such a danger, Sandy moved quickly, knocked the ball off the tee and said let's rest a minute Mr. Jones. Damn! how clever, that guy is really canny. If Jones had hit that shot without the wind he probably would have sliced it into the ladies room.

Four hundred ideas were trying to make touchdowns, using Clarence's ears for goal posts. You can't, thought Clarence, teach the Old Dog New Tricks but you Can Trick The Old Bitch. Clarence was burning, what hurt hard was he, for an instant had entertained the thought of getting a bag of balls and going to the other end of the Polo Field to make the same use of the wind. He thought, as I stand now I am in the booby-hatch between a man and a mouse. If I start for the end of the field, knowing what I know now, I am electing myself as a four-star lavender louse.

Clarence was moving toward the clubhouse. He felt more mannish turning away from the Golf Shop, his practice balls and the slice-curing wind. He called to the locker boy, "Bring me a double Scotch."

Now then, in the space of ten minutes I have seen two players swing, Joe took the club straight back and he hit a pip of a hook, this guy Jones took it back inside plenty and he had a great slice in the making.

"Here's your drink, Sir, and here are some golf magazines that just came in."

"Yeh! Thanks." So the locker boy knows that I eat up all golf articles. I sure do. Hell I know all there is to know about all of them, Craig Wood puts his right hand over the top, hits swell hooks and wins the Masters. I have my right hand so far underneath it scrapes the ground and I still slice, Byron Nelson opens his stance, facing the hole plays a swell right to left game and wins the P. G. A. The stance I learned has my butt facing the hole, Bob Jones says he plays best when he takes the club straight back, and he never even fades the ball, while the Back Swing I use comes inside so much I have worn chunks out of the right arm scraping it against my trouser belt, and I am still the biggest slicer this side of the Monroe Doctrine.

What is it these three guys have that keep them from slicing? When Wood puts his right hand on top, and Nelson opens the stance, they certainly should cut hell out of the shot. And as for Jones, he is getting away with murder; just imagine taking the club straight back and no slice. Maybe Jones would be just so much better if he could take it inside like I do, then he could shoot in the Fifties maybe. Oh, nuts, the whole thing is screwy.

Magazines—articles—yarns—golf. Here is a guy that breaks 80 sitting down, another shoots 76 on one foot. And this one came back in 37 with one arm and the right arm at that; I thought you used that arm only to tee the ball.

Boy! What a game—here I am, 195 pounds of me, 6′ 1″, 43 years old. Made All Conference End, caught passes back-handed, running at full speed, made impossible tackles and touchdowns, played a pretty fair third base, could hit the dirt head first if it meant anything to the team, will tackle the strong looking Sam Snead with the boxing gloves or Hal Sims for a little bridge. Yet in golf they say, "Clarence ain't got it in here, he will fold up like an accordion, as a partner he will slice you into bankruptcy."

The Locker Room door opened, Jim smiled:

Continued on page 141

The New Alchemy in Oil

Since we can't wait two million years for our oil supply to replenish itself Dr. Berl's formula may come in handy

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

A FARMER, today, can walk into the high, vaulted laboratory of terse, precise Dr. Ernst Berl, at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in Pittsburgh, carrying on his arm a basket of tomatoes, sugar cane, corn shucks, leaves, or ordinary grass. An hour later he can walk out again with his farm stuffs converted into enough coal to heat up his house of a winter's night, or enough gasoline to drive his car back to the farm.

This, of course, is a hypothetical case. And any farmer attempting to unload his vegetables at Carnegie Tech would probably be shot on sight. Nevertheless, it illustrates one of the most dramatic stories yet to come out of the laboratories of modern industry. For Dr. Berl is now compressing into one hour the complex and hitherto mysterious processes which took place in the dark realms of the earth over a period of 250,000,000 years—or more.

In his obscure and quiet workrooms, he has shattered all the conventional theories of coal formation and oil formation. He has eliminated, for all time, the possibility of oil exhaustion. He has developed a potentially limitless use for surplus farm products. He has destroyed, at one blow, the conception of "oil-poor" countries; and the necessity for oil wars.

Substituting heat and pressure for Nature's lumbering time scheme, Dr. Berl has indulged in strange and almost unbelievable alchemies. He has made the same materials that Nature used to create virtually the same products. Starting with almost any substance containing carbohydrates; he has ended up with bituminous coal, sandy or dense coke, asphalt, crude oil, and the almost infinite number of derivative products, such as gasoline, kerosene, benzene, and their related families.

It has been bruited about in technical circles, for some time now, that a future oil crisis is in the making. The world's oil is fast being used up. And once used up, it is gone for good—as irretrievable as the voice of Homer, or the flute-playing of Ancient Phrygia. And you can no more run the gas engines of the future with literary accounts of 1915-1950 oil than you can charm audiences with the critical accounts of musicians long-since dead.

Here are some of the significant figures about our available reserves:

We have in the United States between 50 and 60 per cent of the oil reserves of the world. We consume more than 60 per cent of all oil that is produced. And during the last three years, we produced an average of 190,000,000 tons of crude oil per year. 190,000,000 tons is the same as saying one billion 350,000,000 barrels. And this, it is submitted, is something of a drain on Nature's bounty.

Estimates vary as to the oil reserves extant in the secret niches of the earth. It is not easy to measure anything so fluid, so evasive, and so carefully sequestered. But most conservative authorities believe that within the next fifteen years wells will have to be sunk so deep that production costs will jump sky high; and these authorities also believe that within the next forty or fifty years—if consumption continues at its present rate, and if no new fields of importance are discovered—we can write "finis" to the age of natural oil.

"Nevertheless, Nature gives us new crops every year," says Dr. Berl. "And these crops, through photosynthesis, manufacture in the form of sucrose (sugar) and cellulose all the carbohydrates needed for the production of oil. *The world's crops for three years would give us the equivalent of all the oil reserves we have under the earth.*"

Most people think of the production of oil and coal products—the oil hydrocarbons—as a process which took place millions of years ago; and then was finished for all time.

Actually, the production of oil hydrocarbons has never stopped. The process, however, is infinitely slow; and it is scarcely practicable to wait around a couple of million years for our oil supply to replenish itself.

Dr. Berl has shown that asphalt and crude oils are formed by a slow process of internal combustion, which releases, among other things, carbon dioxide, water, and methane (which is found in coal mines, as well as gas wells and oil wells). He argues that bituminous coals are formed chiefly from higher plant materials. The substances formed in this process of combustion are, for the most part, bitumin (which is soluble in certain organic substances), and residual coal (which is insoluble). The quality of the bitumin determines the quality and quantity of the coal.

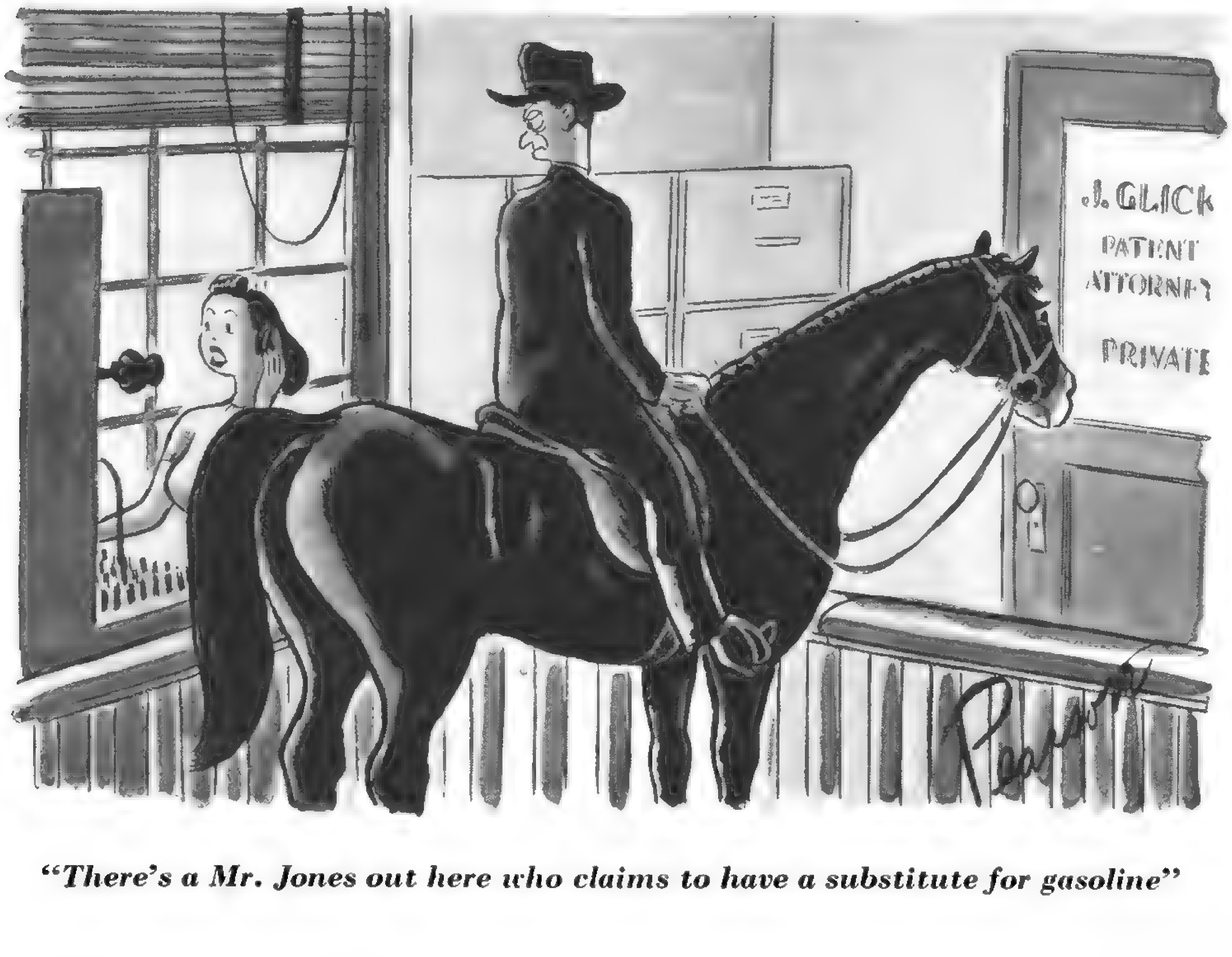
The whole process can now be reproduced, in all its stages, in the laboratory. Using various types of carbohydrates, Dr. Berl can avoid, more or less, the production of residual coal; and convert the plant carbohydrates directly into products that are identical with natural bitumin.

Then, continuing the process of internal combustion by "cracking," or by eliminating oxygen, or by hydrogenization, he obtains products identical with asphalt and natural crude oil. From these, it is a simple matter to extract the lower hydrocarbons, such as gasoline, kerosene, and other oil derivatives. In most cases, these hydrocarbons contain more substance of "anti-knock" value than those derived from natural oil. Gasoline produced this way, in other words, is superior to "straight run" gasoline.

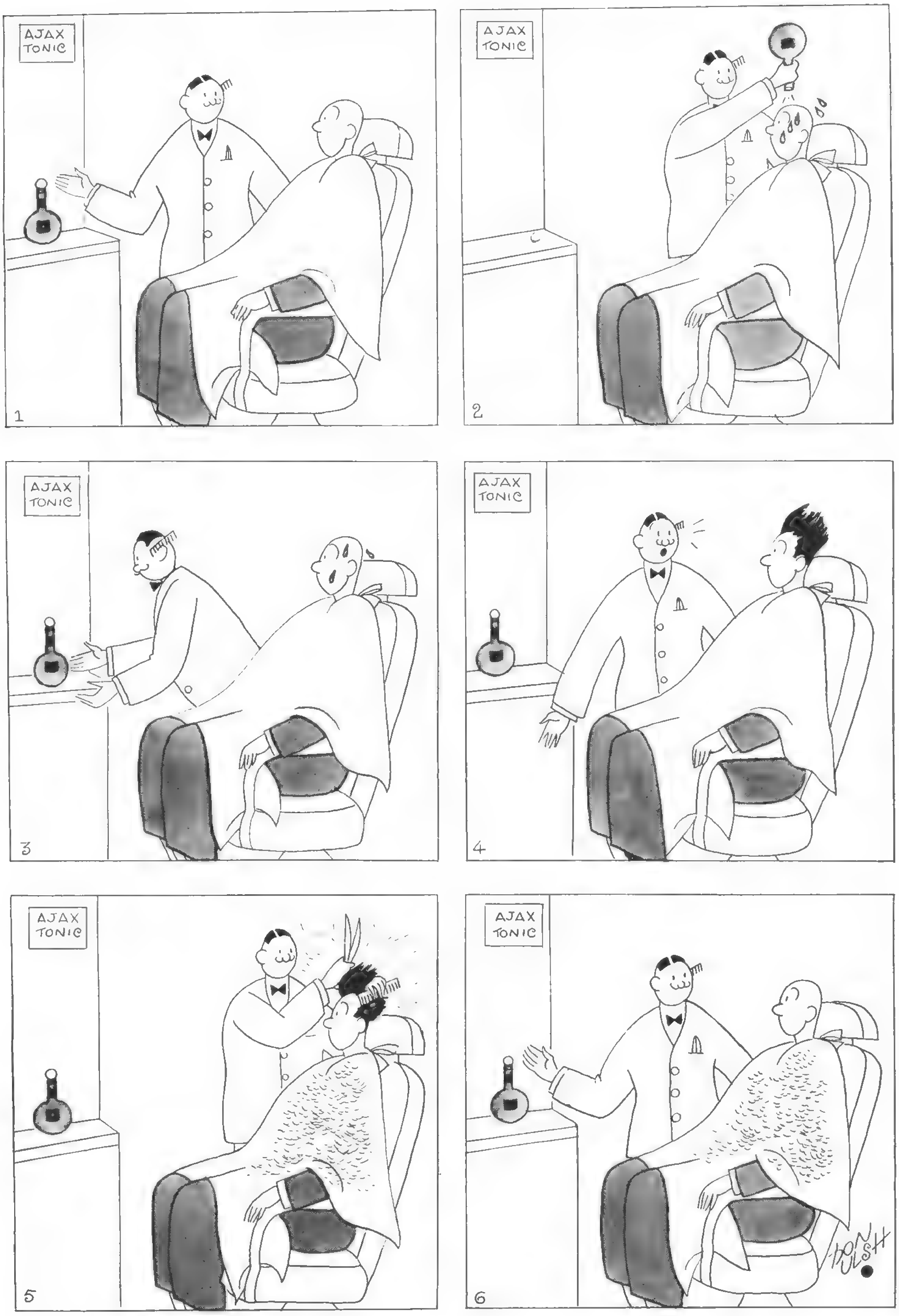
* * *

All of this goes back an academic revolution, the intellectual integrity, and the classroom embarrassment of a "pure" scientist. In the period from 1919 to 1933, when Dr. Berl

Continued in center of page 170



"There's a Mr. Jones out here who claims to have a substitute for gasoline"


AJAX TONIC
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DON ULSH

The Riddle of Vladimir

There was little to buy in Soviet Russia so he dressed in money, he slept in money and choked on money

by FRANCIS G. SPENCER

• FICTION •

My room on the second floor of the ramshackle Passage Hotel overlooked the Kremlin. It seemed very neat for the Moscow of that time. But during the first night I spent there I realized that this neatness existed on the surface only. Thousands of bedbugs, thirsting for my blood, came out with the dusk. When I complained to the Tovarich Manager the next morning, he was neither surprised nor upset.

"Oh, we have rooms without bedbugs too," he said in a matter-of-fact voice.

My question as to why he hadn't given me such accommodation in the first place wasn't answered. I ordered my things moved to a bugless room. When I came home that night I understood why the insects avoided a section of the hotel. The steam heating system didn't work above the third floor. In the Moscow of 1924 coal was scarce. My new quarters, just below the roof, being too cold for the bugs to live in, they had migrated to the lower part of the building.

For a few days I stood the frost, but as the winter grew colder and my toes started aching, I moved back to the bedbugs. I returned, however, to the arctic section a short while later to give my blistered skin a chance to recover. So during many weeks I moved up and down and up again, a living *perpetuum mobile,* alternately favoring my frozen toes and inflamed epidermis.

In vain did I try to find a domicile which combined cleanliness with warmth. The famous Hotel Metropole, where now the tourists buy French champagne and Russian girls for valuta, was too expensive for my budget; and the Lux was reserved for foreign party delegates. The other hotels were closed.

A man enjoying the luxury of a whole room for himself naturally attracted the attention of many people. Whenever I entered the lobby, someone was waiting for me, offering me gold coins, thousand-year-old ikons, or a drawing allegedly made by Rembrandt. While these visitors could do no business with me, they found a generous buyer in the person of Vladimir Petrovich, another guest of the Passage Hotel.

This bear-like man from Kiev was making more money than he had ever dreamed of. In his youth he had learned the optical trade. When the NEP (New Economic Policy) started allowing individuals to open small enterprises, he rented a store in Moscow and established himself as an optician. Russia had never produced lenses on an adequate scale, but obtained most of them from abroad. Consequently, after years of war, revolution, terror and blockade, practically all the eyeglasses in the U.S.S.R. were broken, and an optician could sell a thousand a day, once he solved the riddle of how to get the lenses.

This riddle Vladimir had solved. Lenses, together with other merchandise, were for the first time since the revolution imported in large quantities by the government. A well-placed official saw to it that his friend, Vladimir, got the biggest part of the cases arriving from Zeiss-Jena.

"—now in this policy you retire until you're sixty—then you get a job"

Consequently, the near and far-sighted, the astigmatic, the one-eyed and the half-blind stood in long queues in front of Vladimir's shop waiting to be served. Every person wearing spectacles will comprehend the eagerness of those who for years had not been able to read, to write, to recognize their wives at a distance of ten feet, or to cross a street in safety.

When Vladimir opened his shop, many thousands were ready to give their last for a pair of glasses. And he took their last. He took rubles, tshervontzi, valuta, medals, wedding rings and gold teeth.

When the business started booming, Vladimir had a talk with his well-placed friend, and the next day gave up fitting glasses himself. He hired a fellow-optician, and opened another shop in another street. From then on Vladimir's shops increased like rabbits. At the time I met him he owned sixty places in Moscow and Leningrad, each of them working to capacity. The NEP allowing only small enterprises with a limited number of employees and barring any kind of chain stores, Vladimir had to be careful. In none of his sixty shops did they know about the other fifty-nine; in each of these places he was called by a different name. Vladimir used to keep a little book into which he glanced every time he entered one of his stores to make sure whether he was Dmitri or Alexei or Ilya or Leo.

A torrent of money was pouring into Vladimir's pockets. And when I say pockets, I don't speak metaphorically. Vladimir couldn't take his money to the state bank because they would have asked him embarrassing questions; he couldn't send it abroad; he couldn't hire a vault. Consequently, his oversized pockets bulged with millions of rubles and thousands of tshervontzi.

Vladimir slept on money, dressed in money, and walked on money. If only he could have got big banknotes which are easy to carry! But the highest denomination obtainable was one tshervonetz—five dollars. Whenever he pulled out his handkerchief or his cigarette case, a shower of money came out with it. His pockets bursting, his interlined fur coat and cap rustling suspiciously, he started stuffing his felt boots with banknotes.

Vladimir looked frantically for a way to spend his fortune, but whatever sums he paid out, his income increased at a greater speed. Although new clothes were practically unobtainable in Moscow, Vladimir's wardrobe was overflowing with brand new suits, imported silk shirts and English shoes

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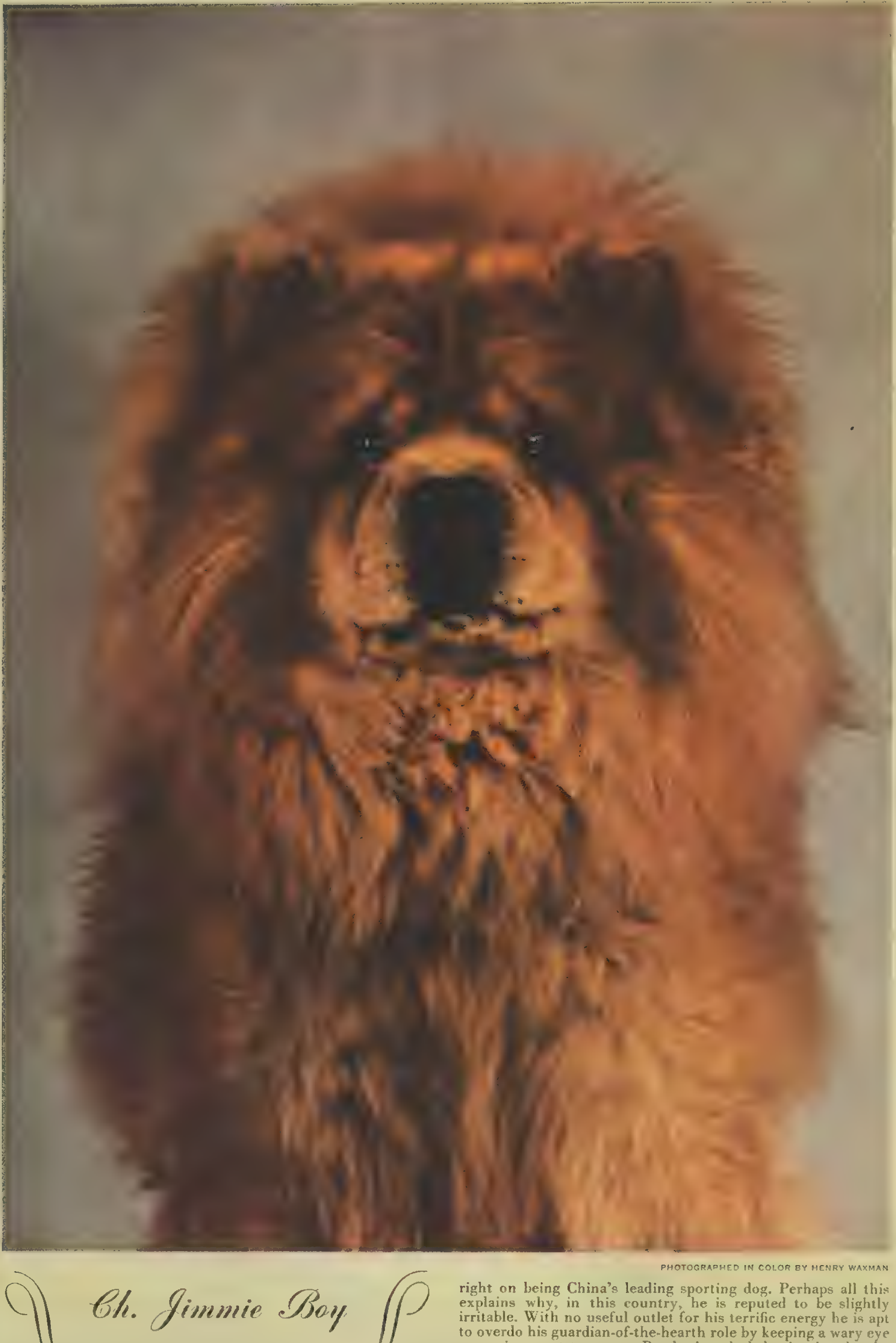


PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

Ch. Jimmie Boy

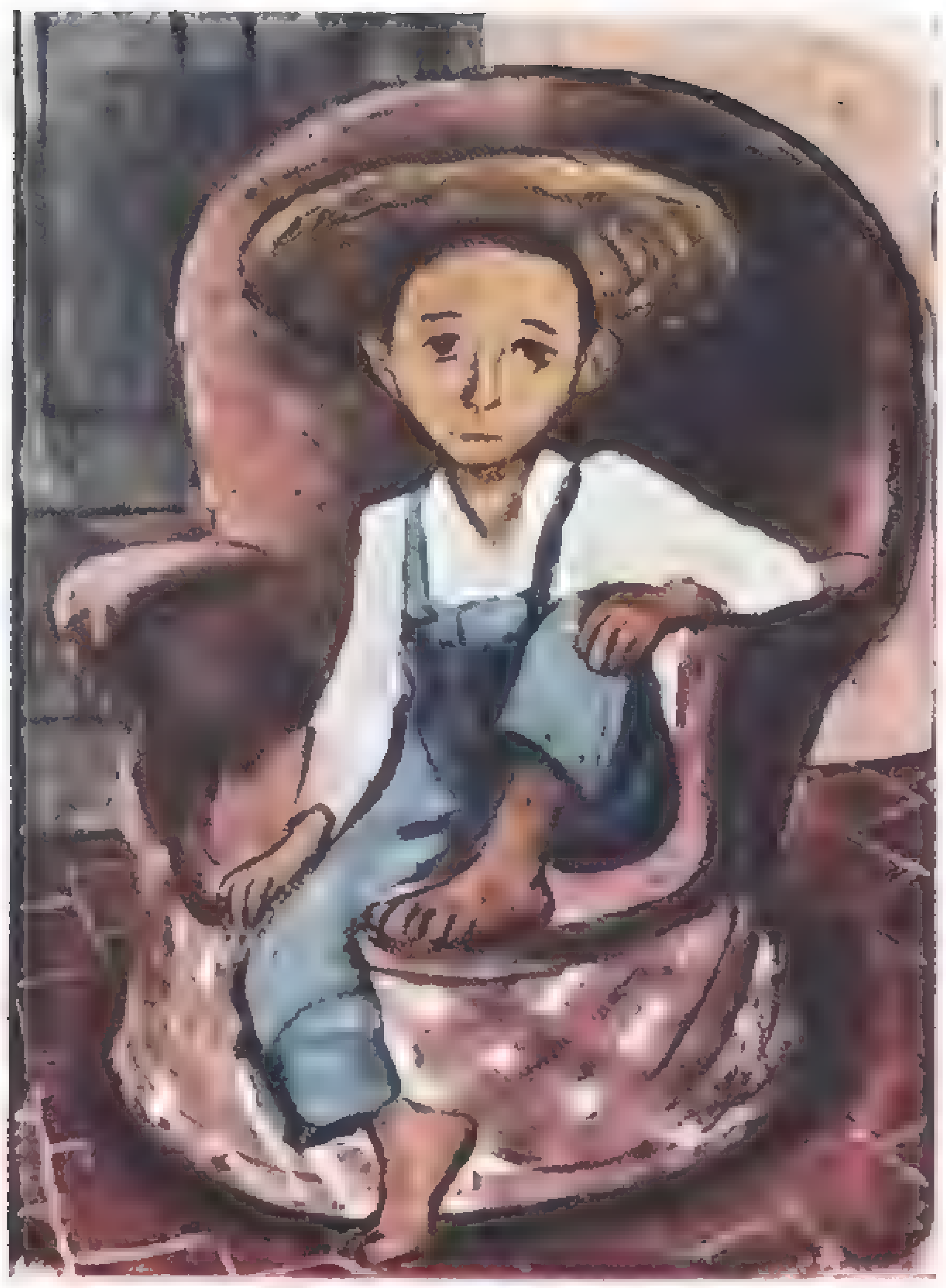
OWNED BY MISS KATHERINE STAPLES, OYSTER BAY, N. Y.

The Chow—China's Black-Mouthed Sporting Dog. The Chow has been China's favorite gun dog for some 2,000 years. No one knows whence his black tongue comes but his nose, good as the keenest-scented setters, developed from centuries of flushing Mongolian pheasant. A 7th century T'ang emperor had a field day with a kennel of some 2,500 couples of "hounds"—definitely Chow in type. Today, the Chow goes right on being China's leading sporting dog. Perhaps all this explains why, in this country, he is reputed to be slightly irritable. With no useful outlet for his terrific energy he is apt to overdo his guardian-of-the-hearth role by keeping a wary eye on an innocent tea guest. But he is only behaving in what he considers a highly efficient manner. In Canton, to which he is indigenous, he is called the "Black Tongue" or Black-mouthed dog; in the North, "Lang Kou," or wolf dog. "Chow Chow" is a nickname evolved from a pidgin English expression meaning anything brought from China during the latter part of the 18th century—such as, knick-knacks, or bric-a-brac, or even dogs. The breed made its United States debut in 1890 and has been making friends, slowly, but surely, ever since.—CHASE HERENDEEN.

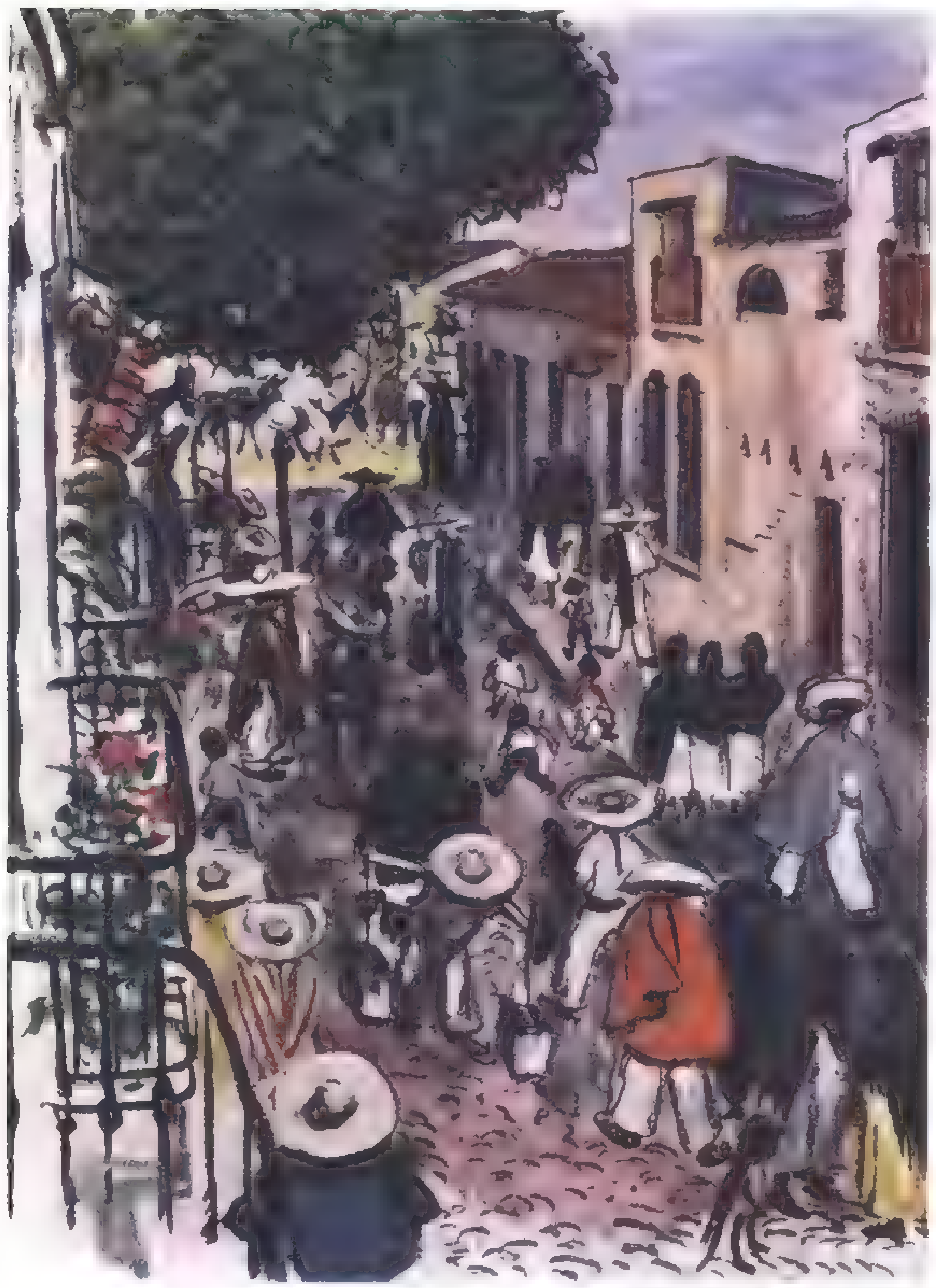
Impressions of Mexico

A GROUP OF PAINTINGS

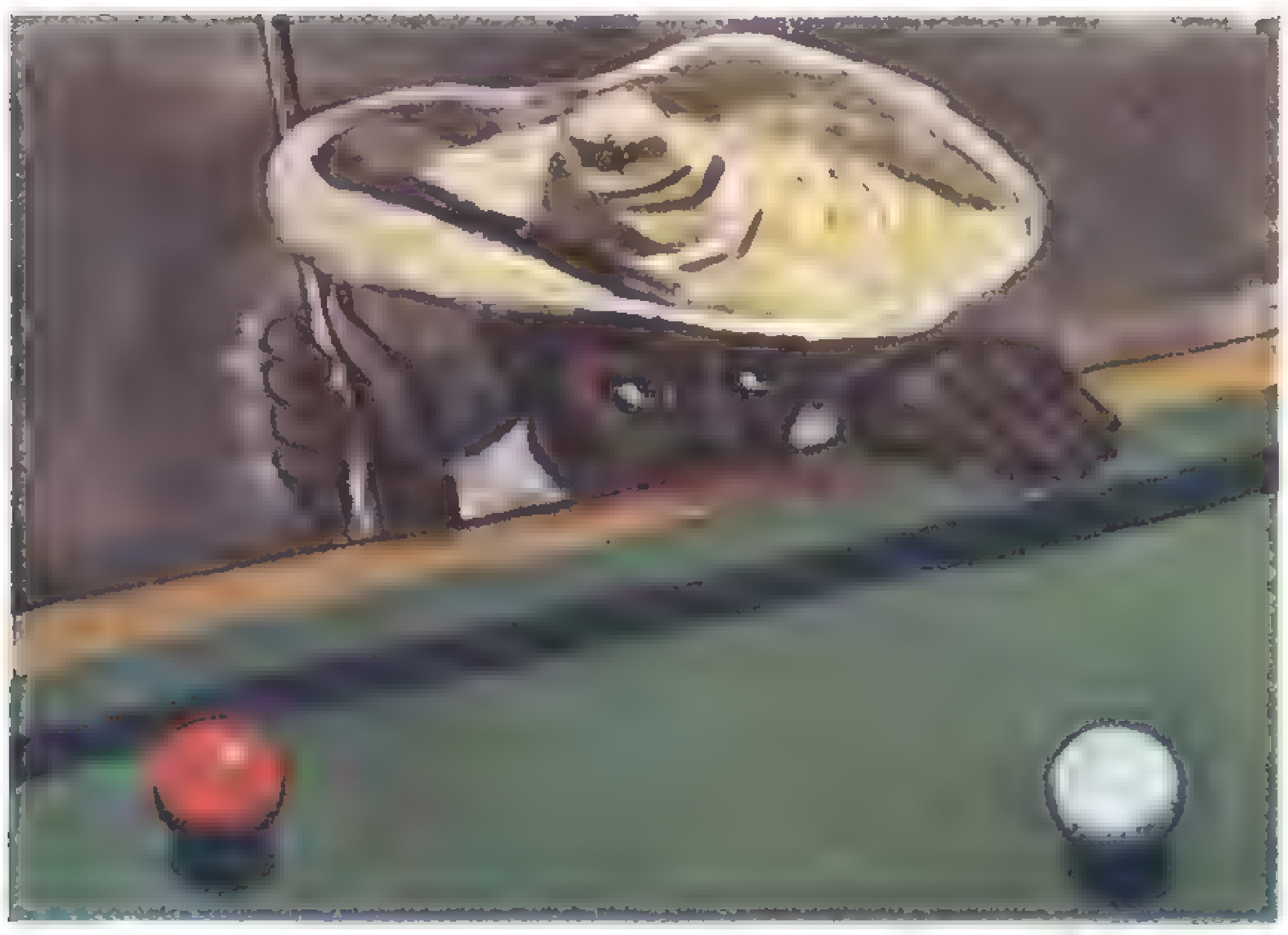
by HOWARD BAER



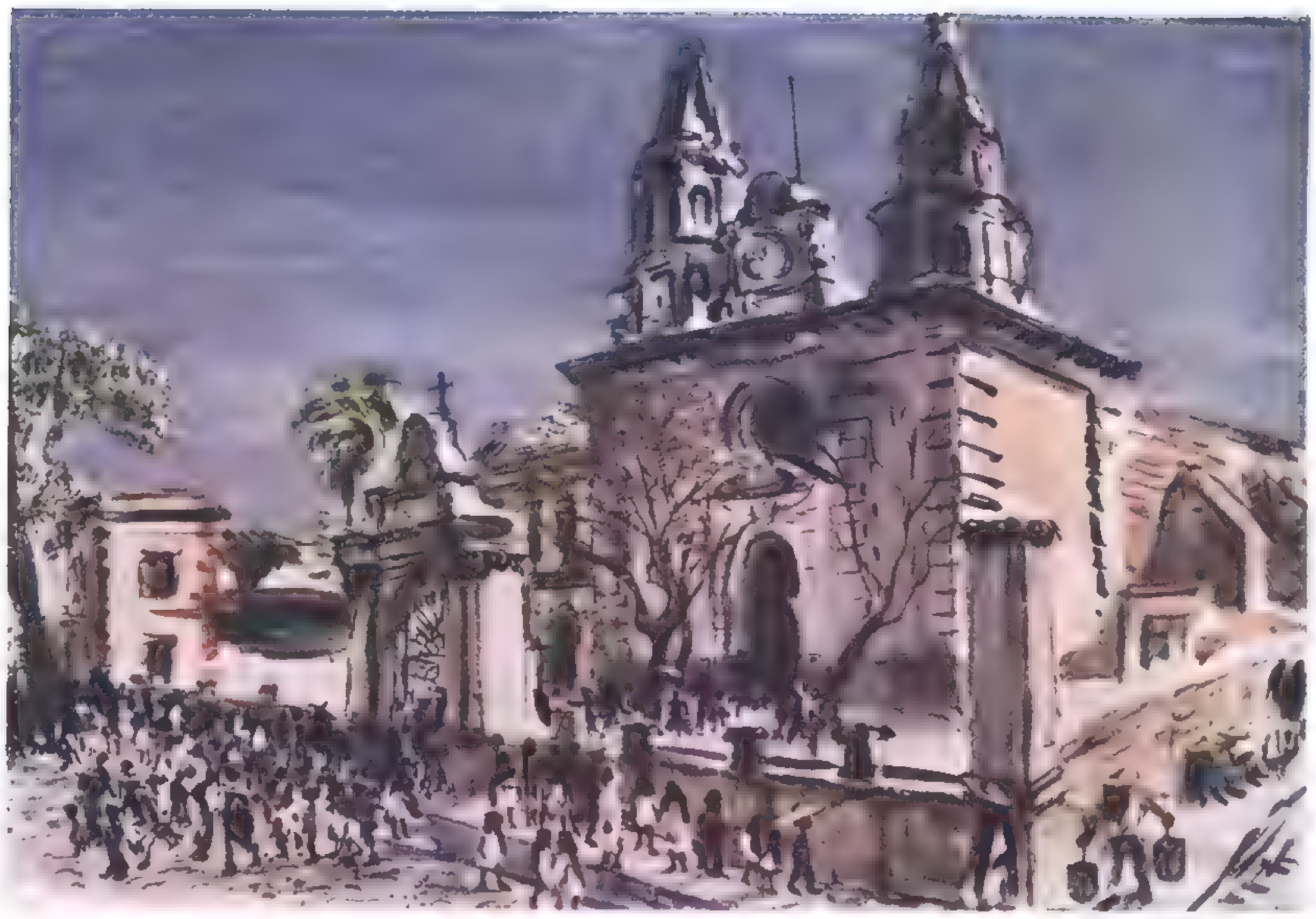
WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR



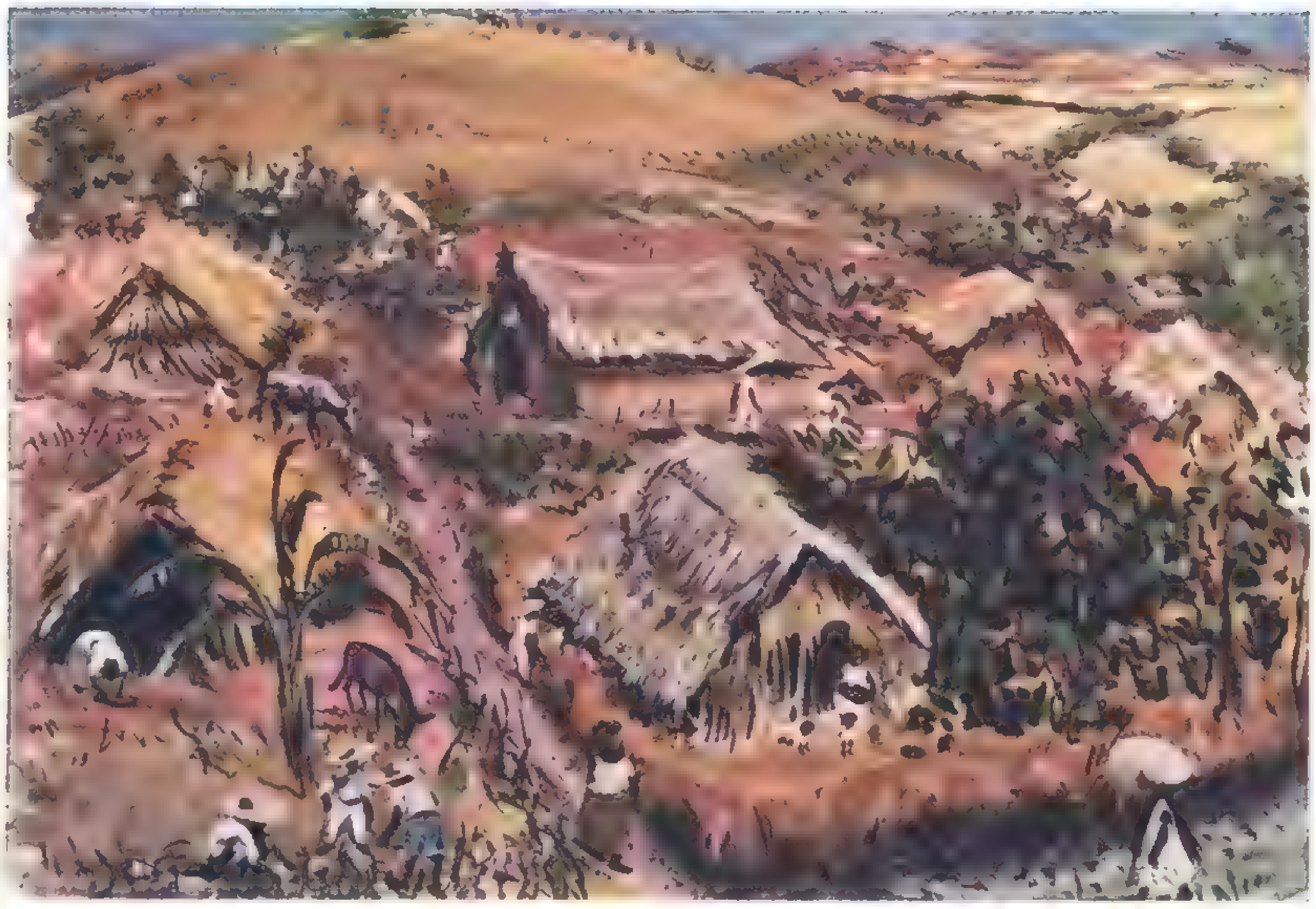
CHURCH STREET



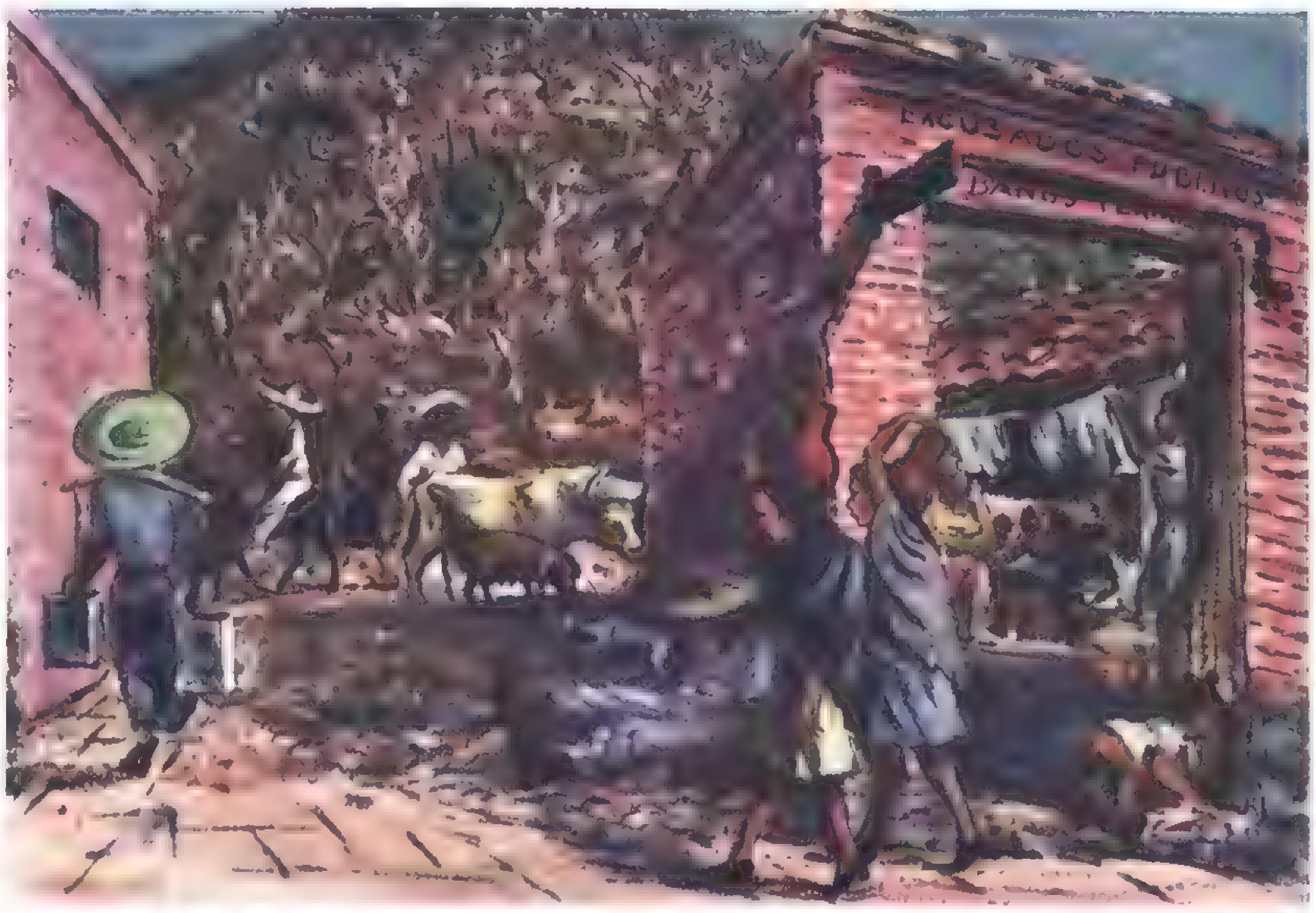
DRAWING THE BEAD



AFTER MASS



BEHIND THE HILL



PUBLIC BATHS

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Howard Baer: Doubling in Paint

He has never kidded himself into waiting until year after next to give his attention to serious art

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

HOWARD BAER is one of my favorite cartoonists and caricaturists. There are delights and surprises in his drawing and color which are absent in the work of other illustrators who are only too glad to work the old stereotype for which they have won their public. His females may not be the luscious and seductive kind which inspire buckets and baskets of fan mail, but I recognize these women as belonging to the Cosmopolis of 1941 whereas the women of other cartoonists are usually curvaceous pipedreams. I do hope that my limited experience does not put me in the class of the farmer at the zoo who declared, while staring straight at the giraffe, "There ain't no such animal." There can be no such dispute concerning Baer's women. They are the result of sharp observation, and even if they are not a multitude, they are at least not the same woman. A twelve-year-old boy once wrote Baer a fan letter, and yet not a fan letter. He wanted to know why the artist made his women so vicious looking, which reflects the attitude of the twelve-year-old male toward what Marcel Vertès calls "the stronger sex." Of greater importance than the kind of women Baer draws and paints is the fact, which becomes patent with the publication of every work signed by him, that he can paint and draw, that he has potentialities and aspirations beyond the day's work, difficult and exacting as even the day's work is.

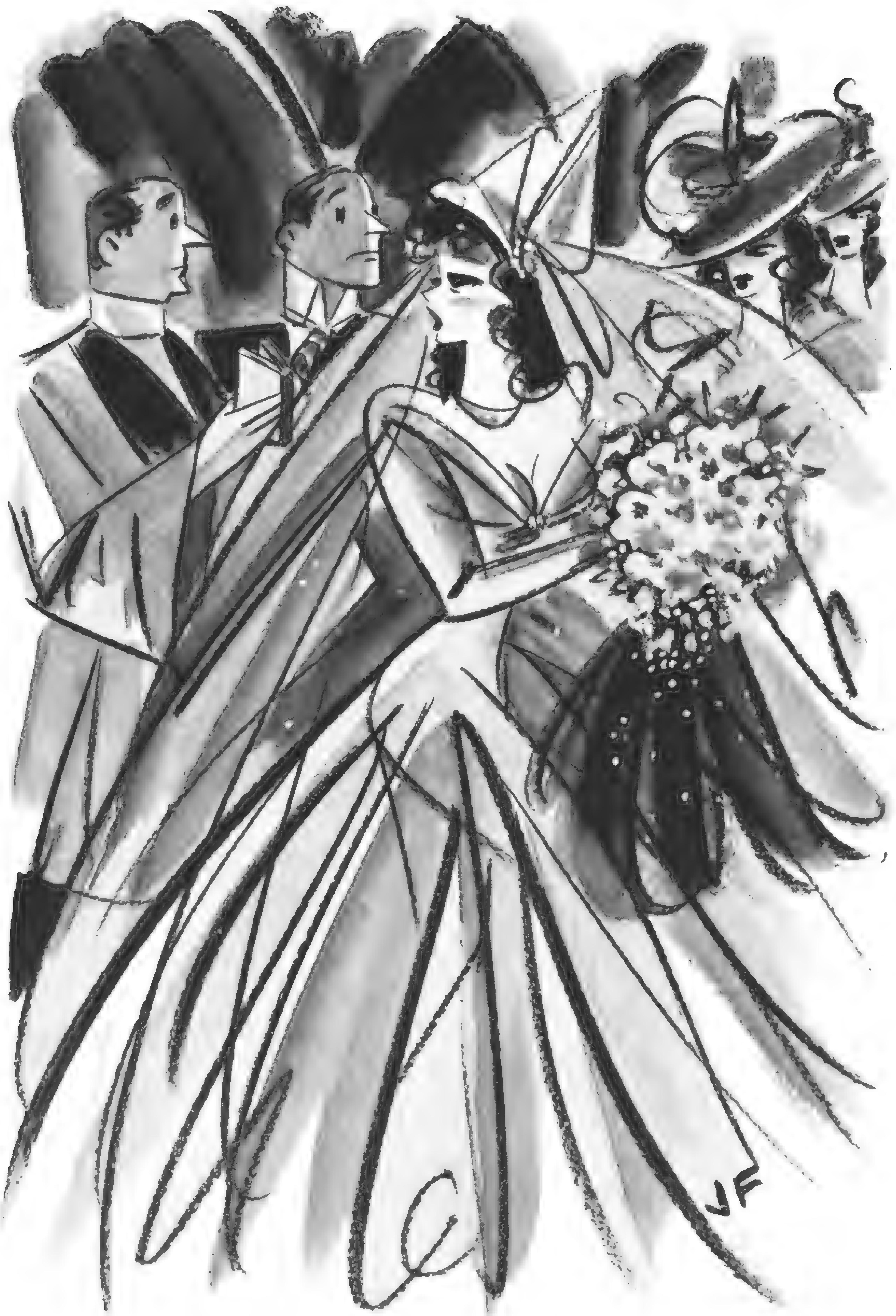
Baer's commitments to the newspaper syndicate for which he works and to the magazines to which his drawings add notes of sophisticated gaiety require him to draw as many as 365 cartoons a year, in color and in black and white. For Esquire alone he draws an average of five cartoons a month over the year and up to date no issue of this magazine has appeared without an example of his work. In addition he has work to do for advertising agencies as well as other business organizations and for publications other than Esquire. And yet he finds the time and the energy for working on his own in such less profitable mediums as etching, lithography and oil paints. He may be facile in his cartooning, but no matter how facile he is, he must drive himself to complete his obligations and, at the same time, he is fearful of his facility and, being fearful, curious and experimenting. He has worked hard and is working hard to extend the boundaries of his knowledge and experience by playing with mediums in which his cartooning facility will do him no good. He is young and determined. He wants, he says, to keep a perfect balance between art and cartooning, the problem of self-expression and that of making a living. He does not propose to wait until a grey old age when he will have enough of that coveted leisure to devote to art and when he may find, as have others, that when one has the leisure, the impulse may no longer be there. He has in his memory, as a horrible example, the experience of a famous cartoonist of the Henry C. Raleigh generation who was invited to teach at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, where Baer himself was a student. Well, the famous cartoonist, now freed from cartooning, began to paint in his free time, but all that he could do with oil paints was to repeat those tricks in his collection of stereotypes which constituted his signature as a cartoonist. In other words, the great cartoonist had waited too long; he could not paint, he could not become an artist. Baer does not propose to fall into that well. Even if he does not become an artist, or a great painter, the desire and the intention not to fall into that well prove that he possesses something beyond the basic technique and the bag of tricks needed to make a living. This month, therefore, he makes his debut as an artist, with an exhibition of paintings at the New York gallery of the Associated American Artists, where he will show something like forty works based on Mexican themes. Howard Baer goes on from here.

Baer is up to his neck in work most of the time. Whenever he turns around, there another deadline awaits him, yet he seems more at ease and at peace than many men who have nothing more important to do than to sit looking pretty and well-groomed. He has the enviable gift of being able to drop his burdens at a moment's notice and give himself completely to relaxation, no matter how efficiently his brain may continue its cerebral revolutions. He may work hard before and after, but he does not carry into the cocktail and dinner hour the sweat and the pre-occupations of his work. He knows how to worry at his work and how not to worry at his play. You would never dream that Howard Baer was too far removed from the status of a well-dressed remittance man, that is, if you should catch him away from his drawing board, where, thirteen days out of fourteen, he is engaged in the sport of beating deadlines. Howard Baer seems to be the counterpart of the busy and efficient executive whose desk is perfectly clear and who has all the time in the world for passing visitors and yet who manages mysteriously during hours apparently not on the clock to get miracles performed.

Because he was born on February 14th of 1906 his mother gave him the middle name of Valentine, which he has since discarded, because he has never been that kind of boy. The place was Finleyville, in the Allegheny Mountain section of Pennsylvania, where his father ran a small department store. Howard had a normal boyhood. There was nothing precious about his temperament or his way of life. He was never a solitary, always one of the boys of the town, with no sense of inferiority to compensate. He is said to have had a

Continued in center of page 179

"He's acting like a child with a new toy"



"I'll see you later dear—I've got to rush out and open some charge accounts"

The Pancreas of the Boss

Kovács nearly collapsed on the President's elegant carpet for slaves don't like being noticed

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

FICTION

Mr. Kovács worked in the head office of a gigantic corporation in Budapest. His presence there didn't have the slightest influence on the policies of the firm; he was just another white-collar slave, who allowed himself the luxury of keeping a family. A wife and three children. For this family Mr. Kovács had given up all the joys of life. He didn't smoke, didn't drink, didn't go to the movies. It was probably when he was about forty years old that he began to notice disquieting symptoms. He felt tired all the time; he was dizzy and thirsty. For a long time he didn't want to confess even to himself that he was sick, because for a slave like him sickness was a dangerous luxury. But his feeling of constant thirst became so torturing that he finally listened to his wife and went to the free clinic to have himself examined.

The doctor looked at Mr. Kovács and informed him that he had diabetes. He told him about the many dangers of the disease. He prescribed insulin. And he explained to him that henceforth he must not eat candy, pastry, starches, bread, potatoes, beans, or sweet fruits.

Mr. Kovács didn't worry about the candy and the other sweets. But what could he substitute for bread and potatoes? How was he going to pay for the insulin? And what was he going to do if something should happen to him? For instance, if his eyes went bad on him? The doctor had told him that diabetes often has a deleterious effect on the vision.

The poor slave received such a shock from this discovery that during the first days following the diagnosis he wanted to commit suicide. He even picked out a nail in the kitchen of his home to hang himself on.

But slowly he got reconciled to the situation. He realized that he had to go on living for his family. He found that he could get the insulin and the hypodermic free from the brotherhood to which he belonged. And so far as the diet was concerned, it was really fun to follow it. The slave felt tremendous power in his hands all of a sudden. He had the right to decide himself how to divide his daily carbohydrate allotment. He could choose between half an apple and a slice of bread. This meant a certain amount of amusement, something like working on a crossword puzzle. But he had to learn the value of calories and the degree of carbohydrates in the various foodstuffs. On the whole, his education improved, his vision enlarged. He learned who Banting was and what kind of organ the pancreas is. There are poor people to whom even sickness means a certain kind of advancement. Their associates began to pay more attention to them and they themselves have an excuse for being more concerned with their persons. For this reason, since the diagnosis of his diabetes, Mr. Kovács felt that the weight and importance of his personality had increased.

He had been living for four weeks in the half-depressing, half-elevating realization of his affliction, when one morning the office manager came to his desk and told him that the President wanted to see him.

Mr. Kovács stood up trembling behind his desk. Slaves do not like to be noticed. What could the Boss want of him? Nothing good, that much was certain. What kind of evil was about to crash down on his head? He was probably going to be fired. That was it! After twenty years of service they were going to kick him out on the street!

He ambled through ten rooms in which male and female slaves like him stooped over desks and typewriters. Then he reached sunnier climes; he was walking among dignified leather furniture. Finally, through the insulated door, he entered the Holy of Holies. Under his feet he felt soft rugs; in front of him he saw a majestically enormous desk; above the desk, on the wall, a portrait of the Founder of the firm glared at him from behind a pair of sea lion's moustaches.

But the Boss himself was invisible. He was hidden behind the newspaper he was reading. Like sacrificial smoke from an altar, a thin, blue streak of cigar smoke rose from behind the sheets.

Mr. Kovács stood at the threshold. He bowed deeply once, and then three more times until he reached the center of the rug. There he hesitated. In vain did he try to control himself; he panted nervously and loudly as he faced the desk.

The Boss kept on reading for a minute which seemed like an eternity to Mr. Kovács. Finally he put down the newspaper and turned his shiny, huge, smooth-shaven, cruel face toward the slave. He addressed him curtly and without introduction:

"They tell me, Kovács, that you have diabetes! Is that true?"

The slave almost collapsed on the rug. "Here it is!" he thought. "He's found out I am sick! Now he is going to fire me!" His knees shook; he needed all his strength to defend himself:

"Yes, Your Excellency, it is true," he stammered. "But my sickness does not prevent me in the slightest from doing good work in the office! Quite on the contrary: since I have been on a diet, I feel much fresher and stronger! If Your Excellency will take the trouble to inquire, he will find that since Banting discovered insulin, diabetes has entirely lost its serious implications."

The Boss made a light gesture with his manicured, fat hand. And interrupting the slave, he answered superciliously and almost jokingly:

"You're telling me? I've had diabetes for ten years!"

He took a small silver case out of his pocket

Continued in center of page 143

"Where's my cut on the baseball pool you've been running?"

For the Esprit de Corps

Serg. Smoot complained all the weak brains in the regiment had been shoved off into his patoon

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

Sergeant Smoot stood at nicely balanced attention before Captain Hitchcock in the latter's office. First Sergeant Edwards was also present at the interview. The company commander leaned back in his chair and rubbed his dark chin. "I'm gravely disappointed in you, Smoot. Stand at ease."

Smoot said nothing as he shifted his legs.

"When I recommended you for promotion to the rank of sergeant," Captain Hitchcock went on, "I had every right to expect that your eight years of regular army service, your experience of military routine, and your familiarity with discipline would make an efficient non-commissioned officer of you."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Smoot.

"Sergeant Edwards, under whom you soldiered in the old days, felt the same way as I did about you. Isn't that so, Edwards?"

First Sergeant Edwards conceded with a nod that it was so.

"In a very definite way the safety of our nation is in the hands of men such as you, Smoot. An army is no better than its non-commissioned officers. It is the non-com who sets the example for the men. Well, I am very gravely disappointed in the way you have executed the trust we've placed in you. This business of the stud poker game, for one thing. The War Department isn't paying these new draftees their monthly salary so that you can win it away from them. Then there's the matter of the regimental drill last week in which your platoon disgraced the company. Again, you are perfectly aware of the regulation regarding inviting girls to the cantonment during—"

"Can I say something?" interrupted Smoot.

"Certainly."

"That there was Ortwingle's girl—Corporal Ortwingle's girl, sir. I never seen her in my life before. Ortwingle is on guard duty and she comes out and so he astes me to—"

"I'd rather not go into the details now, if you don't mind. That wasn't the way I heard the story, but I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. What the whole thing comes down to, Smoot, is the shameful lack of military discipline in your platoon. Our Fourth Platoon is probably the poorest drilled, the raggedest, the most awkward platoon in the entire American Army. Your corporals—"

"Well," said Smoot in defense of himself, "I guess all the weak brains in the regiment is shoved off on my patoon. All I got is some acting corporals that is been in the army only a couple of months—"

"I know the men who constitute your platoon, sergeant. I put them there. With your experience and your long army training I had purposely given the most difficult draftees over to you. Any bright lad can whip a lot of good men into shape. It takes a real soldier to make a fighting unit out of a bunch of nondescripts. I purposely picked you for this difficult task. And now you've let me down."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Smoot.

"What are we going to do about it, sergeant?" asked the company commander, turning to First Sergeant Edwards.

"I suppose Corporal Smith could take over the Fourth Platoon if necessary, sir."

"Corky Smith?" Smoot shook his head. "Pardon me for sayin' so in the captain's presence, but if you would go ahead and hold a contest to see who is the dumbest soldier in the whole U. S. Army, why Corky Smith would win it without half tryin'."

Captain Hitchcock had no intention of allowing his gravity to relax. "The point is," he went on unsmilingly, "I don't like to be thought guilty of a mistake in judgment. As you know, in a week or so we're going out on divisional war games. We'll be on tactical maneuvers, with General Bartlett commanding. If your platoon makes a mess of it I'll get a dressing down from the colonel. And the colonel will get brotherly hell from the brigade commander. And so on and so on. Well, Smoot, what are we going to do to prevent this from happening?"

"I think if this guy Hyler is transferred over into my patoon it will be a big help."

"Hyler?"

"Private Hyler, sir," said Edwards. "One of the draftees."

"Yes, sir," said Smoot. "Hyler's full of brains. He's a doctor of philosophy or something. If he is made into a corporal, with his brains and my experience I guess even this Fourth Patoon would turn out okay."

"We'll see," said Hitchcock. "You may return to your quarters."

"Very good, sir."

When Smoot had left, Hitchcock turned to his top sergeant and smiled. "I guess wishing that platoon full of misfits on poor Smoot is a kind of a dirty trick."

"Somebody's got to rassle with 'em," Edwards grinned, shrugging. "Smoot would rather drown than be a non-com. But non-coms don't come a dime a dozen these days."

"What about Hyler?"

"I'd recommend making out a warrant. He's raw but he's got the educational qualifications—he was doing post graduate work at one of the big colleges when the draft came along and blew him our way."

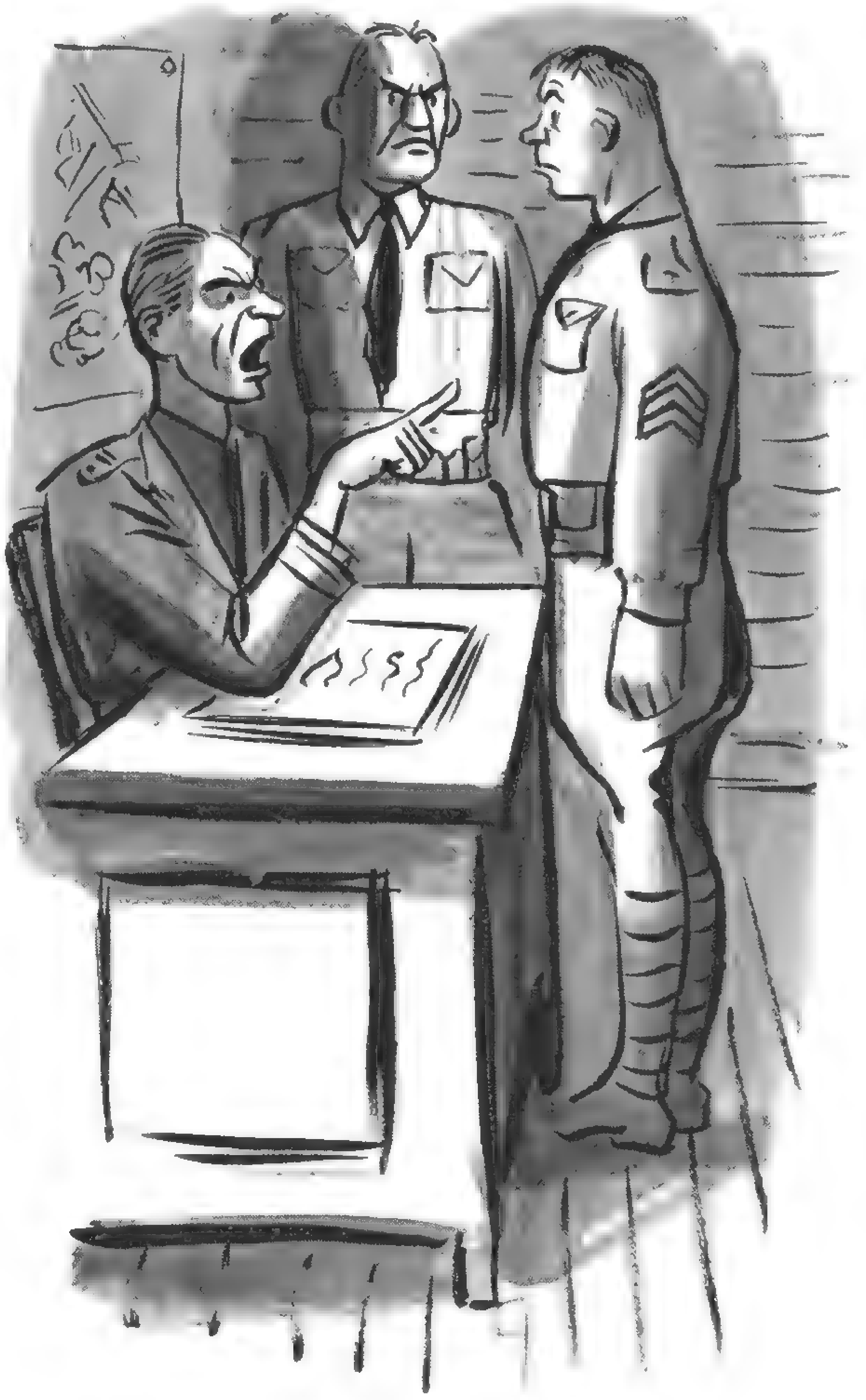
"All right." Captain Hitchcock shook his head. "What an army! Shades of General Sherman, what an army! The material's fine, but they expect us to create an efficient military machine in a couple of months. Well, we'll do our damndest, sergeant. Make out the order to headquarters for Hyler's promotion."

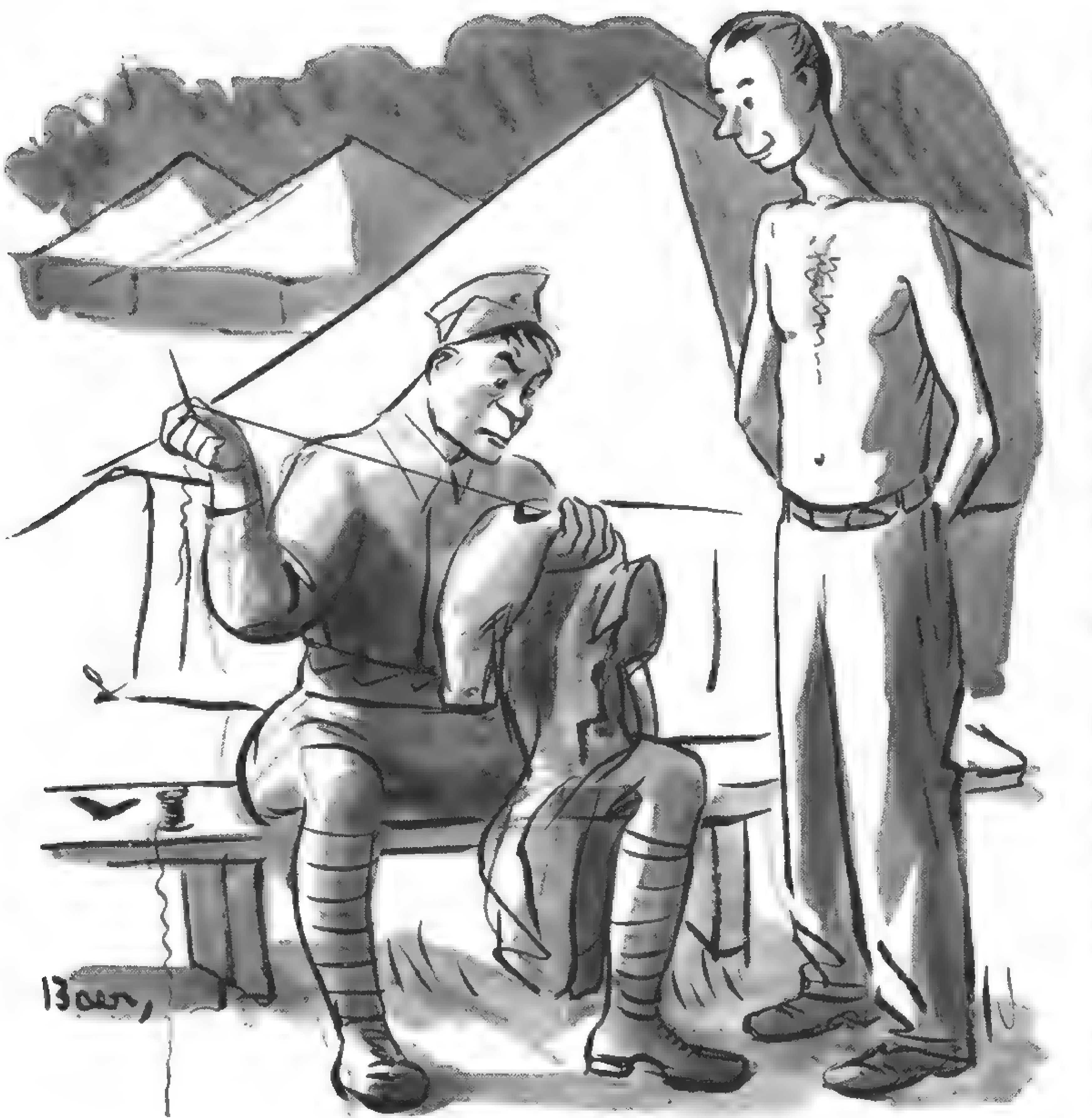
Corporals Ortwingle and Corky Smith found their buddy bent over his cot, his elbows resting on his knees, his head in his hands. "When is the pie wagon comin' to take you away to Fort Leavenworth?" asked Ortwingle.

"This isn't no time for reparty."

"Huh?"

"Reparty," Smoot repeated, "Is





French for guys like you which is continuously shootin' their mouths off." He reached in his pocket and carefully extracted a cigarette from the package with his fingernails, a habit he had been compelled to acquire in the presence of his pals. "If you was into the trouble that I am into you wouldn't think it's so funny." Smoot raised his head and motioned toward a recruit a few bunks down the squadroom. "See that guy? That's Flemming. In three months he ain't been able to learnt to halt with both feet at the same time. And over there is Foster who falls out for reveille without his pants on. And Wagnalls and Johnson and that little guy with the sailboat ears—they couldn't keep in step if they was on a Georgia chain gang."

"Have you got a extra handkerchief?" Ortwingle inquired of Smith. "I am about to bust into tears."

"There is jist one big break that I am got in my new patoon," said Sergeant Smoot, as though to himself, "and that is that the defense program is so behind that they ain't issued us sidearms yet, because in the hands of the Fourth Patoon a regulation bayonet would be as safe as in the hands of a two-year-old."

"Well, gee," Corky Smith objected. "Kin we help it if they go and raise you up to be a sergeant and then wish the Fourth Patoon on you? It is a national emergency."

"This is what I get repaid with because on account of my loyalty to the army for eight years. I get charge of the Fourth Patoon in L Company where all the dopes in the regiment wind up. And now next week is divisional maneuvers and some of my guys I am gonna haff to put signs on their arms which tell them which is their left hand and which is their right. Please, this is not foolin'. Go away some place. I don't need no help bein' miserable."

The next morning after drill Harrison Hyler, the ex-philosophy student, emerged from the orderly room and sauntered over to Sergeant Smoot's cot, a somewhat dazed expression on his countenance. In his hand he held a set of corporal's chevrons.

"Look," said Harrison Hyler. "For the first time in my life I am wordless. Three months ago I was sweating over the seven postulates of St. Thomas Acquinas. Today I am a corporal in the United States Army. Do you know how to sew, sergeant?"

"If that is what you call wordless then all them students in colleges must have sore throats most of the time. Certainly I can sew. Here. Gimme them things."

"Aren't you completely amazed at this extraordinary turn of events?" Hyler demanded.

"No," Smoot told him. "I am the one who I suggested you be made into a corporal and assigned to my patoon, because I am desperate for lack of a couple of brains."

"You're an altogether astonishing chap, you know," observed Corporal Hyler as Smoot, employing a skilled stitch, proceeded to attach the chevrons to the new non-com's tunic.

"In about one week, as soon as you see what you are up against in this here Fourth Patoon of ours, you will be calling me a louse for getting you transferred into it. Well, that is the national emergency for you."

"In that estimate, at least, I consider you to be something less than clairvoyant, sergeant. Although conscious of my shortcomings as a soldier and keenly aware of my lack of experience, I am not without a certain—well, shall we say a certain faculty for observation. It has been clear to me that most of the regiment's problem children have been assigned to the Fourth Platoon. For myself, I rather welcome the opportunity to aid in whipping this crude material into shape."

Sergeant Smoot blinked and let these euphonious words sink into his consciousness. It took a considerable while. "Here's your blouse."

"On whom do you suggest we start?"

"Start what?"

"Well, I gather that we are to engage very shortly in a series of crucial maneuvers for the benefit of the commanding general. Without intending to overstep my authority, I think the most efficient method of preparing our platoon for the test is to use the intervening time thoroughly to tutor each one of our backward members in the function he will be expected to play."

"You mean you think there's a chance that it is possible to drill any sense into the heads of them dummies that our patoon is full up of?"

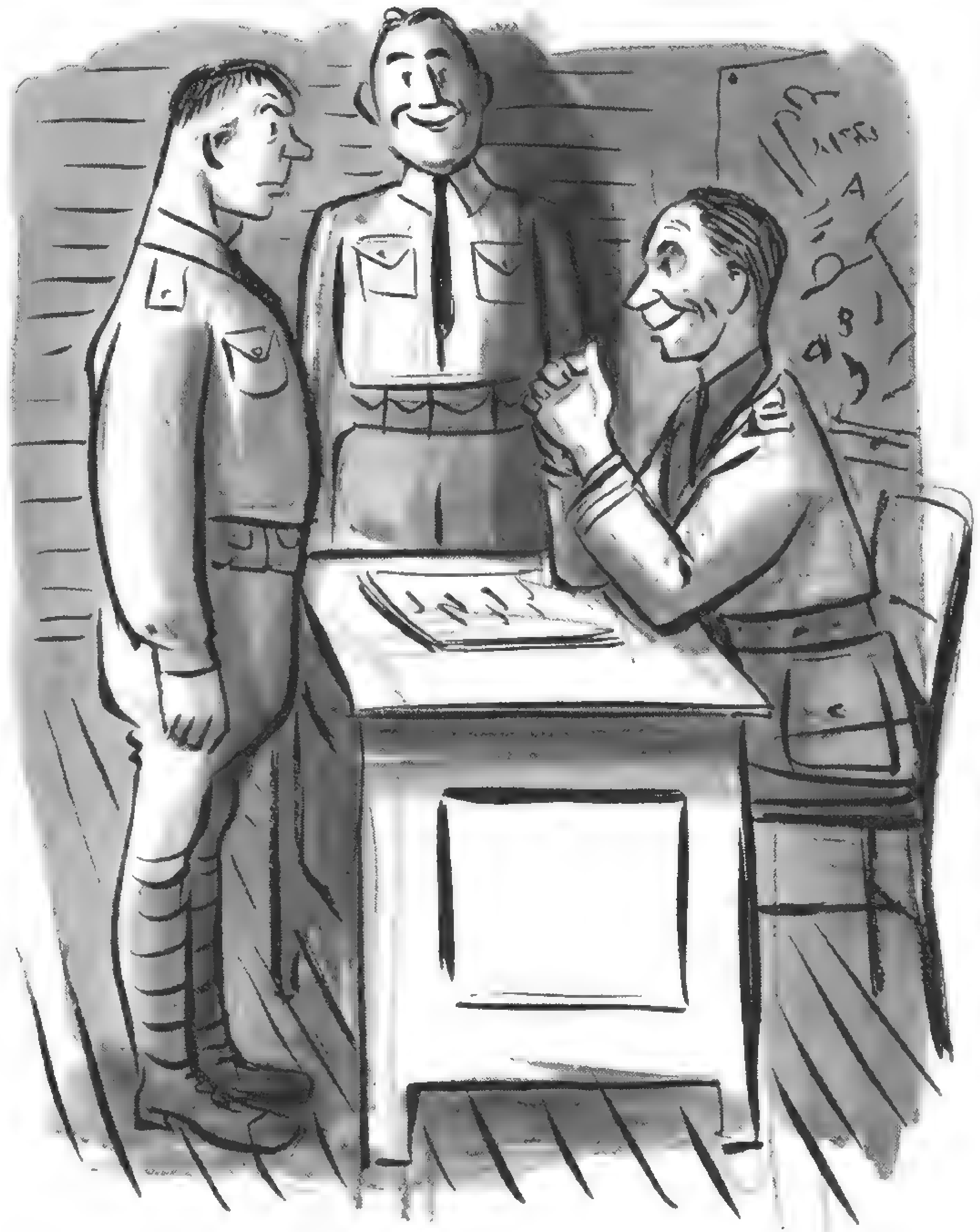
"We can do no less than try."

"Okay," said Sergeant Smoot. "As long as I am putting in a requisition for a brain I suppose I am got to use it. Ony I guess I ought to warn you that you will find out pretty immediately how it is easily possible for one human being to have twenty-eight different headaches all at the same time."

Hyler laughed. "I doubt very much whether it is possible to teach a student of Kant's transcendental dialectic anything new about headaches."

Nevertheless the new corporal was to discover things about the human intelligence nowhere to be found in Kant. Such foot maneuvers as obliques, in which the platoon marched in echelon in column of squads, generally resulted in a debacle. A conception of the meaning of co-operation was absent from most of the members of the Fourth Platoon. Life had imbued them with an exaggerated sense of individualism. A straight line as being the shortest distance between two points was still a fantastic abstraction to most of its recruits. Harrison Hyler made them reasonable little speeches on the philosophy of collective discipline while Sergeant Smoot barked desperately at them in a hoarse drill master's voice. As the day for the field maneuvers drew near the Fourth Platoon was persuaded to fall out voluntarily after

Continued in center of page 166



First Nights & Passing Judgments

Offering constructive suggestions to playwrights, producers, critics and the Pulitzer prize committee

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Pro-Sentiment.—Now that we are on the threshold of another theatrical season, let us muse upon the contemporary critical attitude toward sentiment, and hope that in the coming year it may get a somewhat fairer deal. Surely one not given to a tutti-frutti philosophy of life, I am nevertheless often puzzled by some of my colleagues' arbitrary objection to sentiment per se. What's so wrong about it?

The answer, of course, is nothing. But for some reason or other a liberal share of the critical gentry seems to be professionally afraid of it. In private life the boys, if I know anything at all about them after years of close friendship, are the most of them as sentimental fellows as you can find this side of a moonlit Dixie magnolia arbor. But once they don the first-night bib and tucker a change comes over them wondrous to behold. The quondam gentle brows become furrowed with Dostoievskian frowns. The baby blue eyes become etched with thunder clouds. The warm hearts turn to stone. They become, in short, as hardboiled as all hell.

Why?

Well, one reason may possibly be found in their apparent conviction that sentiment is something for a critic to be ashamed of, that tradition demands he be toughly realistic whether he feels like being toughly realistic or not, and that there is something about sentiment, however rational, honest and sound, that is just a little *infra dignitatem* to the completely adult mind. And a second reason may be discovered in their collateral theory that the way to pass oneself off for a brainy fellow is to exercise an aloof iconoclasm, a superior condescension and a general air of kindergarten Nietzscheism in the presence of even a field daisy.

This latter day business of sneering all dramatic sentiment out of countenance is the critical equivalent of the ancient vaudeville act in which a man vehemently informed another how he was going to put his wife in her place and then, when she was heard yelling for him, hang-dog went to obey her. The hardboiled protestations in the case of the critics similarly fool nobody, except the critics, who nevertheless frequently give themselves dead away.

For example.

The majority of them last season loftily waved aside the play, *Claudia*, because of its sentimental treatment. That any other treatment, in view of its theme, would have been illogical and that the sentiment had entire dramatic integrity, didn't matter to them. It was sentimental and hence not for a moment to be critically condoned. On the other hand, many of the same critics fell hook, line and sinker for *Watch On The Rhine* which was every bit as sentimental but which, since it dealt with a man's urge to fight Hitlerism instead of a young girl's marriage problems, somehow allowed them to persuade themselves that it wasn't at all sentimental but rather pretty masculinely realistic. Miss Hellman was quite as sentimental in her treatment of her theme as Miss Franken was in the treatment of hers. The sole difference was that the strength of their prejudice against Hitlerism obscured the issue, being too powerful to permit them to detect and resist the sentimentalism of the author, whereas their relative indifference to the problems of a young girl gave them plenty of time to concentrate on the sentimental approach of the second author.

Personal prejudice aside and viewing the plays as plays, still irrespective of philosophical sympathy with their theses, surely no plays could be more thoroughly sentimental than *There Shall Be No Night*, *Flight To The West* and *The Talley Method*. Yet merely because they have dealt good hands to the doctrines stoutly held by the majority of the critics, the critics have failed to perceive them as the basically sentimental affairs they have been. Apparently the way to fool the bravos into good notices this coming season will be, while keeping the rest of the plays largely intact, to make all the Peg o' My Hearts refugees from the Gestapo and all the Little Lord Fauntleroys nephews of Winston Churchill.

Hate is simply sentimentality with its coat inside out. Let these critics remember that when in the future they assay the relative values of plays about men with swastikas on their arms and of plays about girls with bunches of roses in theirs.

* * *

Actor Meets Actor.—Stated Miss Helen Hayes last season: "Shakespeare knew how to write for actors; he was an actor." Allowing for the fact that Miss Hayes was then playing in *Twelfth Night* and that the publicity was good for the show, it remains that the many other plays in which she has in her long career appeared and which in sum have established her fine histrionic reputation have not been written by dramatists who have been actors. Surely Miss Hayes is much too modest to wish us to believe that she achieved that reputation despite writers who did not know how to write for actors.

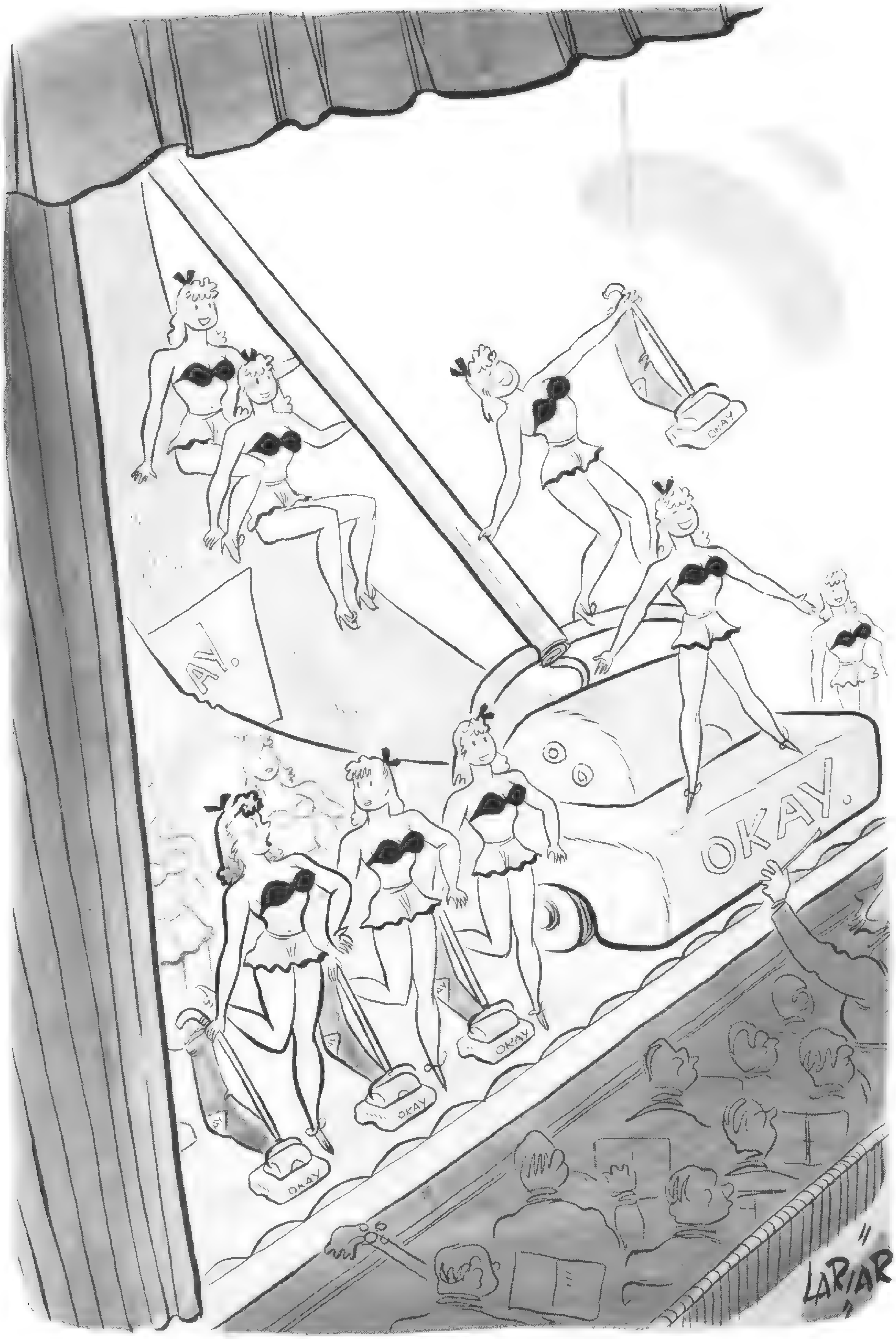
* * *

Constructive Suggestion To Playwrights and Producers.—Among the tonic ideas that have been buzzing around in this mighty brain lately is one I herewith discharge upon the theatrical world. Why, when a playwright or producer replies to a critic does he always and invariably seem to reply only when the critic has given him a bad notice? Why, if he wants to make a show of his superior intelligence, doesn't he once in a while reply to the critic when the latter has given him a

Continued on page 183

FOR SALE
Bob Gullivan

"Well, it only has one bathroom—but there are many good features—"


OKAY
OKAY
OKAY
OKAY
OKAY
OKAY
AY.
LARIAR

"For once I wish we'd get a backer without business connections!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Recalling the glory that was Cambridge and offering a partial explanation for the barbarism of the present Dark Age

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

A SHORT time ago I had the pleasure of having at lunch in my house Jan Valtin, author of *Out of the Night*, and Isaac Don Levine, author of many books about Russia. Mr. Levine is an old friend but I saw Mr. Valtin for the first time. He is a large, athletic, powerfully built young man, and like many athletes, gentle and modest in manner, with a voice like Cordelia's. It seemed astounding that he had suffered such frightful tortures and that he had been in so many remote places. I am glad that I was able to show him one favor—one that is always appreciated by authors. I gave him three favorable reviews of his book that had appeared in the recently arrived copies of the London *Spectator*, the London *Times Literary Supplement*, and the Manchester *Guardian*. The fact that these British reviews were favorable was not only naturally gratifying, but they are valuable testimonials, coming at a time when they were most needed.

It is not surprising that *Out of the Night* immediately became a best-seller. No book that I have read about Russian Communism or Hitlerism is more fully documented, or is the expression of a more intimate experience. The most depressing and terrible impression made by such a book on my mind is the evidence of the twentieth century European relapse into barbarism. Deliberate torture of human beings is barbaric, wholly out of place among people who make any claim to being civilized. Europe in the 18th century, when individuals and communities could freely travel from one country to another, seems like Paradise in comparison with conditions in 1941. Indeed three thousand years ago the Greeks were far more civilized than European continental life today. In the whole of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* there is only one case of torture, and that comes toward the end of the *Odyssey* where a traitorous servant is manhandled.

Let no one forget that the concentration camps in Europe are a hell on earth; that the scenes depicted in R. C. Hutchinson's novel *The Fire and the Wood* are not exaggerated.

A partial explanation of this barbarism is that most of the torturers are *young*. Let me repeat what is obvious; in normal times most countries are really controlled by that part of the population between forty and sixty years of age; combining vigor with experience. The largest portion of that generation was wiped out in the war of 1914-1918; and the absolute monarchies that took possession of Germany, Russia, and Italy were able to do so because they aroused the patriotic fervor of boys and girls, even children. We know how easy and *natural* it is for children to laugh at insanity or physical suffering or even at a spoken foreign language. We know how easy it is to inspire children and boys and girls with what ought to be the obsolete religion of war. Hitler began in 1933 with teaching the children of Germany not only this religion of murder, but also teaching them to laugh at helpless Jewish men and women, and to treat them with cruelty.

"Who says chivalry is dead—that gentleman just lent me part of his paper!"

Now it is clear that the only method to deal effectively with these barbarians is to suppress them by superior military, naval and aerial force. If we believe in the necessity of policemen, we must believe in the necessity of physical force; not torture, but the suppression of tortures and of all enemies of human freedom. It ought to be clear who the chief enemy is. And how I admire Mr. Churchill for instantly, without hesitation and without equivocation, telling his countrymen and our countrymen what to do. If one is attacked in a dark alley by a tough guy, one would welcome the support of a tougher guy.

And this brings me to congratulate our Editor, Mr. Gingrich, on his editorial in the June issue of this magazine. He points out that the Germans and the Italians, when they come to fight Americans, will have thrown away their only advantages, the only things in which they are superior. The Italians used to tell us (quite rightly) that Americans were inferior to them in the number of great painters; the Germans used to tell us that in the composition of music they outclassed Americans; they were right. So if we had to fight them on painting and music, we should lose. But in addition to other marks of civilization, they have thrown away these advantages, and Mr. Gingrich points out that Americans are just as tough as Germans and Italians; and that we can also produce machines for war as fast as they can. I have given only the nib of his editorial. I hope readers will turn back to that number and read his article not only for the gist of it, but for its brilliance, its humor and its wit.

If I had to find any fault with *Out of the Night*, it would be its length, 746 pages. Yet no critic could truthfully say that the whole was less than the sum of its parts. Out of this mass of details rises the supreme thing; it is a tremendous testimonial to the old phrase—eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. If we love the Constitution of the United States, if we prefer democracy to dictatorship, if we really love individual human freedom, we should remember that every hour of every day and night, there are clever, able and unscrupulous enemies in every part of our country who are doing their best to destroy us; and their best is better than the best of the average patriotic citizen; for these enemies are making every sacrifice for their cause.

From the purely literary point of view this is an admirable book. In spite of its immense length and multitudinous details, there is not

Continued on page 167

Air Blue lightweight felt with silk band. For semi-sports . . .

Brims-down model in soft greenish shade with contrasting band and bow in back. For semi-sports . . .

Khaki felt with gabardine band and binding in contrasting tones. For campus and town . . .

Ruddy brown felt with welt edge, snapped brim. For town . . .

Dark blue Homburg. For semi-formal evening and also business wear . . .

Gre

Fall Fashions in

The ten hats around the oval illustra
The models with turned-up brims hav
tion in tune with the return of simple
ish casts of brown are growing in po
dominant on models with brims snappe
as the leader with men at the universi
mixtures distinguish the hats to be co

Hats

te accepted current fashions.
e a definite dress-up connota-
elegance. The ruddy and grey-
pularity. Welt edges are pre-
d. The Khaki shade continues
ties. Rough textures of felt in
mbined with country clothes.

Robert Goodman

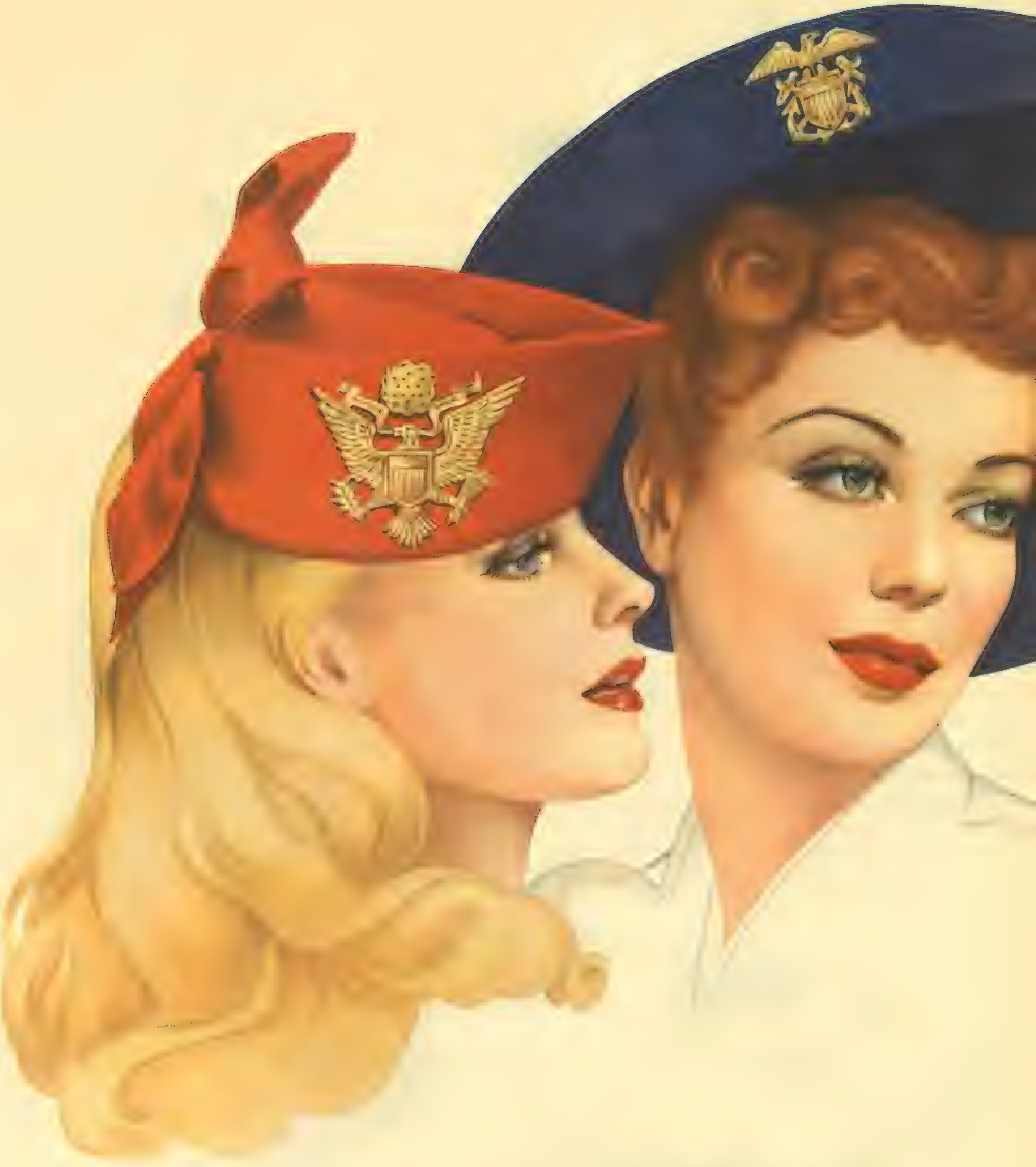
Tapered crown grey felt with turned-up brim. For business . . .

Greyish brown felt with darker band and welt edge, snapped brim. For business wear . . .

Grey felt Homburg with silk binding at edge of brim. For town . . .

Greyish brown mixture rough felt with wool band. For country . . .

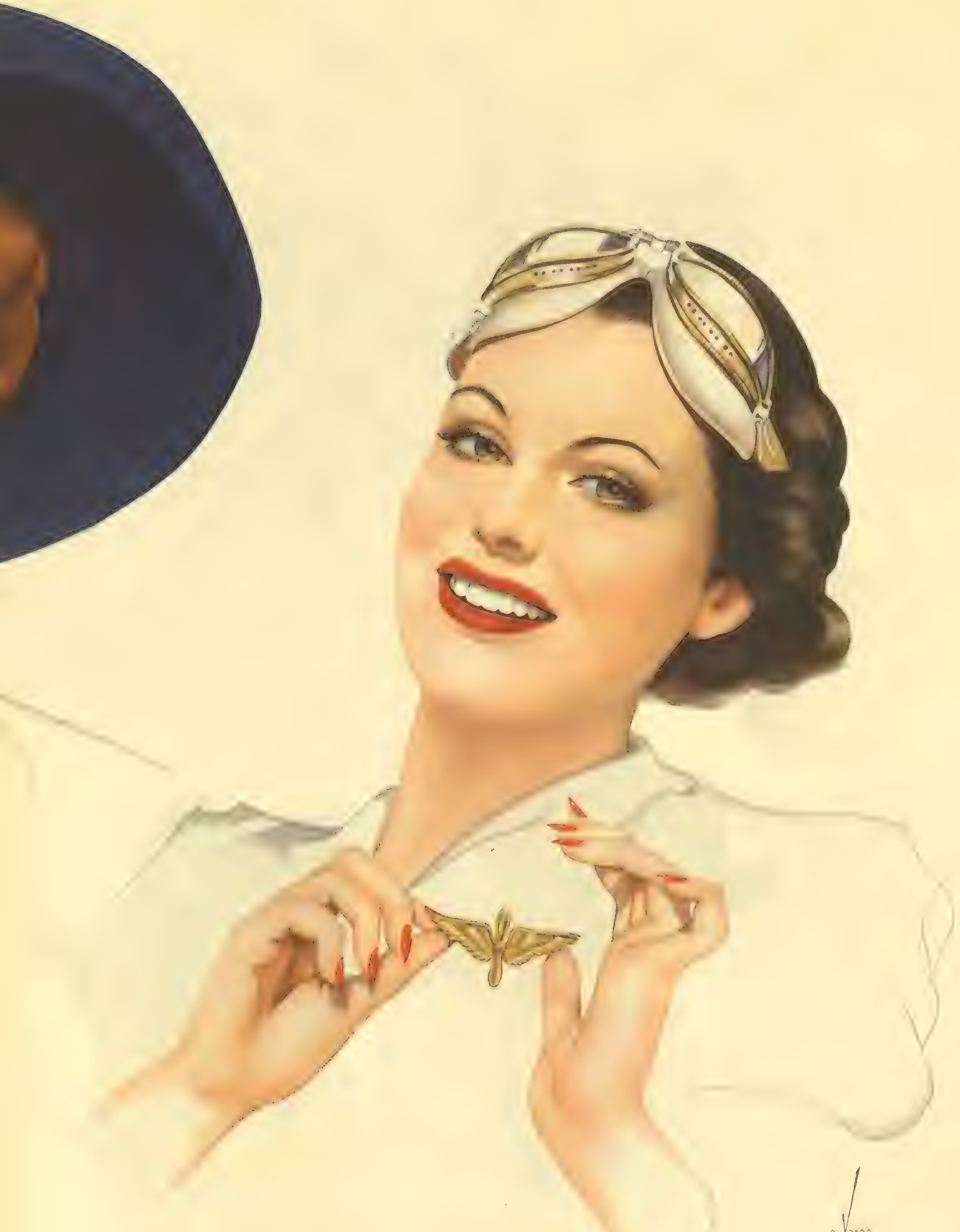
en mixture rough felt with contrasting wool band and stitched brim. For country . . .



YOURS TO COMMAND!

We're three little Eves who burnish the "leaves"
Of the men who are guarding our nation,
The soldier and tar and the pilot afar
All tender us deep admiration,
Our weapons are simple . . . a smile and a dimple
Are all that are used by our fair force,
And united we stand . . . and divided we Fall
For the Army and Navy and Air Force!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK


a. Varga
Esq

Roulades and Cadenzas

Let's build small opera houses for advanced audiences and big ones for spectacles, with separate promenades

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

We live in the Old World. The United States is the last refuge of the ancient order. Today we are hosts to what remains of the accumulated culture of the past centuries. Hitler has subjugated the continent of Europe and, whether or not he consolidates his gains, there can be no turning back. The peoples there have been broken and uprooted from their past. Their next artistic expression, when it comes, will spring from different, from newly-found values.

We have inherited the traditions of the Old Europe. Its most active proponents are at work among us. From Columbia, South Carolina to Hollywood, refugee scientists, authors, architects, inventors, and philosophers have kindled a flame that will burn on. In music, leading representatives of post-war Italy, Germany, Austria, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Russia, France, Greece, and England are with us. Toscanini, Bruno Walter, Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Monteux, Mitropoulos, Reiner, Rodzinski, Golschmann, Goossens, Szell, Sir Thomas Beecham—to mention a few—conduct our orchestras. Hindemith, Bloch, Schoenberg, Strawinsky, Rachmaninoff, Krenek, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Montemezzi, Bartok, Milhaud, *et. al.*, write music here and teach in our universities.

If only by default, New York is the capital of the music world and the United States the most active musical country around the globe. In fifty cities, symphony orchestras are starting their winter seasons. Not all are first-class, but eight or ten are equal, and at least four are superior to the best in Europe. The oldest—heard by more than ten million citizens each Sunday—is celebrating the hundredth season of its existence with the longest record of continuous service behind it of any orchestra in the world.

Though it has improved since its first concert at the now forgotten Apollo Rooms on lower Broadway, it is, unfortunately, not at its best. Then, according to Krehbiel, "chairs had not yet been introduced; benches, or pews, were in use. The commonest features of modern management were not dreamed of. Subscribers were received at the door by members of the orchestra, selected because of their appearance and address, and were by them escorted to their seats. These ushers wore white gloves, paid for from the Society's exchequer, and carried, as wands of office, long and slender rods of wood painted white. In the Fourth Annual Report it is recorded as an instance of the economical administration of the Society's affairs that $4.75 had been saved on the sum expended on gloves over the preceding season.

"The demeanor of the performers before coming on the stage, as well as in the presence of the public, was of the most circumspect and dignified character. Gathered in the anteroom with their instruments in hand, the players waited until the conductor or president politely requested the oboe player to sound his instrument for the others to tune by. This highly necessary preliminary disposed of, the band would wait until a word of command was given, and then walk without confusion into the presence of the audience. In playing, all the performers except the violoncellos stood."

There were sixty-three members in the organization when it was founded, all of whom had to be professors of music. It was a co-operative group, the musicians drawing their pay from whatever receipts came in. They gave three concerts the first season, four thereafter for sixteen years and then five. During this time the number of public rehearsals varied according to circumstances, though the rule was four for each concert so that, though the concerts were few, the opportunities for getting acquainted with symphonic music were numerous. Apart from the pioneer work of the earlier men, the two conductors who shaped the young Philharmonic's destinies were Carl Bergmann and Theodore Thomas, who did more for orchestral music in America than any other conductor.

From 1922 to 1936, the Philharmonic (which merged with the New York Symphony in 1928) was conducted chiefly by Willem Mengelberg, Wilhelm Fürtwangler, and Arturo Toscanini and became the most highly praised symphonic group in the country. Since Toscanini's departure, its accuracy of intonation and cleanness of attack as well as its tonal quality and interpretive perception have deteriorated. John Barbirolli, conscientious and well-intentioned as he is, simply is not big enough for the job. No conductor of ordinary stature can stand for long on the Philharmonic podium, and therefore the directors should drop Mr. Barbirolli, at least until they begin to find their audiences falling off for lack of his attraction.

This season's concerts and the broadcasts which begin Sunday afternoon, October twelfth, will be conducted by Leopold Stokowski, Serge Koussevitzky, Bruno Walter, Dmitri Mitropoulos, Arthur Rodzinski, Eugene Goossens, Fritz Busch, Walter Damrosch, and Mr. Barbirolli. If the men withstand it, this will afford a perspective on current Gods of the Stick. Out of it, let us hope, one or two men will emerge who can take complete charge of this orchestra, and lift it again to the pinnacle it once occupied as the world's finest symphonic instrument.

That honor, today, by common consent belongs to the Boston Symphony, fathered for the past seventeen years by Serge Koussevitsky. Other orchestras vary according to the talent of their personnel, the gifts of their leader, and the amount of interference of

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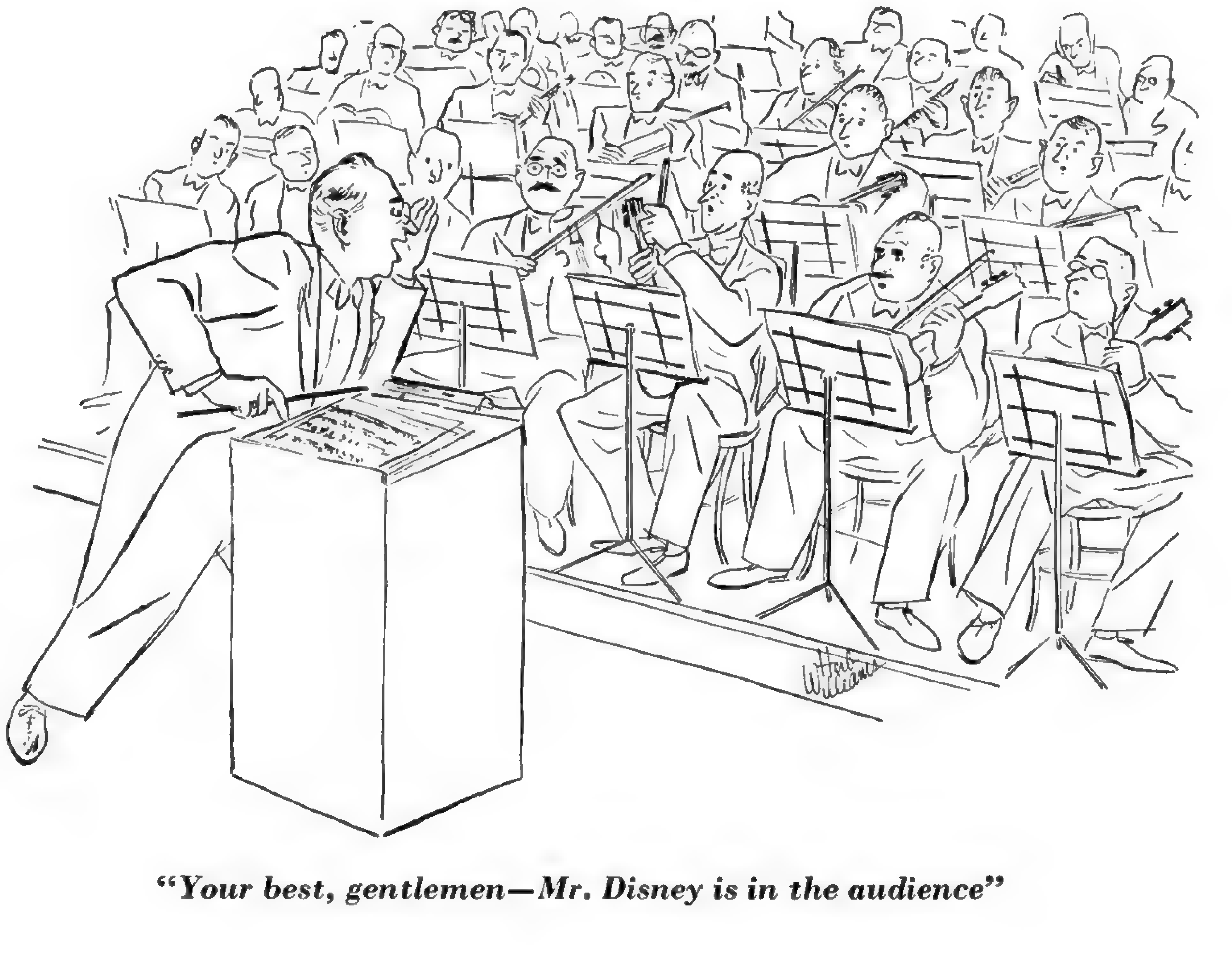
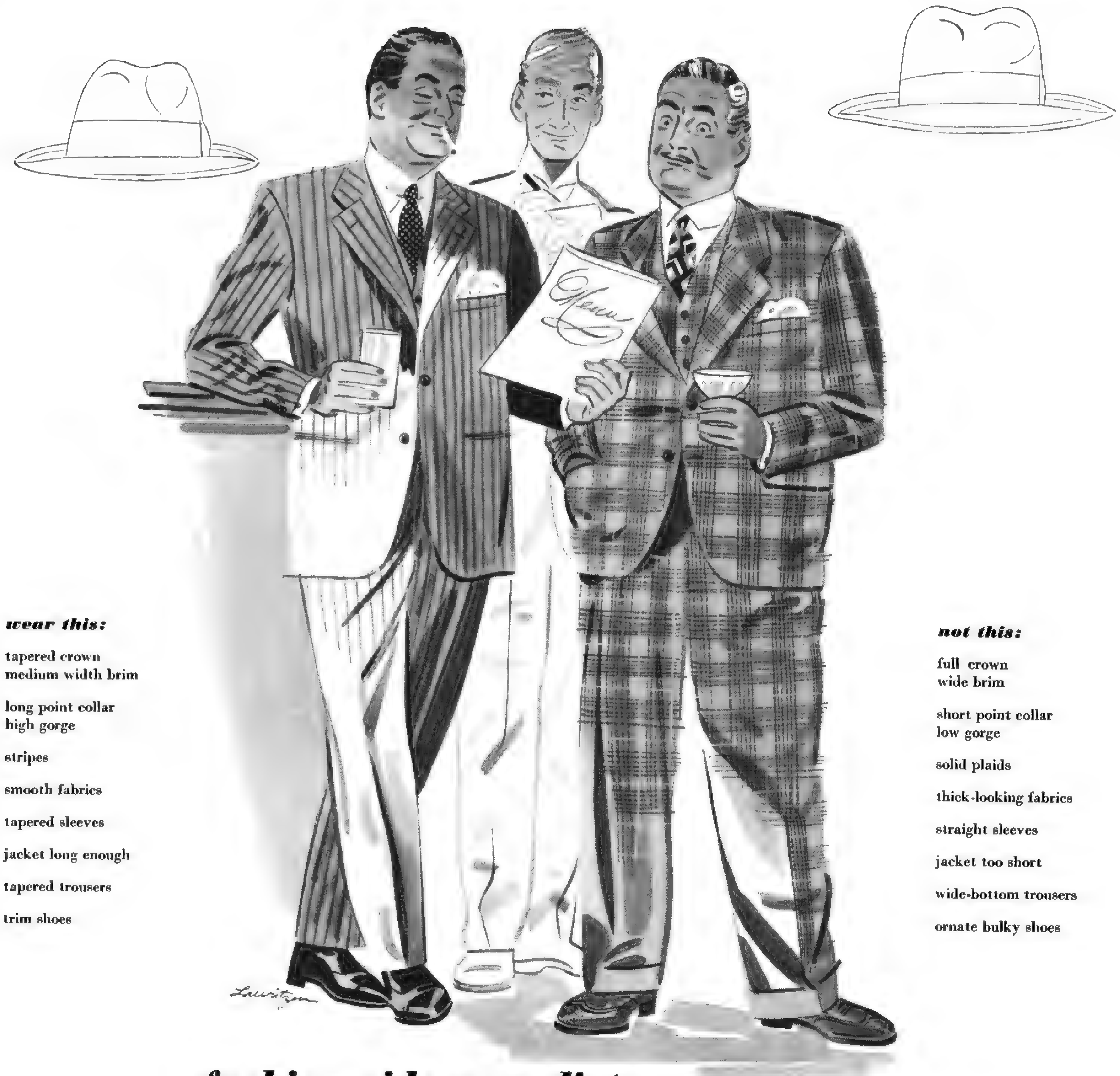


"Your best, gentlemen—Mr. Disney is in the audience"



wear this:

- tapered crown
  medium width brim
- long point collar
  high gorge
- stripes
- smooth fabrics
- tapered sleeves
- jacket long enough
- tapered trousers
- trim shoes

not this:

- full crown
  wide brim
- short point collar
  low gorge
- solid plaids
- thick-looking fabrics
- straight sleeves
- jacket too short
- wide-bottom trousers
- ornate bulky shoes

fashion aids your diet

you can have your cake if you'll watch your plaids

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER** ▪ *wearables*

PORTLY men who try one formula after another to reduce their weight, often overlook the part fashion plays in diet. Certain details of dress may be prescribed for the overweight just as the number of calories per day are scheduled by medicos. While these details cannot actually take pounds off your weight, they can create the illusion of a better build. To help attain this objective we give you these pointers.

In selecting suits, fat men should favor certain patterns and avoid others. Screaming colors and very bold patterns should be shunned like the well-known plague. Vertical designs such as chalk stripes and herringbone effects are on the accredited list because they tend to have an elongated effect. Rough, thick-appearing fabrics are taboo because they emphasize bulkiness. Smoother types such as cheviots, Saxonies, flannels, unfinished and clearfaced worsteds are infinitely better. For compensation, certain plaids of the subdued type may be indulged in for sportswear if the warp is louder than the woof.

The cut of the jacket plays a part in illusionary reduction. The gorge, which is the point where the lapel meets the collar, should be placed high. Low gorges tend to produce a squatty effect. Single breasted jackets, preferably with three buttons in front, are best for adding to the appearance of height. Double breasteds aren't to be completely overlooked, however. If the lapel rolls to the bottom button, it, too, can subtract from the appearance of over-weight. Short, wide lapels produce the opposite effect. Similarly, jackets are best on the long side, while extremely short jackets tend to accent portliness.

Trousers of town suits may be made without cuffs to aid in this slimming illusion. Tapered trousers minimize obesity. Pleats at the waistband make the pockets more readily accessible and also add to the comfort of the trousers. Neither trousers nor jacket should be tight-fitting. If they are, the bulges are only accentuated.

Topcoats and overcoats call for similar consideration. They are best on the short side. The extra distance from the floor to the bottom of the coat tends to lengthen the appearance of the legs and therefore add to height. Tapered sleeves should appear on both jackets and outercoats. Single breasted models are best.

Accessories should not be overlooked in this schedule of dress. Tapered crown hats with medium brims detract from portliness. Adversely, full crowns and wide brims tend to broaden your appearance. Long pointed collars are preferable to those with short or stubby points. Plain-toe shoes with simple perforations at the seams are recommended. Those with ornate designs only emphasize weight at the base of the ensemble.

Elixirs with Cracked Ice

Why not profit by Russian example and try chilled cordials, in all their amazing scope, as aperitifs?

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

CORDIAL, from the Medieval Latin *cordialis*, meaning "of the heart"—such is their breed name. And the tie-up with heart interest still holds.

Also the stomach gratitude. I defy any belly to play host to a descending cortege of sips of well-made Kummel, let us say (but don't go reaching for it, I'll hand it to you before you knock over the other bottles), without feeling ennobled, serenified. Oho that flavor! One's ribs fairly seem to be clicking their little tongues over it.

Interestingly enough, this liqueur gets its aromatic keynote from cumin seed (a variety of caraway, though no connection with Caraway Me Back to Ole Virginny until much later in the evening) which hark back to ancient Syria and Egypt where they were first found and adopted by man; in Europe they have been cultivated since the dawn of dyspepsia as toner-uppers and digestion smoothers. Foods which were hard to assimilate were condimented therewith at a double gain: more palatable and no woe. No matter how stupendous the feast, with cumin you could keep going.

Eventually the grand idea was hit upon of putting up the pungent peacemakers in a liquid package. This not only meshed with all meals but bridged gaps between them. And it was improved through the ages by the gradual addition of supplementary ingredients—fennel, iris root, cinnamon, cardamon seed, etc.—till Kummel blossomed in full bouquet, causing human nostrils to indulge in stallion behavior.

Whether or not we swallow the Dutch claim that it was *they* who first perfected and polished off Kummel, teaching the taste for it to Peter the Great when he came to Holland to learn shipbuilding, the fact remains that the Low Countries were hotbeds of cordialry of the most lush and lavish sorts, and the Russian Empire founded by large-sized pupil Peter was steeped to the steppes in his pet liqueur. Thenceforth if Vodka was the water of the Slavs, Kummel was their milk. Indeed, the whole Baltic was surrounded by schnapps—Aquavit to the north and west, the other points of the compass heavily cumined with goldflaked Eau de Vie de Danzig (orange peel flavor and spices) as a striking interlude.

It has always been Russian practice to drink their strong liquors, especially Kummel (the finest, sweet type was called *allasch*) *before* dinner, with the hors d'oeuvre. Chilled. And in all weathers of the year. Appetite, they felt, was entitled to this salute, which combined the best features of a beau geste and a vote of confidence. If we Americans mostly defer till after the meal, we're coming in a little late, that's all. And not out of negligence; we New Worlders just aren't acquainted with cordials and their amazing scope.

As idlewild drinks, for example. Is there anything more zestfully refreshing in droopy weather than fragrant mint? Yet how many Americans, possessed of fondly outfitted bars in their play rooms, have the resourcefulness to chuck a flock of shaved ice into a cocktail glass and pour Crème de Menthe on it for short-straw purposes? Or fizz up Anisette as a gullet-wooing highball? Or construct a

BLACKBERRY COOLER

10-oz. glass filled two-thirds with cracked ice.
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Blackberry Brandy.
½ oz. lemon juice.
Sparkling water till high tide.
Lemon slice and cherry as flotsam jetsam.
Stir; serve with straw.

Not to mention, switching our fruits, an

APRICOT COOLER

Park an 8-oz. glass filled two-thirds with finely cracked ice while you take a whole apricot, canned or fresh-stewed (not *you*, the apricot) with pit ousted, and put this fruit demolishingly through a coarse strainer, receiving it in a cocktail shaker, together with 1 jigger Apricot Brandy, ½ jigger lemon juice, 1 barspoon sugar.

Now empty ice from parked glass into shaker and do a thorough agitation job for 3 minutes.

Pour entire works, unstrained, into the chilled glass and serve with straw.

(Or if you are fortunate enough to have one, a Waring mixer-container will take care of the whole assignment in short order.)

For that matter, our good friend Kummel unites with Gin, 50-50, to form a Silver Streak Cocktail (shaken with ice and strained) which appetizes you to the point of suddenly discovering your hat on a neighboring tree limb.

And to the ladies: Alexander (one to a lady), consisting of a trio of equal parts of Crème de Cacao, Gin, and sweet cream, ice-shaken and strained into a cocktail glass or, if she rates it, a champagne saucer-glass.

O-o-o-r (as Bob Alternative Hope would say) did you ever resort to a Stinger? If you did, and correctly, you assembled it with 1 part White Crème de Menthe, 3 parts Brandy, shakered with ice and strained, and merely allowed your conscience to be your monitor.

For neatsters who want their cordials "unintruded upon," the prime essential is a glass of better-than-petty proportions (no confusion with a certain artist, please! *His* proportions are perfect, but they aren't to be had by the dozen, I fear.) The exasperating thimble-sized stingies one runs into in some restaurants and households are little monuments to human fear that somebody might get a real helping. You see, liqueurs have always been "something extra-special," not to be swilled ad lib by the ignorantly thirsty; so precautions were taken against undue inroads. But that didn't mean that the true epicure skimped himself or his chosen cronies. When *they* cordialed together of an evening, they cordialed! Each toying

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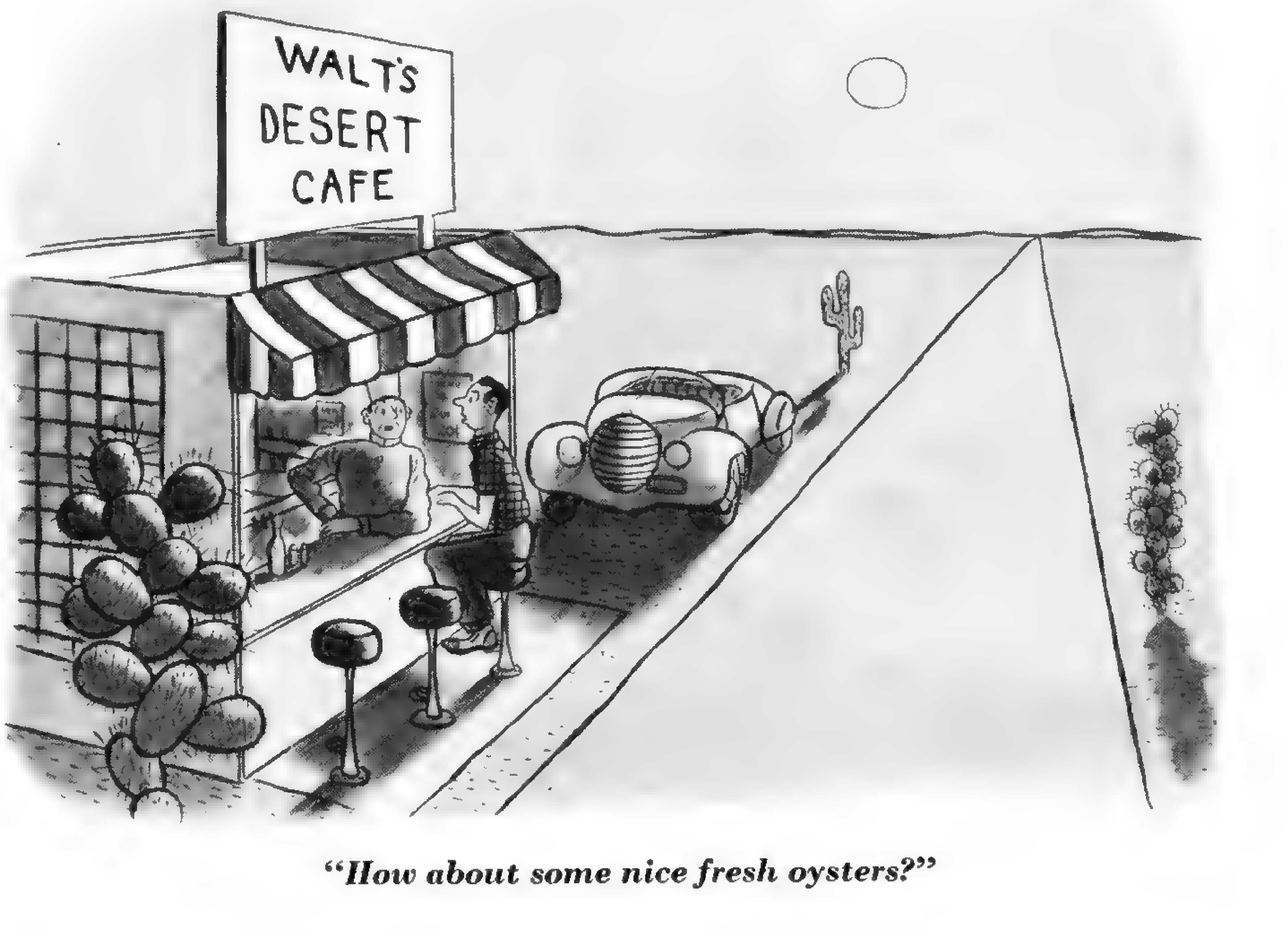


"How about some nice fresh oysters?"

Frances Farmer: a Dutch Treat

Inconclusive interview, result of a twenty-hour day with one of talent, position and charm

by DONALD HOUGH

• ARTICLE •

To start off with, I got up at six in the morning, drove from Hollywood to Santa Monica, a distance of twelve miles, picked up Frances Farmer at her home, and took her out to breakfast.

The breakfast was on me.

We ate at the Brown Derby. Miss Farmer had three cups of coffee, two shirred eggs, some bacon, some toast, and a glass of orange juice. I had a cup of coffee, some toast, and a glass of rum. The cost, including tip, was $1.95.

I was sorry I had made this date, and on the way to Santa Monica I had stopped in at the Beverly Hills police station and tried to get a ticket to show I had been arrested. The police firmly refused, but offered to put me in jail on other charges for a rather indefinite stay. I could not agree to this.

The reason I tried to duck the appointment was not, of course, that I did not wish to see Miss Farmer, as I hope that I am not quite an idiot, but simply that I was trying to look at it from Miss Farmer's point of view, which must have been interesting, had she disclosed it. But when I showed up at her house, a bit late and without a police ticket—but, at the same time, not in jail, either—she was extremely polite and gracious, and she remained so for many trying hours thereafter. She declared that she was delighted to get up at six to have breakfast with me; she was very gay about it; but when I finally took her back home, late at night, I realized I had witnessed, at point-blank range, a superb performance by an actress of great capacity.

The day before, I had gone to George Brown at the Paramount Studios. I had said, “George, it is my ambition to take an actress out to breakfast at an early hour—”

“Listen,” George said, eyeing me, “do you think this—”

“I would like to start this interview,” I said with dignity, “at seven in the morning, continue through the day, and end at curfew or upon the premature collapse of the subject. In this way I plan to acquaint the readers of Esquire with how it feels to stay out all day with a beautiful actress. Briefly, that is, I wish—”

“Briefly,” George said, “you wish, as usual, to write a story about yourself, barely bringing in the name of the person in whom the readers are interested. And another thing, I have the impression that most of the readers of Esquire have stayed out all—”

“This story,” I said, lighting a cigarette, “would start in the morning and end in the evening. And I will mention the name of the subject in the first paragraph.”

“Who do you think would be a good victim?” George asked after a minute.

“Some person,” I said, “of talent, position, charm. But I suppose I'll end,” I added bitterly, “with some bit player addicted to comic barmaid parts.”

“Don't be a defeatist,” George said. “Always start at the top. Look at it from your own point of view. What actress in Hollywood would you prefer to spend that much time with, above all others?”

“That's a silly question,” I said, “since it has been answered repeatedly in our previous conversations. But she is supposed to look askance upon gentlemen of the press, even to exhibit signs of a temper to interviewers upon occasion.”

“That's a mean, low-down libel if there ever was one,” he said heatedly. “I'd like to know who started it. She's the best sport in town. She'd have to be,” he added, glaring at me, “in this case.”

“I remember her,” I said dreamily, “in *Come and Get It.* Perfect type of sheer Swedish beauty. And an actress of tremendous—”

“She's Dutch,” George said, reaching for the phone.

“Dutch treat,” I said, laughing.

* * *

“What on earth,” Miss Farmer said, sipping her coffee, “are we supposed to be doing? And do you always”—a note of vague alarm entered her voice—“drink rum for breakfast?”

“In the first place,” I said, “I'm interviewing you.”

“Well,” she said, “go ahead, as soon as you feel you're wide enough awake. All you've done so far is order more rum and sit there looking into it. I have a hunch you were up late last night.”

“I got in at three,” I said.

“You knew you had to get up at six. Why on earth did you stay out so late, then?”

“I was worrying,” I said, “about getting you up so early. The whole thing seemed like a bum idea. Right now I'm wondering what I'm going to do with you after breakfast. I went to the police—” I stopped, and looked back into my rum.

“The what?” she said. “What did you say?”

“Who is interviewing who around here?” I asked sharply.

“Dear me, I don't know,” she said, looking around the room helplessly.

While she was doing this, I looked her over. Miss Farmer has blue eyes and a peculiar face. To one accustomed to looking at the standard maps of the millions of standard Hollywood babes who infest the Coast, the physiognomy of our subject, in its character, its appeal, its individual beauty, is next to breathtaking. I should not like to have Hurrell's job of trying to catch it with a camera. And her hands are something like her face, in that the structure shows through. They are strong, capable-looking, but slender. It's hard not to keep looking at them.

I had seen her in only one picture, *Come and Get It,* which you may recall had to do with

Continued on page 142

“Who's the fan dancer?”

FRANCES FARMER
Hurrell Photograph

ARLINE JUDGE
Hurrell Photograph

A Hundred Years of Photography

It's a leap from misty daguerreotypes to the precise, split-second action shots made by thousands of amateurs

by MARK ASHLEY

• ARTICLE •

On a summer afternoon, so many girls of hypnotic sweetness walk along the avenues of the world, that any man who is not tempted to think photographically is lacking in a full sense of time and life. For to photograph a high moment is to possess it; not for that moment alone, but for the moments sure to come, when the spirit is pale, and the fire dim—and art comes into its own.

Perhaps this explains, in part, why last year 19,000,000 amateur photographers and 500,000 amateur movie makers, spent more than $100,000,000 for film, chemicals, gadgets, and new equipment. Perhaps, on the other hand, it doesn't; for statistics seem to show that despite the fact that nudes, nowadays, run rampant, and that girls of flawless shaping and finely-drawn loveliness are everywhere at hand, 98 per cent of amateurs waste their film on indifferent children (all of whom look alike), and tedious people unhappily unearthed on tedious trips (each of which repeats in quality every other).

It is not beyond possibility that photography has the same psychological roots as the practice, among primitive people, of making straw or wooden images, or collecting the hair, scalp, or head of an enemy or potential lover. Somehow, such a possession seemed to give the possessor a sense of power over the other; thought became omnipotent, and black magic stalked abroad. And by the same token, a photograph of somebody gives its possessor a definite feeling of dominance and power over the subject—a feeling not half as illusory as it seems. For the picture does give a kind of power: you can cut it up, you can elongate it, you can darken it, you can lighten it, you can distort it, you can put it into the kind of montage that gratifies the most secret corners of your phantasies.

But whatever the explanation for photography's strange hold on the popular imagination, it is interesting to note this year it is barely rounding its first century. For the practical history of photography properly dates from the development of the Petzval lens, which made photography a possible art —instead of a stunt. Before Joseph Petzval's contribution in 1841, the process was so slow that a whole Senate filibuster could be carried out between the beginning of an exposure and the closing of the shutter.

Precisely who invented photography is a moot question, and much too academic for the confines of this column. The little French village of St. Loup de Varennes, for example, features a memorial stone reading: *Dans ce village Nicephore Niepce inventa la photographie.* On the other hand, Louis Mandé Daguèrre "invented" it. So did England's William Henry Fox Talbot. That invention was a compound affair is reasonably clear; nevertheless, photography's first phase was a veritable "Daguerreotypomania."

Daguèrre somehow caught the public's imagination; and no hamlet was too small to escape his licensed practitioner. But even with Petzval's lens, the Daguèrre process was no miracle of celerity. Sometimes as many as twenty minutes would go into a single portrait exposure—which meant that any man with a trace of St. Vitus Dance, or allergic to iron clamps, was, *ipso facto*, not photogenic.

The method of Fox Talbot, which involved a negative image, and was called, at first, "Talbotypy," and then, for its beauty, "Calotypy," was used during the 1840's by the Scotsman, David Octavius Hill. And Hill, it should be noted, in spite of the crudeness of the equipment, created some of the greatest photographs of all time. Calotypy was followed, in 1851, by the sensational wet-plate collodion process, developed by Frederick Scott Archer, an English architect.

Now these were the days, as George Eastman put it, when "one did not 'take' a camera; one accompanied the outfit of which the camera was only a part." He claimed that his first experiments convinced him that it took not only a strong but a dauntless man to be an outdoor photographer. "My first layout," he said, "which included only the essentials, had in it a camera about the size of a soap box, a tripod, which was strong and heavy enough to support a bungalow, a big plate holder, a dark-tent, a nitrate bath, and a container for water . . . and wherever I set up my apparatus, a crowd drew around as though I were going to open a patent-medicine show."

In an effort to make the amateur photographer something more than a pack horse, Eastman, in 1888, invented and developed roll film—and designed a box camera weighing 22 ounces to go with it.

The Eastman cameras were sold for twenty-five dollars, fully loaded. After a hundred exposures were made, each camera was to be returned to the factory for re-loading, and the developing and printing of the original roll. For this contraption, Eastman coined the work "Kodak," which means absolutely nothing. "It is odd," Eastman held, "easy to pronounce, means the same in every language —and sounds like the click of a camera."

Eastman also coined the slogan "You press the button, we do the rest." "And for that slogan," Alfred Stieglitz, the father of modern photography, once said, "he should have been shot on the spot."

In 1894, Eastman marketed the first daylight-loading roll film. This film used a celluloid base, whereas the first product was backed with paper, and involved a delicate stripping process by which the emulsion was removed from the paper and mounted permanently on glass. Photography was now open

Continued in center of page 122

"Darling, couldn't you change clothes when you come home from work, like other men?"

Man the Kitchenette

Try the miraculous Four Day Colony diet to streamline your figure and develop your will power in jig time

by ILES BRODY

▪ EDIBLES ▪
℞

I WOULD like to make a confession that might strike you as curious and even amusing—I never sit down to write about food unless I am good and hungry. A man with a satisfied belly cannot write well on the culinary arts. Longing makes your imagination work overtime. And believe it or not, I even go on a diet now and then. Monsieur Gene Cavallero, genial host of the very famous Colony Restaurant in New York, and a good friend, prescribed for me a miraculous diet that actually takes five to six pounds off me in four days. I pass it on to my more corpulent readers.

THE COLONY DIET

Breakfast (every day the same): Half a grapefruit; black coffee with saccharin and warm, skimmed milk.

First Day. Lunch: Two lamb chops; one raw tomato.

Dinner: Minute steak; lettuce salad with mineral oil dressing; tea with lemon, and saccharin if desired.

Second Day. Lunch: Two broiled lamb chops; two raw tomatoes; one sliced orange; tea with lemon and saccharin.

Dinner: Half a grapefruit; half broiled chicken; stewed tomatoes; cooked spinach with a hard boiled egg; tea with lemon and saccharin.

Third Day. Lunch: Orange juice; two scrambled eggs, made with water instead of cream; stewed tomatoes; cooked spinach; one slice of Melba toast with jelly; tea with lemon and saccharin.

Dinner: Half a grapefruit; broiled minute steak; lettuce and tomato salad with mineral oil dressing; coffee with saccharin.

Fourth Day. Lunch: Two broiled lamb chops; cooked carrots; cooked spinach; stewed tomatoes; orange and grapefruit salad with mineral oil dressing; one slice of Melba toast with jelly; tea with saccharin and lemon.

Dinner: Half a grapefruit; broiled minute steak; lettuce and tomato salad with mineral oil dressing; tea with saccharin and lemon.

Next I hasten to comply with the wish of one of my readers who asked for a dish that eases strained vocal cords. However, I would like to make the stipulation that the voice in question—after I have helped it to smoothness—will not be used for political speeches, subversive propaganda, or to annoy the neighbors with vocalizing. Shouting commands at a platoon of soldiers is, of course, perfectly in order.

SOUP À LA CANTATRICE, OR
À LA JENNY LIND
(Eight helpings)

Having washed three ounces of sago in boiling water, add it gradually to two quarts of medium stock (recipe further below), which has been heated up and is near the boiling point. Simmer together for a half hour, throwing in a lump of sugar and a bayleaf and seasoning to taste. While the liquid simmers, beat up the yolk of three eggs, adding to it a half pint of boiling cream. Stir the concoction quickly in the soup and serve immediately. Do not let the soup boil, or the eggs will curdle.

Great opera singers, among them the Swedish Nightingale, used to drink this soup daily, for they were aware of the beneficial effects of eggs and sago on the throat and chest, particularly if mixed together. This sago (the Papuan word for bread) is an extremely interesting stuff. It is a light yet nutritious, farinaceous food, extracted from the pith of several species of palm trees that grow in the East Indies and in the archipelago of the Indian Ocean. In order to procure it the tree is felled and sawed into pieces. The pith is then removed and put in cold water where it is stirred until the sago flour separates from the filaments and sinks to the bottom. Then the flour is taken out of the water, dried under the sun, passed through a colander and finally rolled into little balls. Trees are only ready to yield sago when they are seven years old, but then they give as much as 900 pounds. The best quality has a slightly reddish hue and dissolves easily into a jelly in hot water. Aside from helping the vocal cords, it acts as a general physical restorative, especially (in my case) if it is used in making a delicious milk or suet pudding.

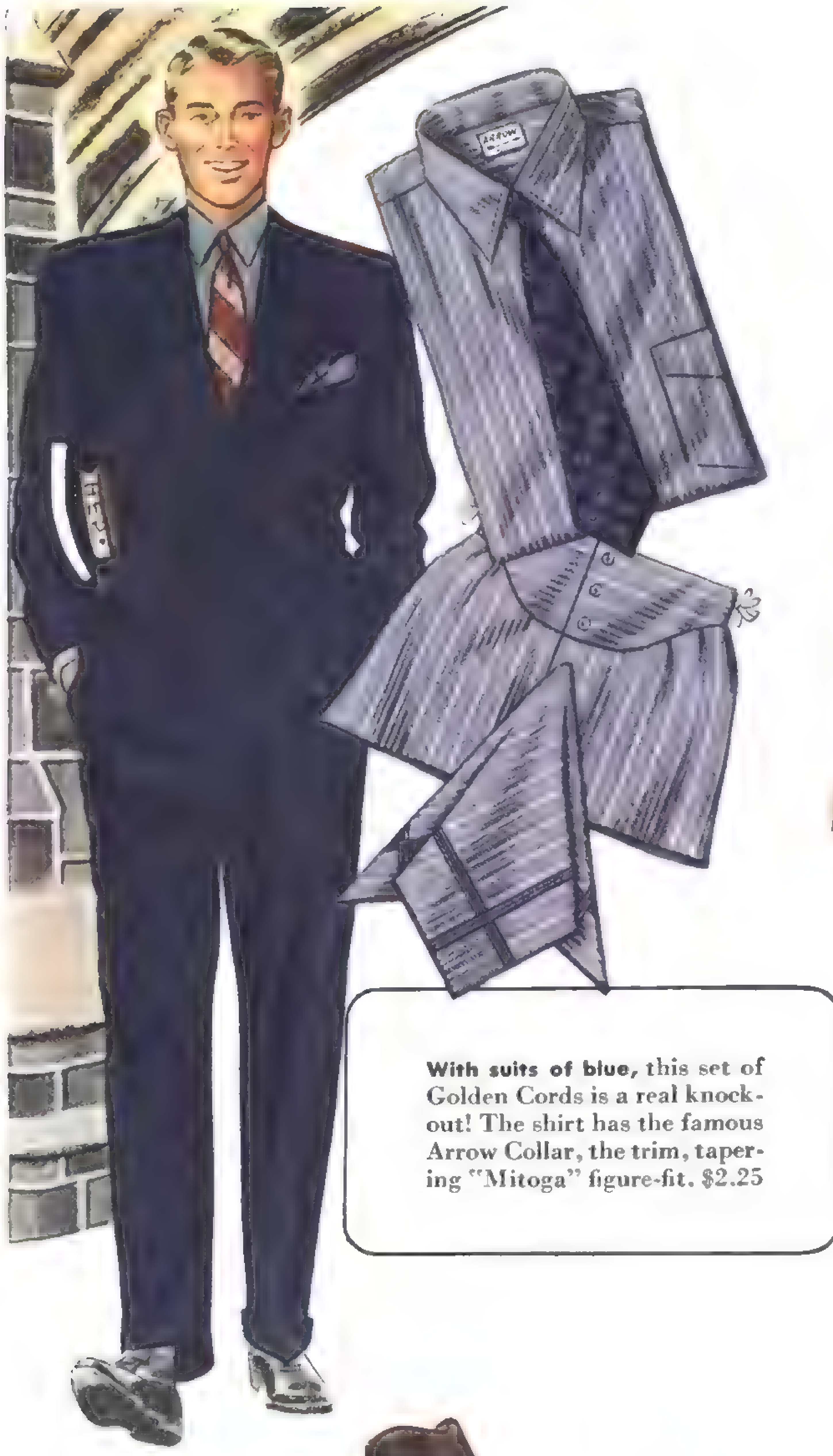
A friend of mine who used to be a soapbox orator in Paris, and particularly in the Montparnasse district, at a time when Gallic voices above whispers were still tolerated in France, would swallow several raw eggs, allowing the yolks to trickle down his throat slowly, before stepping on the platform. The result was a rich, deep voice, that swayed the listeners every which-way. Although I must admit that my friend's theme was so popular that he would have gained plenty of followers even if he had delivered his address in an unmanly high-pitched falsetto—he urged the government to give each artist who couldn't earn his own living two thousand francs monthly and free drinks at the Café du Dome!

I promised in the recipe for Soup à la Cantatrice to give a recipe for medium stock, as well, and I shall do so presently. But first I should like to say a few words on stocks in general. Meat stock is the basis of many sauces and soups (excepting cream soups, bisques, chowders and purées) and in fact it is almost indispensable if you really take pride in your cuisine. Bachelors, do not labor under the delusion that stocks are terribly difficult to make or that they can only be made in large kitchens and then only by chefs or cooks! It takes less than half a day to prepare a stock, and not *days* as they told you in order to frighten you away from attempting to better the quality of your own dishes. Comparatively little trouble, and great results may be expected, and you'll be glad on many an occasion that you know how to make stock. Of course, there are easy ways out, as in most things in life: you can get bouillon cubes or you can secure cans of concentrated bouillon of chicken and beef. By mixing the contents of the two cans together, heating, and seasoning very little (for this has been already done adequately in the factory), you'll get a stock that may

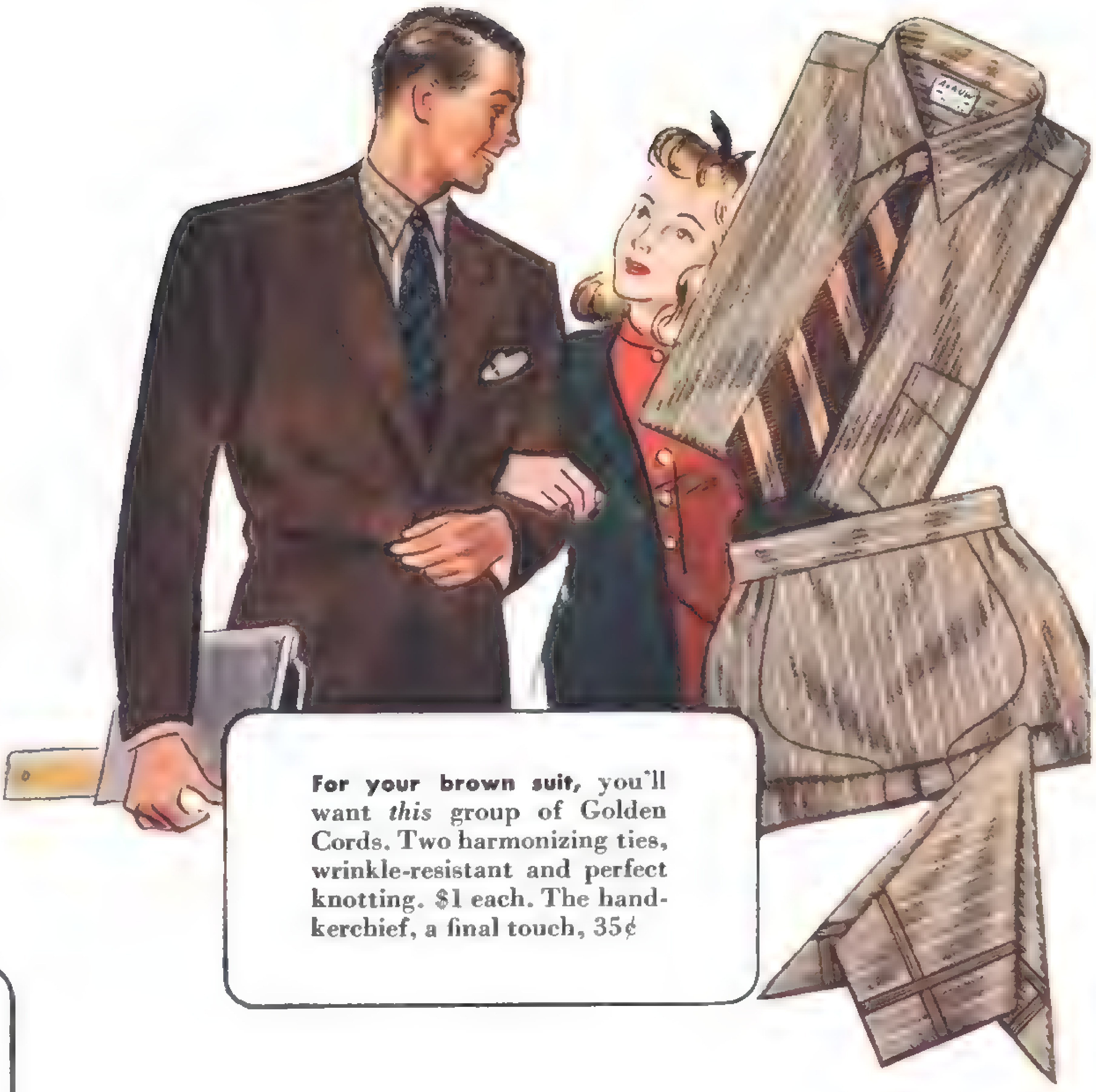
Continued on page 119

Pierre's
REDUCING
SALON
alex young

"Does Madam want to lose, gain or show?"



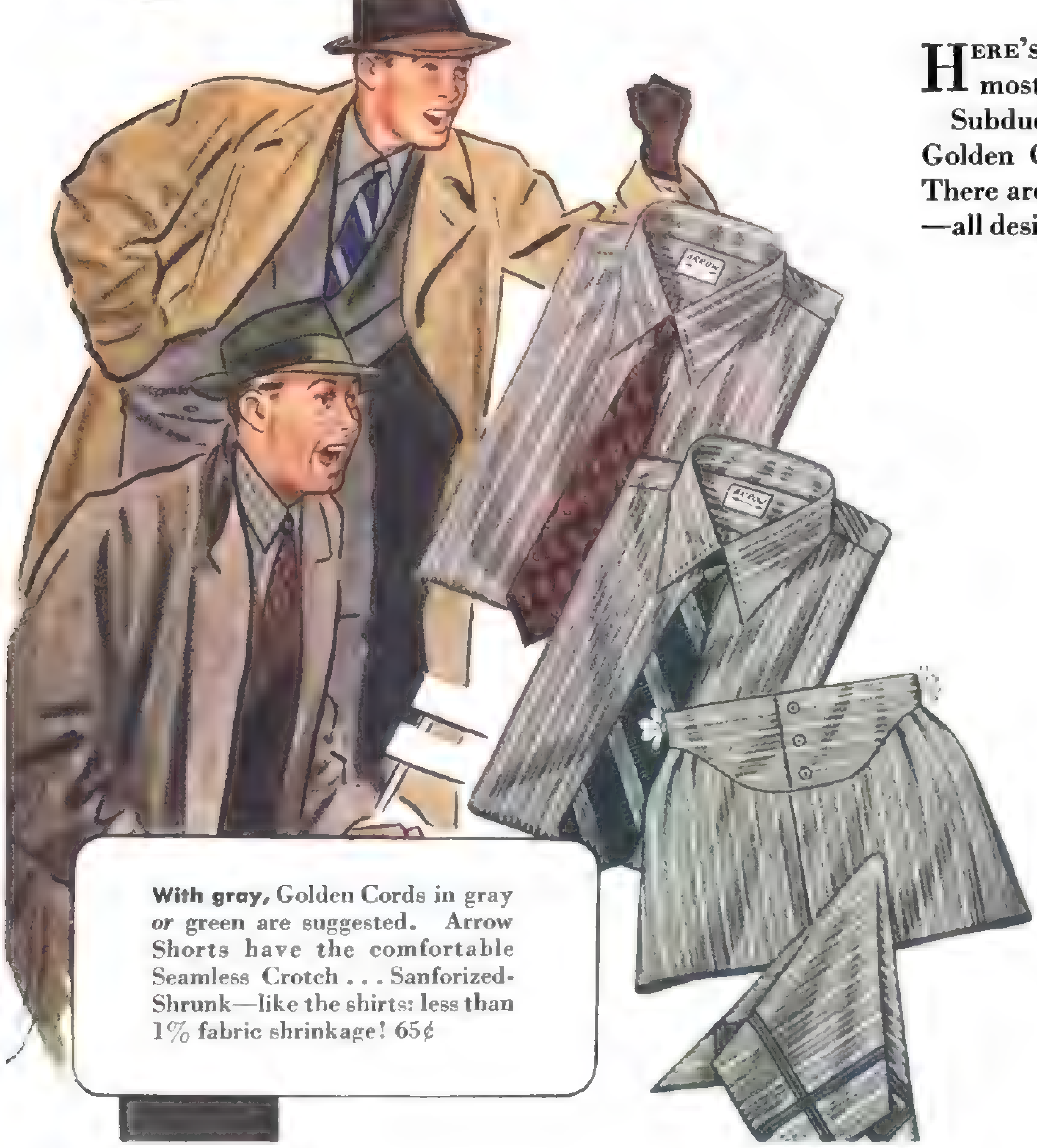
With suits of blue, this set of Golden Cords is a real knockout! The shirt has the famous Arrow Collar, the trim, tapering "Mitoga" figure-fit. $2.25



For your brown suit, you'll want *this* group of Golden Cords. Two harmonizing ties, wrinkle-resistant and perfect knotting. $1 each. The handkerchief, a final touch, 35¢

Arrow's news for this month . . . *Golden Cords*

HERE'S THE NEWEST pattern-of-the-month from America's foremost male style authority . . . . Arrow's new *Golden Cords.* Subdued golden stripes interspersed with white cord stripes give Golden Cords an unusual flair you'll find extremely attractive. There are Golden Cord shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, and even shorts—all designed to go together. See them now at your Arrow dealer's.



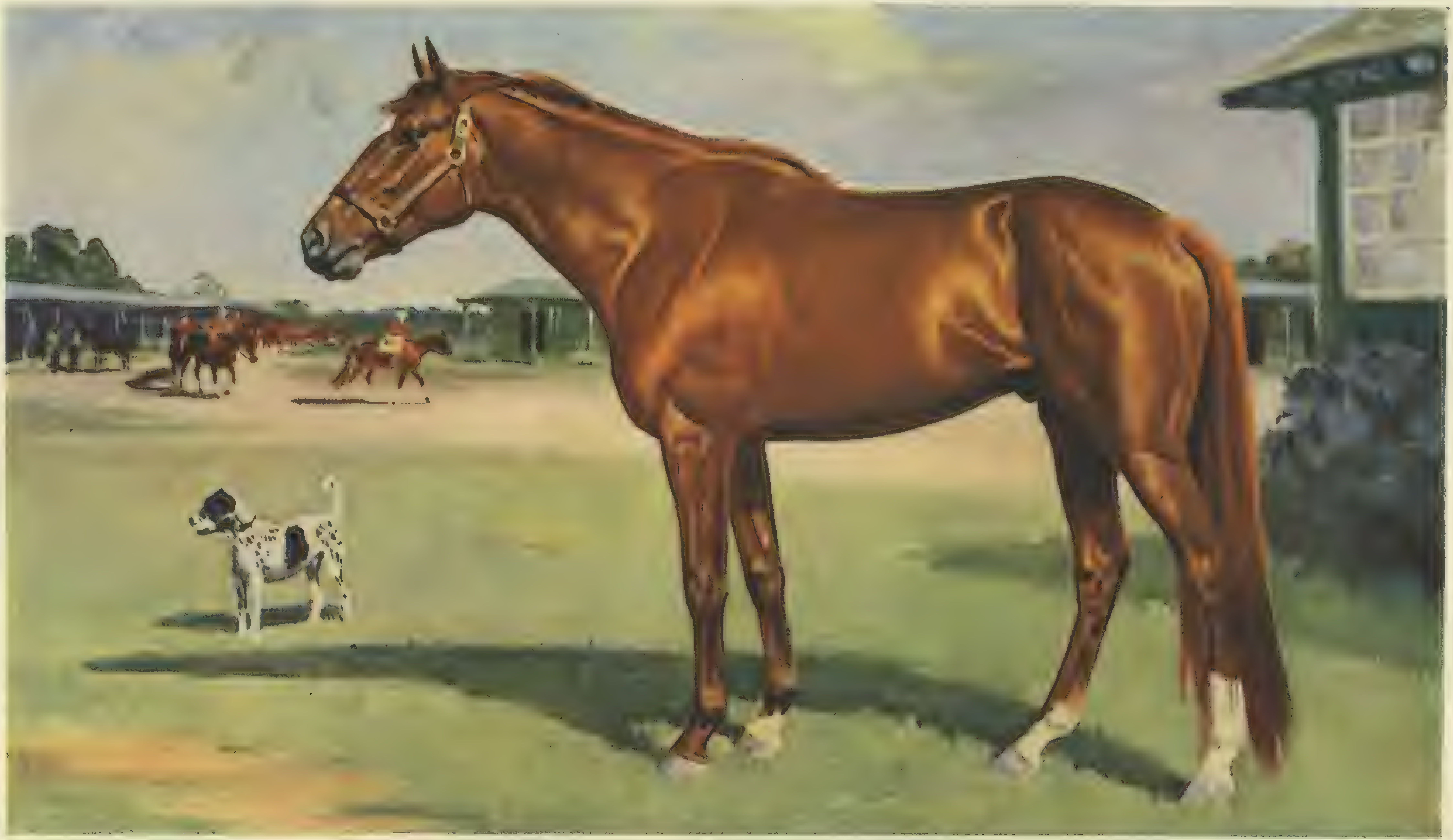
With gray, Golden Cords in gray or green are suggested. Arrow Shorts have the comfortable Seamless Crotch . . . Sanforized-Shrunk—like the shirts: less than 1% fabric shrinkage! 65¢

For a wiltless white: Try Arrow Dale. Its collar, though starchless, laughs at wilts and wrinkles. In superfine broadcloth. $2.50

ARROW

SANFORIZED SHRUNK

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.



Whirlaway

The fifth horse in history to win the big three—Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes. Small, red finely drawn, he broke the Derby record by two-fifths of a second. His distinctive mark is the Titian tail that fairly brushes the ground as he walks. He is by Blenheim II out of Dustwhirl. As a two-year-old he won top money of $77,275.

As a three-year-old he had won $158,836 through the Belmont, and looked like an odds-on favorite to beat Seabiscuit's all-time high money record. His trainer, Ben Jones, is the man who changed him from the most nervous of two-year-olds into the most docile of three-year-olds. Whirlaway is owned by Warren Wright of Calumet Farm, Kentucky.

NO. 6 IN A SERIES OF AMERICAN HORSES PORTRAYED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

Esquire on the Record

Indian Music of the Southwest is a collection of ceremonial dances and sacred chants with mythical meaning

by CARLETON SMITH

RECORDS

THE nation's first penthouse dwellers did not live in New York, but in the great Southwest. Migrating from their home in Northern Asia, they crossed the Bering Strait, probably on ice, and travelled down the rivers and valleys towards Central and South America. Wave after wave of them came through countless centuries, reaching for the middle of the world, and some of them settled in caves and cists along the Rio Grande, building pre-historic apartment houses in what is now Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado.

They sang then, as they do today, the identical cries of their blood-brothers who crossed Asia to Lapland. They preserved their cultures, and in widely separate parts of the globe . . . in the Inca country behind Cuzco in the Andes, in the high valleys between Kasbek and Elbrus in the Caucasus, on the north slopes of the Himalayas, in the mesas of the Hopis, you can hear today similar chants and rhythms.

They have no interest in tenors or basses, in soprano or alto clefs, or the barbaric artificialities of a concert hall. They do not make music for music's sake: to hear pretty sounds or to display their voices. Music to them is more important. It is a form of worship, as is dancing. Both possess magic, strange powers, much more potent than reading and writing. Many ceremonies require no words.

Indians have little need for song-pluggers. Chants pass from medicine man to medicine man to medicine man, and thus survive for thousands of years. They originated in a period of human culture when religious ritual and drama, opera and symphony were not separate things.

To us, it is an ancient world, full of symbols and meaning for which we have no key. It is a world apart, centered in the kiva. The Indian still believes in the power of prayer, has hope in the gods of his ancients, those potent beings who bring him water and corn and essential things: happiness in his life, and a deep spiritual contentment few of us know.

The Indian sometimes comes out of his world to look at ours. He can understand our language and not only has he a tolerance for our beliefs but can, when it is necessary, adapt them to his own need. For him, all forms of worship are good. He respects the religion of other Indians, and he can accept the faith of the white man while continuing his own. As a result of the introduction of Christianity, he may use the prayer-meal in his own home, holy water in his church, prayer sticks before old shrines, and the age-old serpent symbol on holy water vessels.

But when the Indian returns to his world, we cannot follow. He lives close to the earth. He does not need songs for useless things. His religion is of the earth and the things of the earth. She is his mother, as the sky is his father. Her ways are close to him, even when he is hurt. He understands the earth, dances his prayers into the earth, sings his songs into the sky. He prays for real things: for sun and rain and corn. For growth. For life.

His wants are simpler, his values more real than ours. Centuries ago he tested and tried the social systems over which we now fight. Democracy, communistic dictatorship, autocracy flourished in America before the advent of the white man. The Aztec, the Maya, the Inca civilizations, and that of our Southwest pueblos put into practice all the philosophies of government we know today. In the valley of Mexico there existed typically capitalistic civilizations—under the Aztecs, an autocracy; in the Mayan area, an oligarchy. In the Andes, the Incas maintained for several centuries one of the very few successful attempts at a communistic dictatorship. They found, however, as Soviet Russia learned in the past twenty years, that communal activity was possible only so long as there was an absolute dictator in control. The masses as a group never seem to know what is best for them.

Inca life reveals the smooth functioning of many schemes that have been suggested as modifications of our own social system. Certainly, a thorough study of their government would help our statesmen and economists to avoid pitfalls that lie before those who plan for their neighbors' welfare. It is evident that the pure Communism of the Incas left really very little to be desired by the great masses, but it is also evident that it left them with little or no initiative. For generations, all decisions had been made by the rulers, hence, the mass of the population had no ideas of its own and was easily enslaved by a small group of invaders.

Our early Southwest Indians were completely democratic. Everybody lived in the same sort of house, ate the same sort of food; everybody worked, and all honors and distinctions were won by merit. As there was no personal accumulation of wealth, there was no inheritance of dignity or position. When the Spaniards came, they found the Indians governed by their old men in council with the religious leader as the final arbiter. He was the only man exempted from labor, and that was because all his time was given to prayer and meditation for the benefit of all. That is still true today.

When a home had to be built, all the neighbors came to help. The wives did the heavy work, as it was they who owned the sheep and the house and could "divorce" a shiftless man merely by leaving his moccasins or his saddle outside the door. The man hunted, made silver objects, presided over all healing and religious ceremonies. Although

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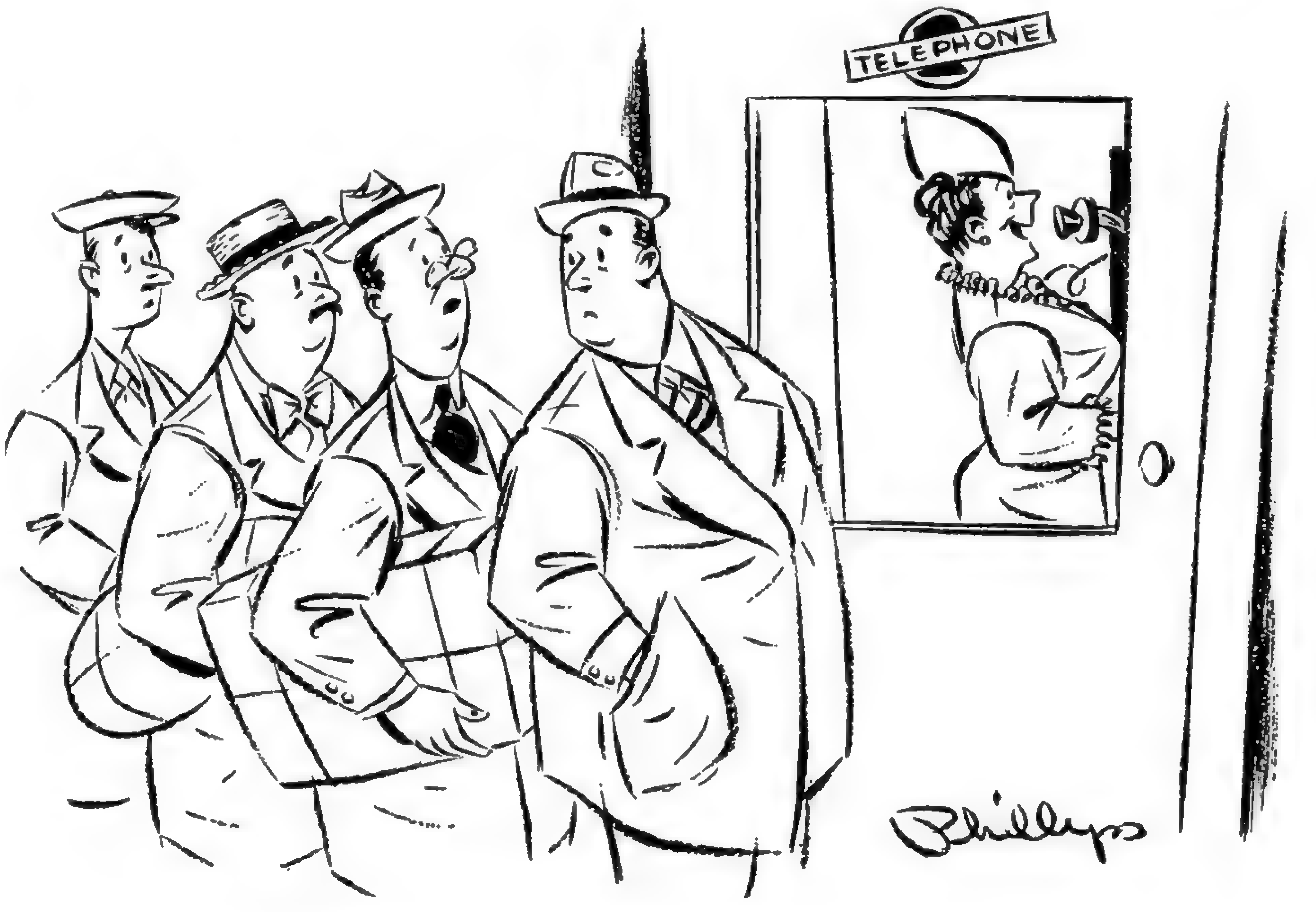
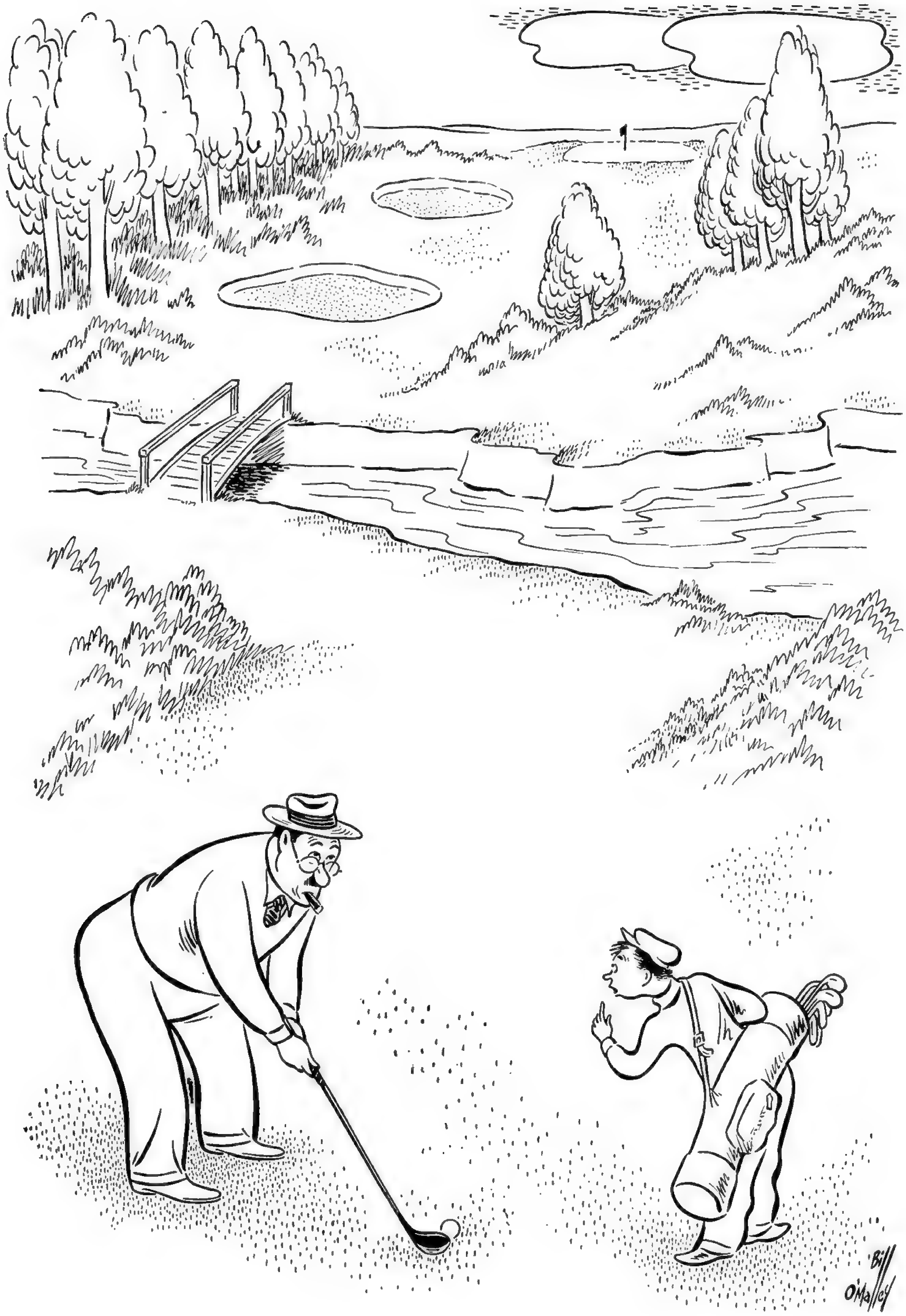


"Of course you realize she can't go on indefinitely—she'll have to come out for food"


Bill O'Malley

"Shall I take the pin out, sir?"

Premium Quality Without Premium Price
PREFERRED IN THE BEST CIRCLES
8 years old
WHITE HORSE
CELLAR
De Luxe SCOTCH
The BLENDED
Scotch Whisky
WHITE HORSE
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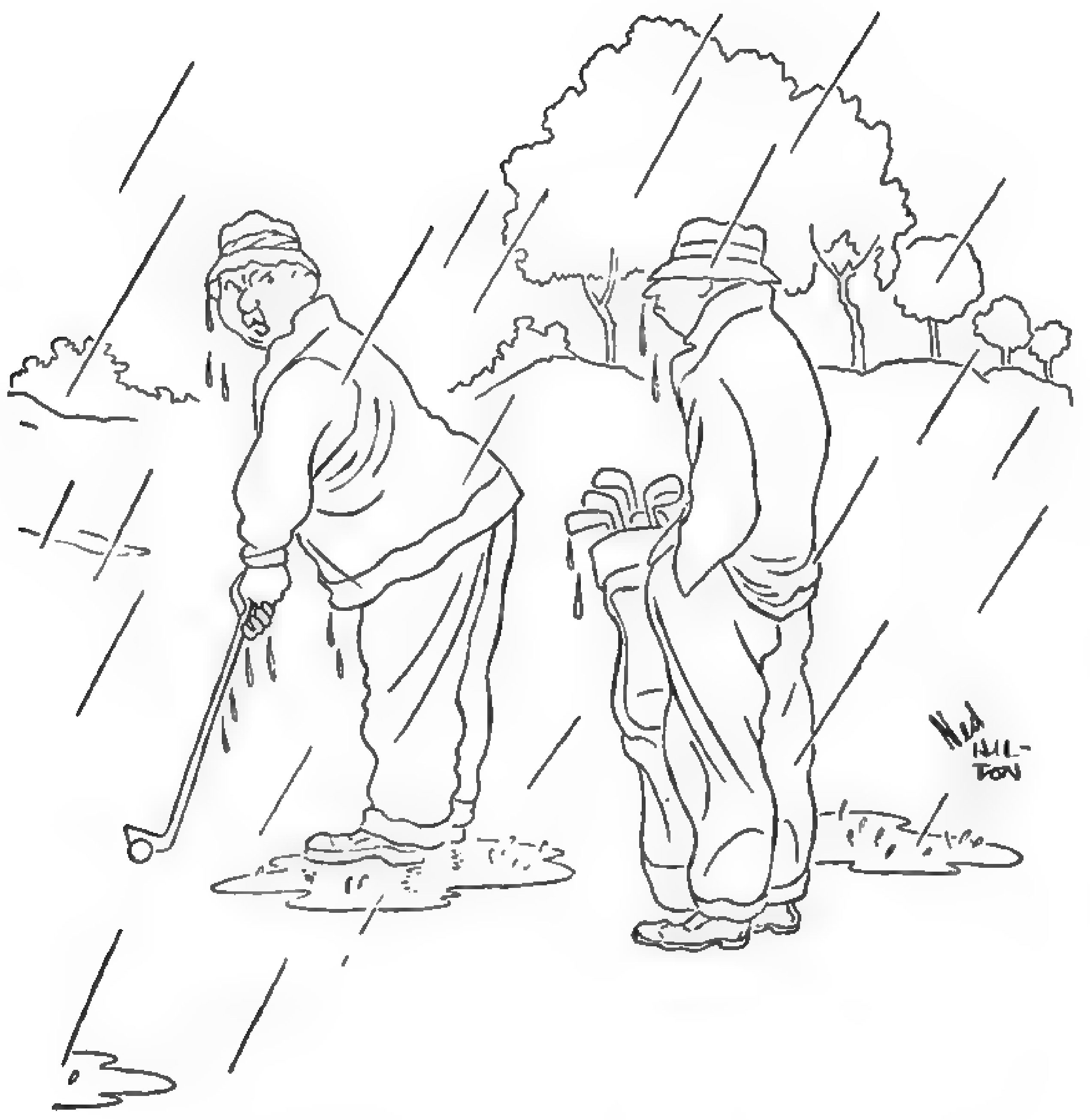
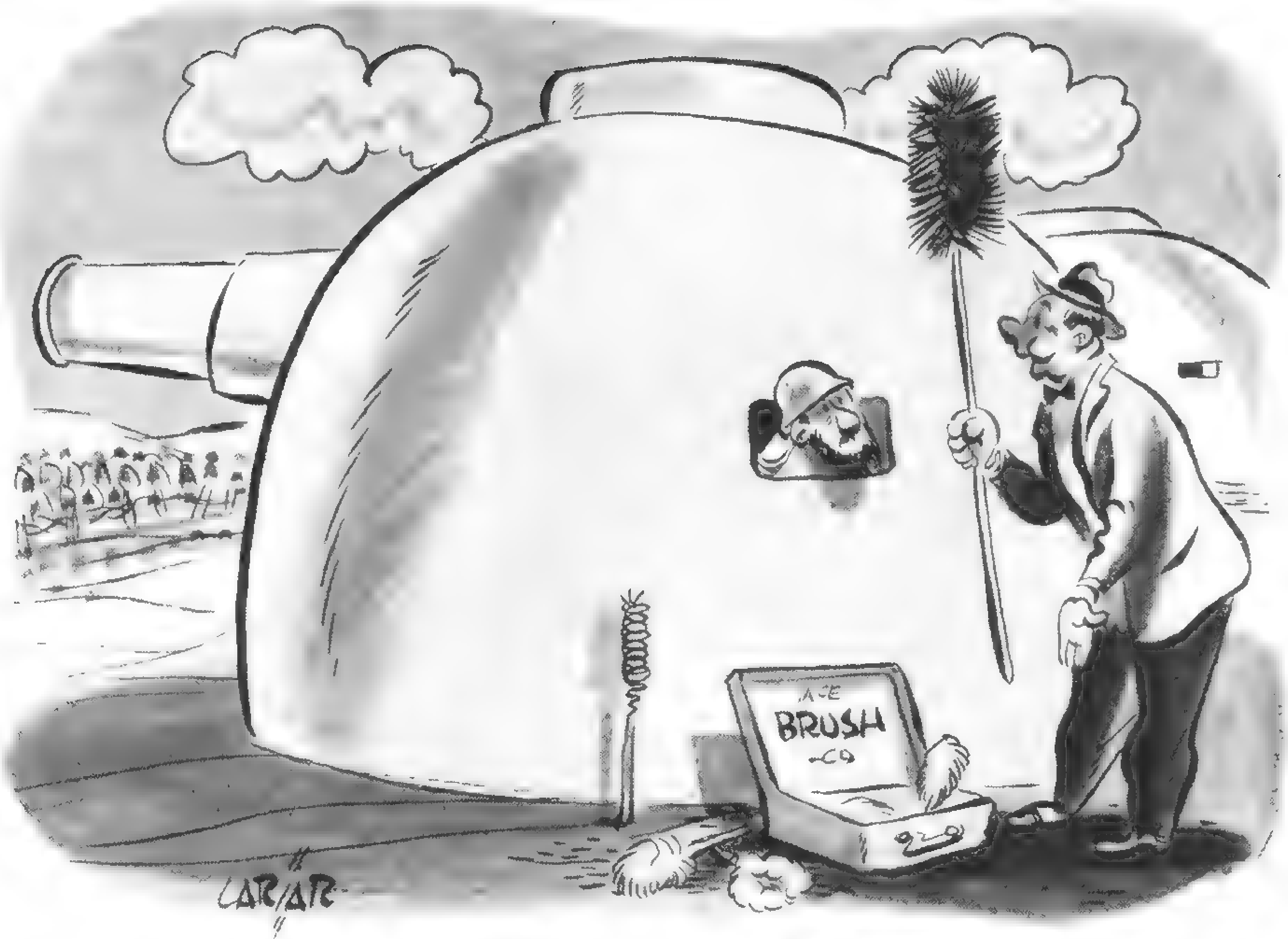
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK



"If I had my life to live over again I'd never learn golf"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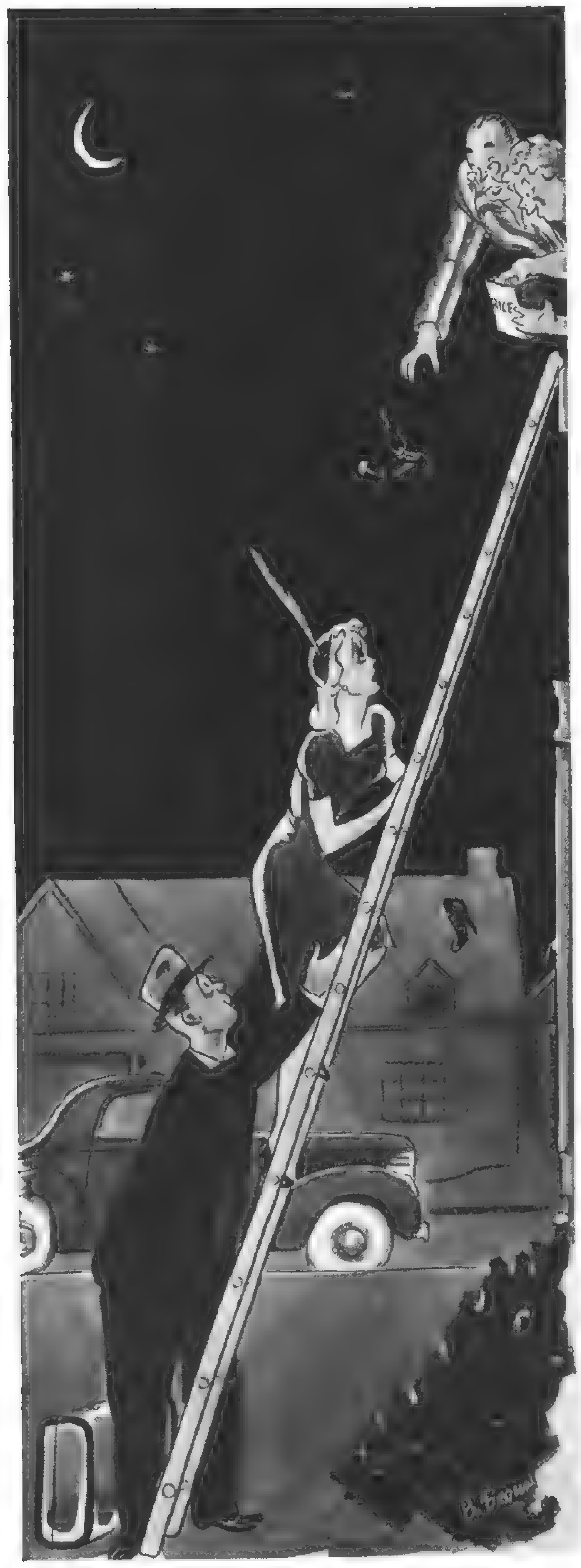
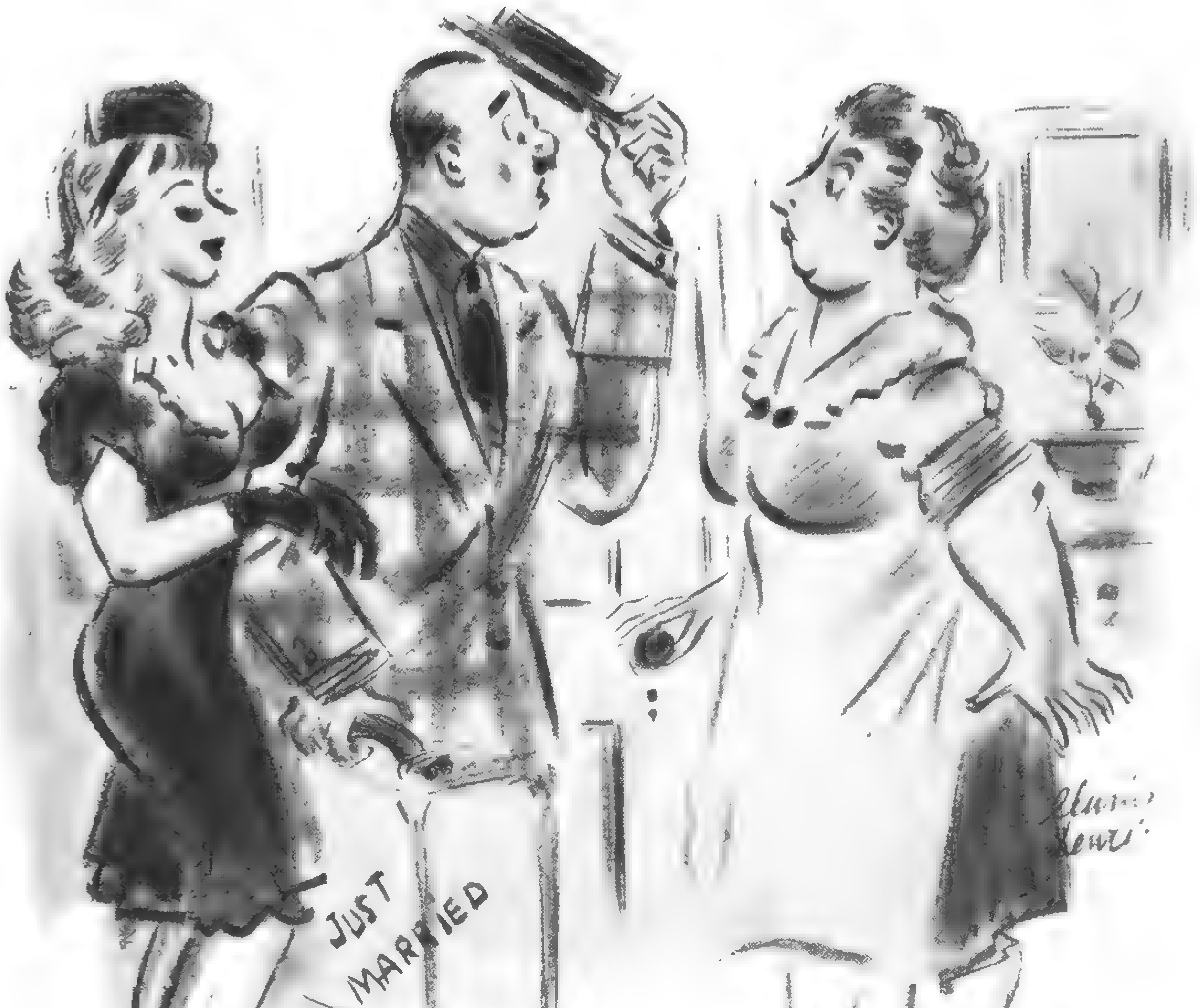
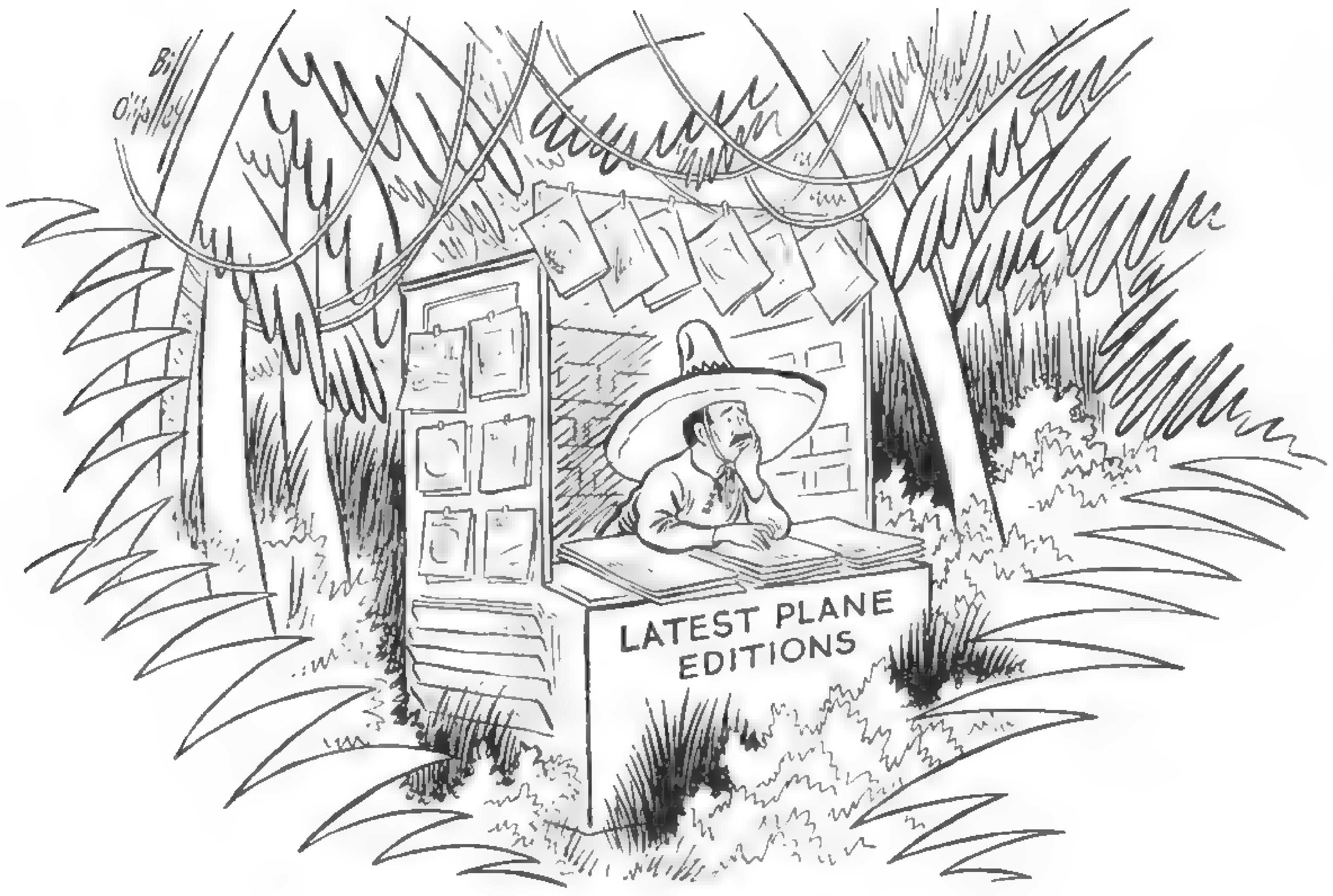
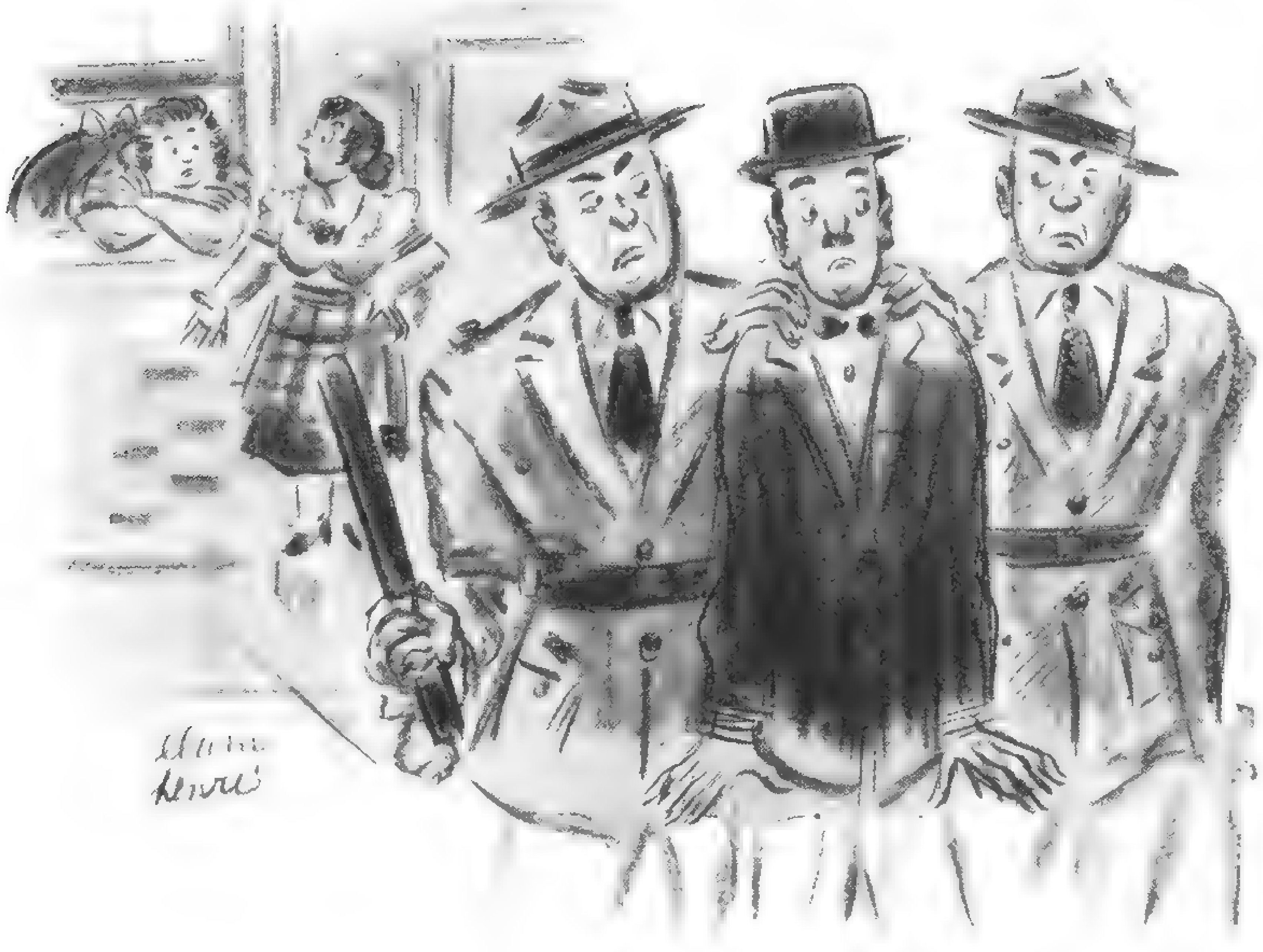


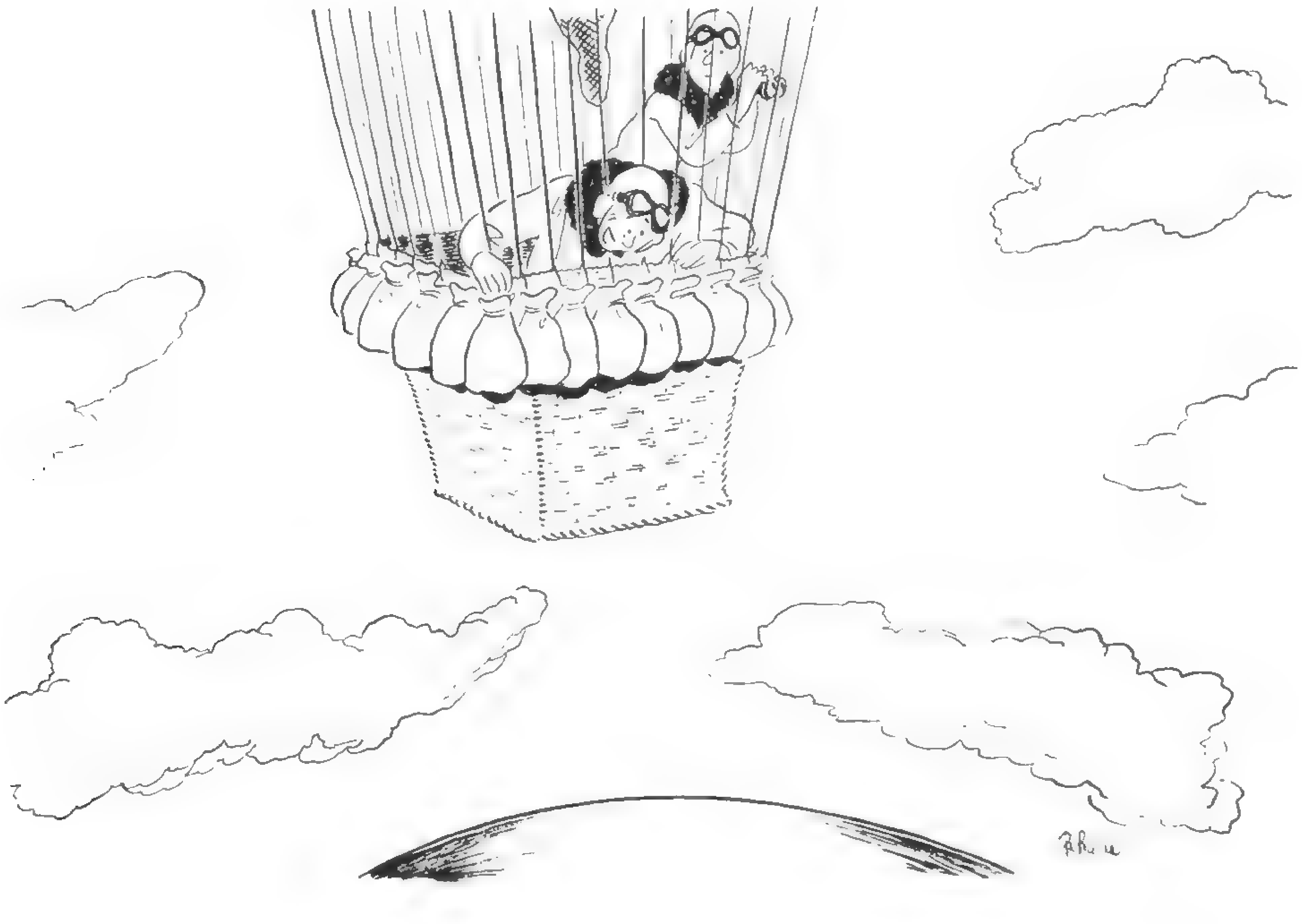

JUST MARRIED

"Hello, dear, would you mind fixing up the guest room —I became a bigamist while I was away on vacation"

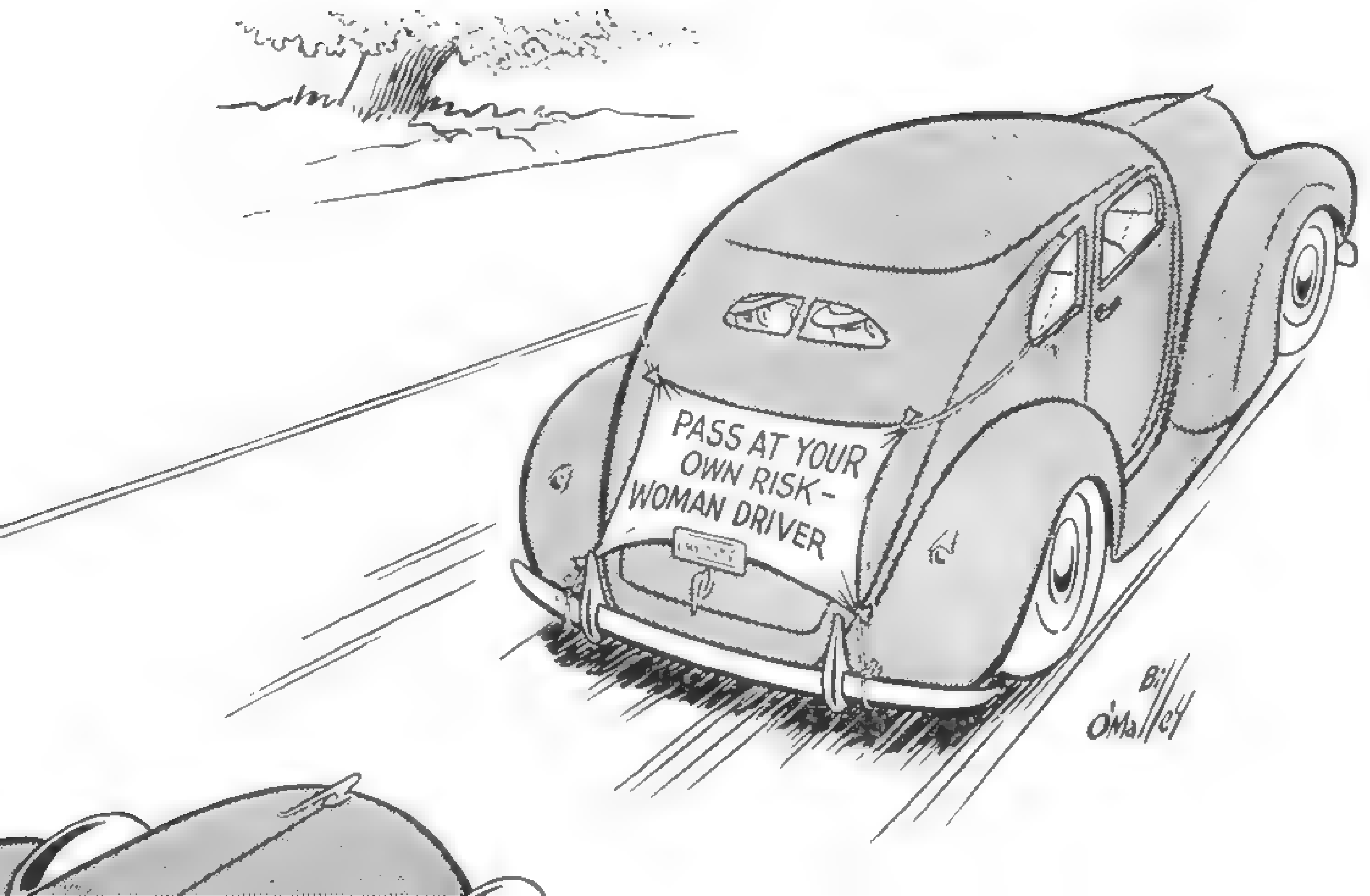

LATEST PLANE EDITIONS

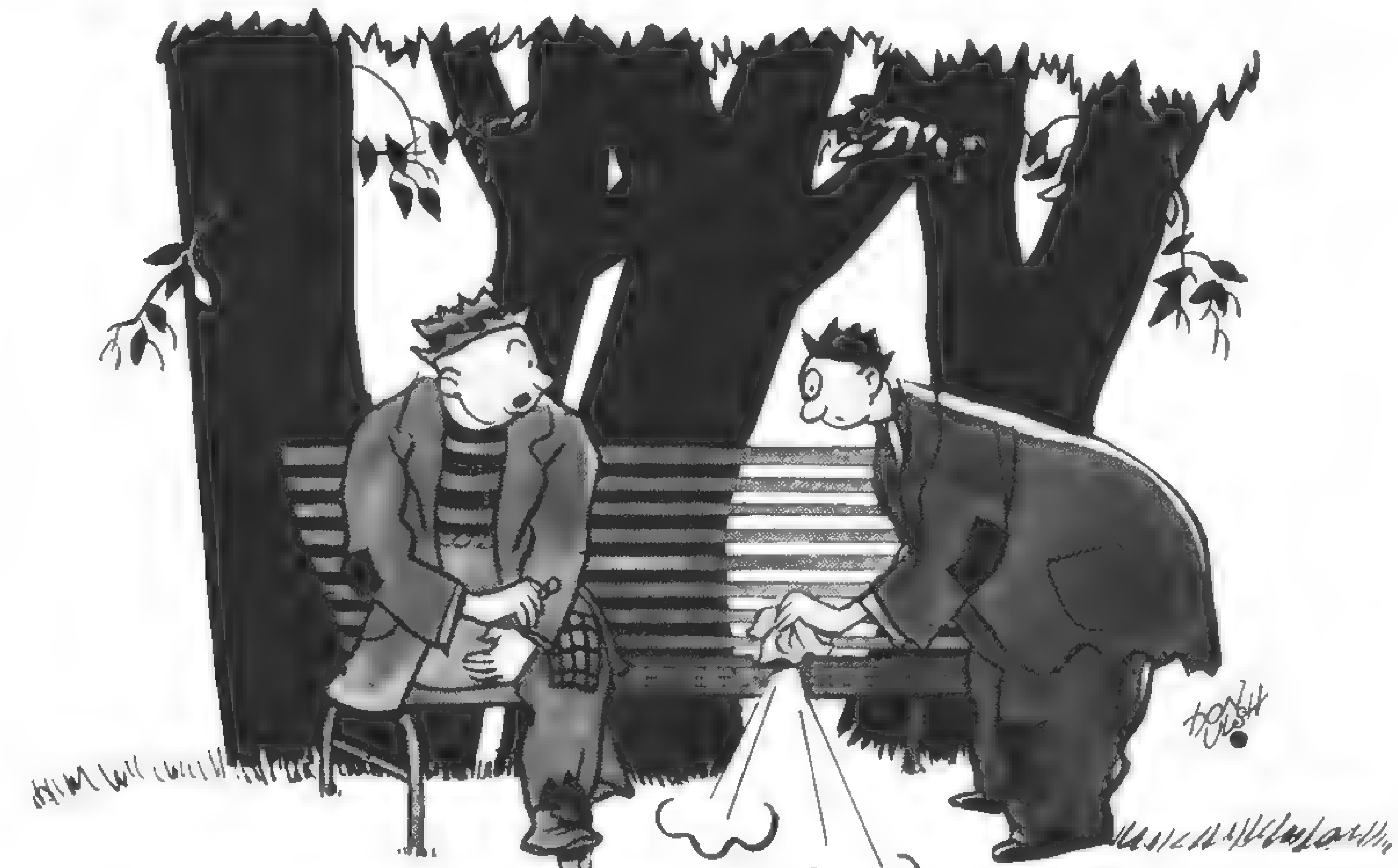


"*Charles had decided not to join the army, but President Roosevelt decided differently*"



"*Gosh! Columbus was right! It is round!*"


PASS AT YOUR OWN RISK—WOMAN DRIVER



The Indian Ocean Sits and Smiles

Continued from page 29

the inscrutable ways of the white men, who took him out of the dark, low, airless shop of the leatherworker in the bazaar, in which he worked sixteen hours a day for little reward, and set him in a boat rocking on the wide blue ocean, with a wooden tiller between his toes, while they smoked, and used strange oaths, and baited fresh hooks for kokari as the greedy fish darted among the scampering shoals of sardines.

* * *

Yet there were times, amid his swelling pride in the achievement which had made of him a protector of the gods and a hero to his fellow-men, when he wondered a little uneasily if he was entirely justified in his pride. He could not always remember very clearly the things which had happened that night at the bathing-ghat. His memory of them was overcharged, many-colored, confused with the memory of the narratives of the witnesses at the trial. He could not turn to any of the prisoners who shared his captivity for help. The four rowers who sat beneath him in the boat came from another province. They did not even speak his own dialect. They were Madrassis, squat, swarthy, with long, incomprehensible names and unfamiliar manners, whereas he came from Central India and his body was lean and brown.

No, there was nobody to help him recall the truth of that fateful night. He was not even known to his fellow-prisoners. He who had been the hero of a great trial, whose case had been disputed in the vernacular press of a great province, whose fate was now being decided in the highest court of the King-Emperor across the seas, was to his own astonishment as little regarded on this island as the commonest thief, cut-throat, dacoit or thug. He had no name, merely a number. He wore it stitched to the back of the dhoti which covered his loins. It was a number, preceded by a letter: L 73. He did not know what it signified.

* * *

One of the sahibs yelled suddenly in great excitement. A heavy fish, bigger than any kokari, had given a violent tug at the line, and the reel was spinning madly.

"Las jamna, tan' dawa!" cried the young doctor sahib to the rowers, and they plunged the oars into the water and pulled hard, their muscles rippling up and down their silk-smooth backs.

At the same time, Ram Chunder Lal, using hand as well as foot now, swung the tiller hard over. The boat leapt through the water after the plunging fish, but not fast enough to ease the strain on the line. Just as it seemed as if it must part, the tension relaxed, and the sahib holding the rod grunted with satisfaction. Then relief turned suddenly to dismay.

The great fish, a barracuda, sprang out of the water, with several feet of gut hanging from his jaws. Upright, as if standing on his tail, he scudded along the water ahead of the boat for half a dozen yards, in a white scurry of sun-sparkling foam. Then he fell back into the water again.

The sahib wound in his reel. Hook and bait had gone with the fish, and half the gut with it, sawn in two by the sharp teeth of the barracuda.

Again the boat rocked gently on the dark blue mirror of the ocean. The rowers rested on their oars, murmuring among themselves in their soft, liquid voices. The lines were re-baited and were cast into the sea. The sahibs filled their pipes, and drank beer from the bottles in the yellow-painted icebox, lined with lead, hidden from the sun by layers of coconut matting. And squatting again with his toes round the tiller, Ram Chunder Lal relived the night by the bathing-ghat on the banks of the brown river in Central India, nearly two years ago.

One of the high spots of Esquire's famous December number, now in preparation, will be the biggest single feature ever bound into the pages of a magazine!

* * *

He had left the bazaar at nightfall, drawn toward the river's edge by the strange, communicable thrill of excitement which runs through an Indian bazaar at the approach of a challenge, of a danger, or merely of the unknown. The merchants were already closing their shops. Many of the naphtha flares which lit the place with a smoky, yellow brilliance had been extinguished. The merchandise had been hastily packed in bales and withdrawn from sight. Where a few minutes earlier there had been a thronged street with a double row of shops and booths, crowded with swift-moving, restless, white-robed figures, naked children, prowling bulls and goats, a street clamorous with the beating of hammers on bronze and copper, the thudding of wooden mallets, the cries and prayers of beggars, the screaming of old women, the jests of young men, the monotonous chants of fakirs and sadhus, where there had been light and noise and gaiety and movement, there was suddenly nothing but a grey dusty space with extinguished lamps and white figures padding homewards in the dusk.

And then, by the river, in the direction of the bathing-ghat, near the stone steps from the temple which descended into the brown water where the gods gave benediction and prosperity to those who drank of the water and poured it over their heads and eyes, and into their mouths and nostrils, and over their breasts and belly and navel, Ram Chunder had seen a crowd approaching.

The crowd was coming, screaming and laughing, in the direction of the bathing-ghat. It carried torches of palm fiber which burned smokily in the sudden-falling tropical darkness, dropping little knots of oily flame into the dust. There were several hundred men in the crowd, and as they advanced they chanted and called upon the names of Allah.

And then Ram Chunder saw what they bore over their heads. It was a small boat of wood, a toy boat for a child, and in the boat was a paper shrine of Mahomet. Around the shrine little oil lamps had been placed, and the paper gleamed red and blue and green in the color of the glass lamps. The boat was carried on the shoulders of four young men, and before them marched, stumbling with excitement, swaying with his eyes closed as if in a trance of joy, a big man with a long square beard dyed red with henna.

The procession reached the steps of the bathing-ghat and halted. The chanting of voices grew louder. The torches came together and were held high up so that the steps were clearly illuminated, and the shadows of the men in the crowd were thrown waveringly on the river. No sound came from the little temple at the top of the steps. It seemed deserted by its gods, and Ram Chunder, who had drawn near to the steps, and stood trembling with the other youths from the bazaar, told himself the gods had taken flight, that they would never forgive this outrage.

And then, to his surprise, he found his piety overcome by his sense of curiosity. The young men carrying the boat had carried it to the water's edge. He saw it placed carefully in the water. Then the torches carried by the crowd were beaten out in a shower of sparks and in the sudden darkness, as his heart beat quickly, he found himself looking with wonder at the white shrine, illuminated now solely by its own lamps, as it floated slowly out into the current, and gaining speed, was carried gracefully and beautifully down the river.

But as he watched the frail effigy, he was aware of a sudden jostling and shouting. More men had come from the bazaar, and the crowd which had carried the shrine of Mahomet was being challenged by the devotees of the temple god. Ram Chunder saw a young Moslem near him draw a knife. Others carried long staves with which they belabored the newcomers. Ram Chunder struck out with fist and foot at those nearest to him. He was not afraid any more, and he screamed exultantly the names of his gods as he fought with the men of Islam.

Then he felt his turban torn off, and received a blow from knife or stick which numbed his left arm. There was a short, sharp tussle of oiled limbs and hot, swaying bodies. He was thrown violently against the wall of the temple, and almost fainting with pain and excitement, took no part in the rest of the battle.

Then he heard police whistles, and the short, quick step of men coming at a quick trot towards the ghat. He saw a group of white-clothed figures which had been squirming and cursing on the steps of the temple raise themselves on foot and elbow, wriggle to their feet, and disappear behind the temple. One of their number was left behind, and lay, groaning, near the water's edge. Ram Chunder, who thought he recognized the man for one of his wife's people, left the shadow of the temple and turned the man's face upwards. As he did so, the man died, calling on Allah, and the police found none other to charge but Ram Chunder Lal.

* * *

The magistrate who tried Ram Chunder Lal for murder admitted that the case presented difficulties. The accused had been found alone on the scene, kneeling over a dying man who was not one of his co-religionaries and therefore was presumably a member of a hostile community. Ram Chunder admitted to having struck blows at the Moslems carrying the shrine, but he did not admit that the dead man was among them. In the darkness in which this murder was perpetrated, it clearly would have been impossible for the accused to know whether he had struck the dead man or not.

But the man had died of a number of wounds, some of them knife wounds, some blows struck with sticks and stones and metal gourds. None of the wounds, alone, would have proved fatal, according to the medical evidence. Could it then be argued with legal authority that Ram Chunder Lal, if he had struck but one of the blows which fell upon the dead man, had been responsible for his death? That Ram Chunder Lal, as one of a band of Hindu youths all of whom except the prisoner had escaped in the darkness, was equally with his accomplices guilty individually and collectively of the murder of the dead Moslem?

The magistrate held that the charge of murder had been substantiated, and referred the case to a high court. The judges of the higher court disagreed, and the case had to be retried. Ram Chunder was found guilty, but leave to appeal was given, and the case was heard in the highest tribunal in India, the federal court. Again he was found guilty, and again his counsel, fortified by the steady stream of rupees and annas and pice from millions of obscure villagers sweating in the red dust of the Indian plains, appealed to yet higher authority. Thus, his case had come to trial in the highest court in the British dominions, the Privy Council of the King's Majesty.

Thousands of miles across the ocean, a lean, be-wigged King's Counsel pleaded eloquently for the life of Ram Chunder Lal, whom he had never seen. There had been no intention to kill, he argued. The blow had been struck in self-defense. At most a verdict of manslaughter was justified.

But the presiding judge did not take that view. He was an old man with a tight, inflexible mouth, and a reputation for never reversing the judgments pronounced in lower courts. He upheld the sentence on Ram Chunder Lal on the ground that murderous intention had been fully proved, and that in law one blow which indirectly led to death was as guilty as any or all of the other blows. One of the other judges concurred. The appeal was accordingly rejected, and the court adjourned for luncheon. It was a warm day in May, and the three judges of the King's Privy Council were glad to put off their wigs and robes.

Counsel for the Crown, drinking pink gins later in the day with the defender of Ram Chunder Lal, proffered his sympathy. "Your man ought to have got off," he said. "We had no real case against him. Only old dunderhead has never prevented any man from being hanged yet, and never will."

* * *

Dawn is late in the tropics. One moment it is night, then, almost imperceptibly and with the faintest interval of twilight, it is full day, and the sun blazes out of the sky with scarcely less than noontide heat and brilliance.

The sun had already risen over the mangrove creeks of Port Blair when the sahibs pushed off in their fishing boat and made for the feeding grounds of the barracuda. Warned by their first experience of this he-devil's sawlike teeth, they no longer used catgut on their hooks, but double and treble lengths of thin brass wire, which did not corrode in the sea water and proved strong enough to resist even the teeth of the barracuda.

The sea was smooth, but it had lost its deep blue color. It had, thought the prison doctor, the smoothness of oil, of oiled steel, and also the color of steel. There was also an almost imperceptible swell when they reached the fishing grounds, and the doctor looked anxiously at the sky. But the sky was cloudless, and the awning above their heads hung slackly. There was no wind.

He heard his companion say "Hullo, we've got a new steersman."

The doctor was engaged in the delicate task of flicking a hook just under the silvery skin of a sardine, and did not look up.

"Yes," he grunted. He was a young man and had not long been on the station.

"I rather liked that other chap we had. What made you change him?"

"He was hanged this morning," said the doctor, trying to keep his voice drily professional.

"Poor old L 73. What for, murder?"

The doctor nodded and made a cast. It was tricky work, casting with the awning overhead. You could not stand upright in the boat.

"You can never tell, with these chaps," said the other man.

The doctor, his rod secured, filled and lit a pipe. He was a short, stout young man with a head already growing bald.

When his pipe was drawing well, he said: "It rather went against the grain, I must say."

"What's that?" said the other man, struggling with a sardine which had escaped from the chatti of water, and was jumping on the floor of the boat.

"You know, seeing the fellow hanged and all that. After he had been out fishing with us."

"Yes, you do look a bit off your usual color this morning."

"He was a good steersman, too," said the doctor thoughtfully.

"Oh, anybody can hold a boat in this sea."

The fish were coming in well. A shoal of sardines made a flurry in the grey, oily water, and the big fish jumped among them madly. Sometimes a kokari would leap a foot out of the water in its excitement. Every time one of the white men landed a kokari or a surimai, they flicked another live bait on the hook, dipped an arm into the narrow-necked chatti and threw a handful of squirming sardines into the water where the big fish were biting. Then they cast their lines in the same place.

When a really big fish was struck, the lines sang in the reel, and the reel spun round madly.

"*Las jamna, tan dawa*:" the sahibs shouted, and the rowers fell upon the oars and the boat raced through the water.

Then would come the long spells of idle rocking on the mirror-like surface of the sea, during which the two white men drank beer and smoked, and the oarsmen talked together in low voices, laughing and jesting in apparently complete and unaffected indifference to the presence of the sahibs.

It was in such a spell, when the lines had been hanging idly from the rods, and the awning hung flat in the absence of any breeze, that the new steersman uttered a sudden cry of warning. He was a dull and taciturn young man, and since they had left the shore he had held the tiller sullenly, as if aware of the sahibs' preference for the late L 73.

But now he leaned forward urgently from his place on the stern ledge, high up under the awning, and pointed out to sea. Looking after his brown forefinger, the doctor saw a frantic scurrying of fish on the water, some of them breaking surface, and behind them an ominous triangular fin.

"Look!" he said to the other man. "A shark. And he's chasing a school of kokari."

The big fish were making straight for the boat, with the shark cutting the water behind them. Suddenly the lines grew taut, and the reels began to spin.

The doctor shouted to the rowers, and they plunged their oars in the water and pulled vigorously. He ordered the helmsman to swing the tiller over, but either the new convict was too slow, or did not comprehend the order, for at that moment it seemed to the doctor as if the sky had suddenly become overcast. A puff of wind, violent and charged with heat, struck the awning and made it crack sharply like a pistol-shot, and the next moment the boat had capsized, and the white men and the natives were struggling in the warm, oily water, amid a shoal of frantic fish, big and little.

The doctor heard a grinding noise, and knew that the shark had scraped the sides of the overturned boat. A floating oar struck his shoulder, and automatically he clutched it. But he could swim, and in this buoyant water there was little danger of drowning. He saw two heads bobbing in the water near the edge of the overturned boat. Two of the little dark Madrassi oarsmen had scrambled up the boat's sides and were sitting on the keel, with their round, dark, oiled heads turned in the direction of something unseen.

He shouted to them to pull the other sahib on to the keel, and himself climbed up. To his surprise, the boat did not slip from under him. The submerged awning, weighted with water, acted as a reel keel and kept the overturned boat steady. When he had regained his breath and could look around him he said sharply:

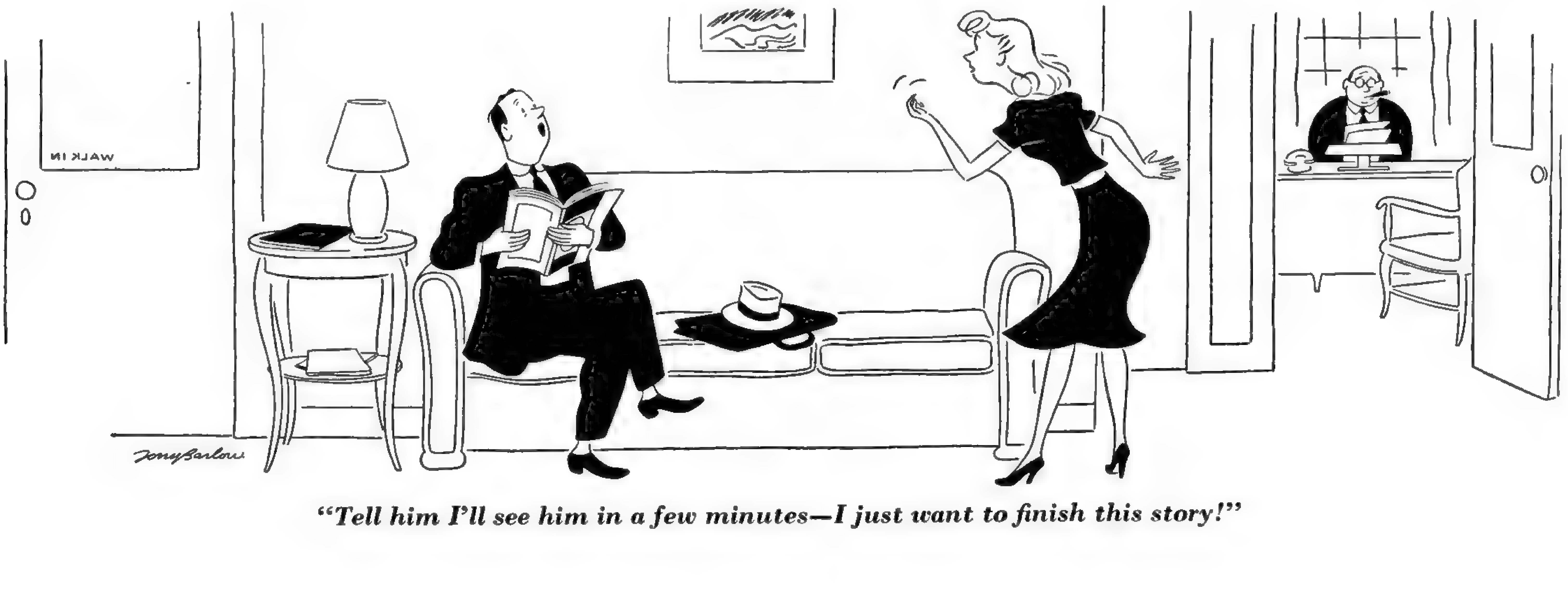
"Where's the other sahib?"

One of the rowers pointed over the side of the boat. A hundred yards away he saw the triangular fin of the shark, still following the shoal of kokari.

The dark heads on the boat were prostrated now towards the shark, and a shrill chorus of voices arose:

"Shiva! Shiva! The Destroyer."

There was no other sound, except the slow lap, lapping of the water against the sides of the boat. Around them the ocean spread, vast and smiling, under a cloudless sky, an ocean waveless like a forest, soundless except for the low murmur of a voice never still, a voice mocking and derisive, without rancor or pity, the voice of the gods of the sea, the jungle and river. #



"Tell him I'll see him in a few minutes—I just want to finish this story!"

La Cava: Complex Realist

He can see screen material in all stratas, but a romantic at heart, he insists his characters be happy

by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Behind the house in Beverly Hills which is the house of Gregory La Cava there is a nice lawn. It has trees which shelter it from whatever neighbors may be inquisitive about the home life of a moving picture director. On good days La Cava likes to sit out on this lawn and watch the birds. He feeds them every day. "Watching those birds," he says, "is a lesson." The forehead on his long face lifts up but the eyes still droop. "The birds of the woodland," he says. "Busy, happy, little creatures. Not a trouble in the world. Especially birds who live in Hollywood. They don't have to fly south for the winter. Can you think of any creatures any happier than the birds?"

No, you can't think of any.

"Well, I watch them pretty closely," he says. "Today I saw one of them come hopping in here on one foot. The other foot must have been torn off in a fight. Some of them have their feathers torn off and some have had their eyes picked out. They fight like hell over the crumbs I throw. Who said man was the only evil animal?"

La Cava then starts to talk about life. His talk is soft and profane, and it is often about the animal kingdom. He is mainly interested in an omniverous biped called Man.

La Cava is one of the several Hollywood directors who think that the province of the motion picture is a thing called Life Itself. "Real Life," he says, "is the thing that interests me." The eyes are still sleepy but the mouth is grim. La Cava likes to sit in the barroom in the basement of his home and discuss Life Itself over the gin and bitters. He looks like a man who came to California for his health. His face is as brown as bark but he is lean and he moves carefully, like a person avoiding the cracks in the sidewalk. He rarely smiles. If he were an actor Central Casting would keep him busy in undertaker roles. In his time he has directed several of the funniest films ever made.

La Cava has a passion for the word "real." Real life, real people, real guts. When he gets guts into a film La Cava is as happy as La Cava can be. Measured by ordinary standards of happiness, a La Cava state of bliss is not a particularly rapturous one. La Cava merely leans back and grunts when he is satisfied. He grunted when he made *My Man Godfrey*. He grunted when he made *The Primrose Path*. He grunted twice when he made *Stage Door*. These pictures made him happy, he says, because they dealt with real things. "Take *My Man Godfrey*," he says, "there was a guy on his uppers, a bum. But he knew what was wrong with life. He was real. Take *The Primrose Path*. Tramps and prostitutes and hash house slingers. Real people."

If an artist speaks of "realism" he speaks of the life of the gutter and the flophouse, of anything essentially wrong and tragic. But La Cava, who used to be a cartoonist, is not actually so limited in his definition. He sees things real enough for the cinema in all layers of life. Rich, poor, comic, tragic—all these are real to him and all have been fodder for his camera. *My Man Godfrey*, which was the funniest film of the year and which set off a cuckoo comedy cycle as though it were the first firecracker in a pinwheel, was as vital a problem to La Cava as was *The Primrose Path*, which dealt with prostitutes. What is more, if La Cava happens to be aiming his camera at the gutter, as he did in *The Primrose Path*, he invariably pans up to the sky. His "realism" is that flexible. In many of his pictures, in fact, there comes a turn into make-believe, an explosion from the possible into the improbable, something in the manner of the keystone cops who would be intently pursuing the quarry one moment and the next moment would be hanging from the treetops because their automobile had exploded. In a La Cava picture the transition is never that sudden but there is usually some sort of spontaneous combustion which lifts his characters from the street to the treetops. There was such an explosion in *Stage Door*. Katharine Hepburn played an awkward, arrogant rich girl who knew nothing about acting. She lived in a theatrical boarding house. The boarding house that La Cava made, populated by chorines and frustrated Bernhardts, was the real article. It attained its greatest stroke of realism when one of the girls committed suicide. And then—the explosion, the fairy-tale ending. Because of the one girl's suicide the inept Hepburn girl becomes a great actress overnight. La Cava still claims that was a very "real" stroke.

Like Frank Capra, who visualizes the ordinary guys of the world taking over the reins of finance and government, like René Clair who projects ordinary people into extraordinary situations, Gregory La Cava—the realest realist of the three—will often make a deal with reality. His butler-bum will marry Carole Lombard, as William Powell did in *My Man Godfrey*. His stupid girl will suddenly become a great actress as Hepburn did in *Stage Door*. Even his little tomboy will escape from her prostitute mother and her prostitute grandmother and run off with a handsome hero, as Ginger Rogers did in *The Primrose Path*.

It would be easy to pass off this sort of bargain-making with the facts of life—this proclivity for the happy ending—as one of the necessary evils of making movies in Hollywood. It is an evil that even a "realist" must succumb to. But this doesn't happen to be the answer in La Cava's case. He will not compromise with box office. He proves this periodically by walking out on his studio if all conditions do not suit him. Producers and

SALLKIN'S STABLES

"Remember—the customer is always right!"

Continued on page 176

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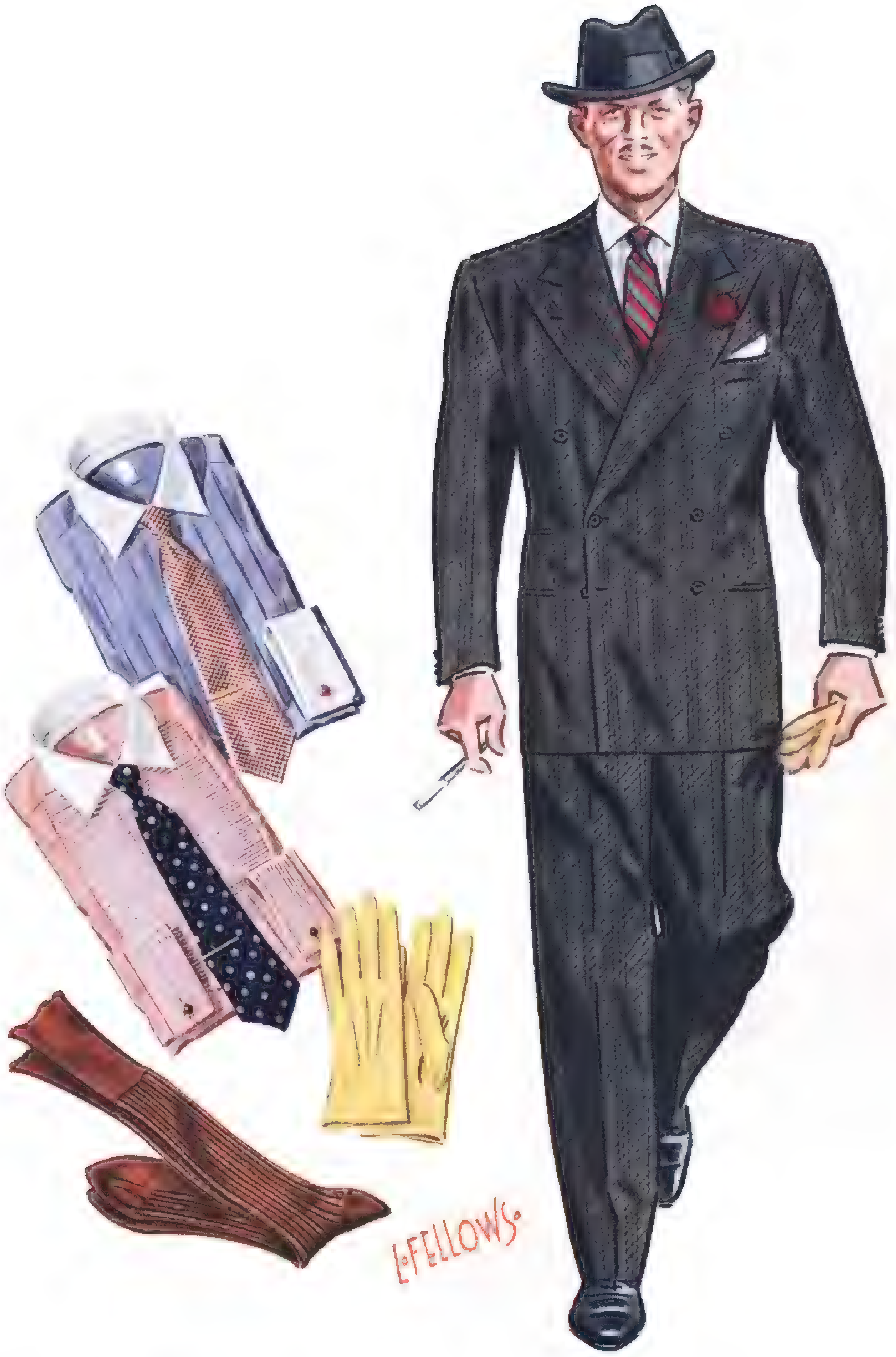

simply elegant

We've been noticing of late that more and more men are adopting town clothes and accessories with a definite dress-up connotation. As a result, dark grey and blue worsted suits are much more numerous. Call it "the return of simple elegance," if you like. The man above dresses along these lines. His tri-striped oxford worsted suit has a double breasted jacket containing a change pocket. The white-on-white satin striped broadcloth shirt, starched widespread collar and striped tie, are most compatible. The black Homburg hat, chamois gloves, and black town last shoes closely follow the same dress standard. Alternate accessories include the blue pleated bosom shirt with white cuffs, maroon stone cuff links, maroon and white shepherd checked tie, gold tie clip, white starched collar. Also shown, garnet and white striped demi-bosom shirt, blue and white figured silk tie, white starched collar, blue stone cuff links, gold tie clip, check striped maroon lisle socks, and chamois slip-on gloves.

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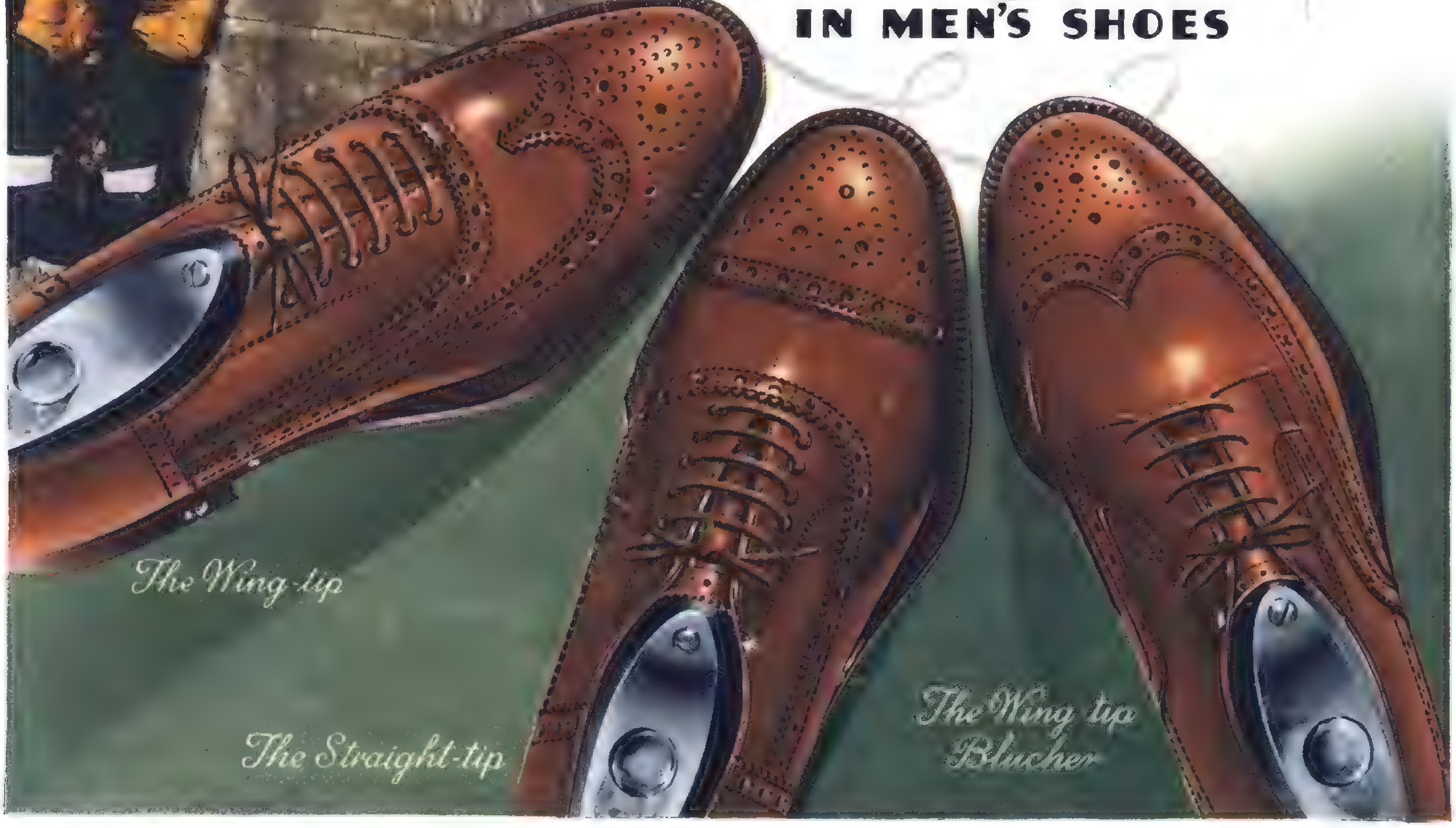

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Some Linesmen Learn Braille

Continued from page 56

would whistle, cat-call and do anything to distract him.

But if Bill was difficult, and often questioned us, he was always fair. After that finals against Lacoste he took my arm as I climbed down from the chair and drew me over to one of the sidelines. Pointing out the place where a ball had struck at set-point, he said, "Awfully hard luck to lose that important point."

Now whenever players start this way, they usually continue and ask me where I get my linesmen. To my surprise Bill added, "The decision was quite correct. That ball just touched the outside of the line!"

Bill's life was tennis, tennis, nothing but tennis, and I've often seen him turn up at the club before noon and pace nervously up and down until his match was called late in the afternoon. He had, however, one quality I like. Of all the players of my acquaintance, he knew the rules best. No one ever caught Tilden in a mistake. This is strange, for although top-class players should know the rules of tennis, the fact is few of them ever do.

The end of the Budge-Perry match was a relief. It was halted twice for rain and dragged along from two until six in the afternoon. In the final set with Budge leading 6-5, the gallery was nearly impossible to control, and both players were exhausted. The court is a pretty tight-lipped place, and men changing sides during games and pausing for a drink of water below my chair seldom say a word. But that evening as dusk approached and the score went to seven and eight games all, Budge broke down. As he passed me in the vital seventeenth, he looked up.

"Ben, I've never been so tired in my life." As a matter of fact both men were all in. When Fred took the last set 10-8, they sat on the steps of my chair for five minutes before they could stumble into the clubhouse. As they left the court, Fred with his arm over Don's shoulder, I heard him say to the redhead:

"Don't worry, Don. You'll beat me the next time." The next time was in the Pacific Southwest Championships in Los Angeles and Budge won in four sets, his first victory over the Britisher. Perry turned professional that winter and they did not meet again until they were both professionals in March, 1938.

We use thirteen linesmen for every championship match, because it's hard to see more than one side of the court. My men usually consider the center service line the easiest, and the baseline the hardest as players often get between the linesman and the ball. We teach our service men to watch the line, not the ball, as this is the only way to judge a cannonball delivery. The most difficult play for the umpire is to determine whether a ball hits the ground twice. On low shots it's hard to tell whether players scoop them up on the first bounce or not.

Prizes are awarded annually to the man in the Tennis Umpires Association having the best record. Several years ago the Germantown Cricket Club also gave prizes to linesmen who helped out in the Davis Cup. That season our first prize, a silver belt buckle and belt, went to Irving C. Wright, president of the Longwood Cricket Club of Boston. He went over to Philadelphia to officiate in the Challenge Round, and a week after I got a letter from him saying:

"Dear Ben: Last week you presented me with a silver belt buckle and belt. Today I got a silver belt buckle and belt from the Germantown Cricket Club. What the hell is the matter with my pants?"

The most important qualities in a tennis umpire are tact, ability to think quickly, know the rules and be able to enforce them while fifteen thousand persons in the stands and two irritated boys on the court stand waiting for your decision. The umpire's job is to control the match. That means controlling the crowd. You yourself must never get rattled, never lose a grip on yourself, and above all never call the score wrongly.

When *you* play golf or tennis you very likely forget the score, but as a rule the champions know where they are every minute. Mrs. Moody is an exception. She was once playing in a tight contest against Betty Nuthall of England. Afterward I congratulated her on her playing well when Miss Nuthall had set-point. She was mystified.

"What set-point?" So tremendous is her concentration that she had played the point like every other point, never once realizing her danger.

Women as a rule are easier to umpire for than men. The girls seldom question decisions. They always play the game. In Mrs. Moody, Miss Jacobs and Alice Marble, the present champion, we have three players with high standards of sportsmanship. Lately we have been using women "linesmen" at Forest Hills on all women's matches, with excellent results.

One of our greatest problems is to get the names of the players correctly. One September at the National Singles Championships at Forest Hills we had French, English, Danish, Austrian, South American, Japanese, Chinese, Dutch, Yugoslavian, German and Polish players entered. The worst tongue-twister is Jadwiga Jedrzejowska. The umpires always spelled her name phonetically at the top of their scorecards—Jedrejuffska. When the tournament was over I suggested to her:

"We all enjoyed your play very much and hope you'll come back

Continued on page 108

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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Some Linesmen Learn Braille

Continued from pages 56-107

next year, but for the sake of the umpires please marry a man named Smith."

Sometimes players, usually men, throw points when they think they've received a decision they do not deserve. This adds confusion to a tense match and incites the gallery to approval. If there is a disputed decision we always check, and once convinced the linesman made a mistake, he hears of it.

On the other hand, correct decisions are always supported. This makes me think of one of the finest acts of sportsmanship I ever saw on a tennis court. It happened on Labor Day, 1938, when the United States faced Australia in the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup in Philadelphia. Quist, the Australian, was meeting Budge. The rules of tennis specify that a server shall not take both feet off the ground, nor place a foot over the baseline before serving. But Quist has a habit of hopping slightly when he serves. For this he was rightly penalized by the man on the line, Harold LeBlair.

So flagrant was Quist's violation of the rule, and so constant was LeBlair's call of "fault," that the Australian's game was disrupted, and the match went easily to Budge. After the last shot, Harry Hopman, the Australian captain, who had been sitting throughout beside me at the net, went over to LeBlair and took him by the arm. Drawing him to one side, he said, "In my opinion you were entirely justified in every one of those footfaults you called on Quist this afternoon."

Bill Tilden at his prime, and by this I mean between 1923 and 1925, was the greatest tennis player of all time. His repertoire of strokes was immense, his reach, his physique, his tireless energy and above all his courtcraft made him a super-player. He stands alone.

The fastest player on the court was B. I. C. Norton, commonly known as "Babe." He came from South Africa and represented that nation as a sprinter in the Olympic Games. The Japanese, especially Yamagishi and Nishimura are the most stoical, and Borotra of France the most colorful. Darting about the net with his beret over his forehead he was like a dragon-fly, and just as effective. The speediest service in all my experience was not that of Budge, nor of Tilden either, but of Ellsworth Vines. In fact his final delivery in the straight-set match he won against Henri Cochet in the finals of the American Championships at Forest Hills in 1932, was the fastest shot I've ever seen on a court. The ball, after striking the turf, rose twenty feet into the Stadium. The Frenchman didn't even try for it. In fact he hardly saw it at all.

In my opinion the stroke production of our younger players is far ahead of what it was twenty-five years ago, but their court strategy is infinitely poorer. Nor can they take it the way tournament players did once. Automobiles seem to have robbed young America of its legs. Time and again I see boys of twenty and twenty-one completely exhausted after a couple of hard sets. They complain that their legs are gone. It also seems to me the stars of the present miss altogether too many shots.

The player of 1940 has a wider variety of strokes than the older champions. They can leave their feet and bury the lob as was seldom done until the advent of Maurice McLoughlin. But the modern star, although he has more shots, has less command of what he has. Tilden used to say that to win in top-class tennis a player must make fifty per cent of the hard shots and ninety per cent of the easy ones. Youngsters nowadays spoil their play by errors on simple shots. They neglect, too, the defensive return when forced out of court on difficult ones.

Bobby Riggs seldom misses the easy ones, and when he first came east in 1937 from California, I felt he was a champion of the future. But Bobby has yet to live up to the possibilities of his game and his tennis genius. He is too apt to loaf on the court, a dangerous failing. He says he likes to keep something in reserve, but to make the most of his undoubted ability he will have to become more aggressive in match play.

I am often asked what it feels like to sit in the chair before that Stadium packed tier on tier with 14,000 spectators. It feels awfully lonely. An intense loneliness comes over you. Englishmen who have umpired at Wimbledon tell me they have the same feeling there. A championship finals is a tense setting from start to finish. Only occasionally does something happen, a player fall and turn a somersault, or a dog run across the court to relieve the tightness of the moment. George Lott was one player who could always be counted on to add a note of humor to his match. After a long rally in his finals against Vines several years ago, a linesman failed to call one of his adversary's balls out. George looked over at the offender.

"When did you learn Braille?" he asked. ++

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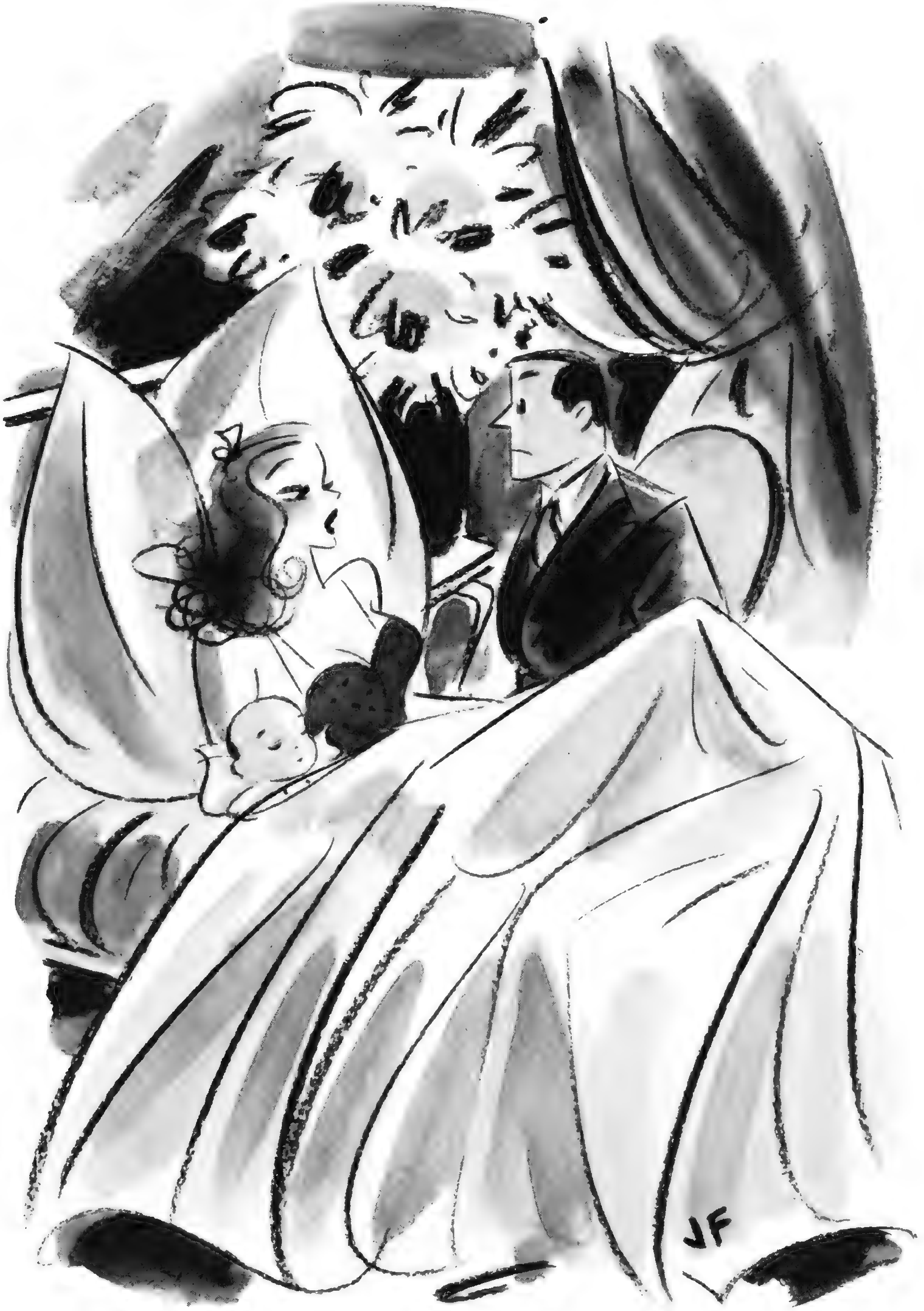

"But won't Winchell be angry when he finds we've jumped the gun on him?"

Point after Touchdown

Continued from page 44

the punt, the try was made from that position.

Whenever the angle was not too acute, the scoring team refused to exercise this option. Because the punt-out was hazardous. It needed both a sure-footed kicker and a sure-footed receiver. The kick had to be accurate. The catch often had to be made in the face of a charging enemy team. But a 7 to 6 victory thus earned was not done by one player. The punt-out and try for goal were effected by teamwork. They were not done by a specialist who rushed onto the field, kicked the goal, and left the line-up two plays later.

Something went from football when this dramatic play was abolished. The crowds liked the punt-out, with the defending team trying to crash through and break up the play. In 1922 the punt-out was abolished. The ball was placed on the 5-yard line after a touchdown, and one play for a score permitted. Two years later, the try-for-point was started from the 3-yard line. In 1927, the goal posts were set back ten yards from the goal line, and in 1929 the ball was placed on the 2-yard line. This is its present position. Today the rules read that the point after touchdown may be made by kicking a field goal, by carrying the ball across the line, or completing a pass in the end zone. Most points after touchdown nowadays, however, are usually place kicks.

Therefore the skill required to make a difficult field goal or placement from an angle no longer exists. The punt-out was dangerous enough so that if the angle was not too difficult, a goal was attempted from the 15-yard line at the spot where the ball actually crossed the line. This meant that drop kickers were valuable assets to a team. Players spent hours practicing kicks from various positions. Some got such accuracy they never missed. Jim Thorpe of Carlisle, Walter Eckersall of Chicago, E. C. Robertson of Purdue who made seven place kicks in a single game, and Charley Brickley of Harvard were all kickers. The ball was not on the two-yard line directly before the posts when they made their records, either.

The technique of scoring also required the smart quarterback to maneuver his team when approaching the goal. He tried to get across the line somewhere near the center of the field. This the defending team tried to prevent. If they could keep the other side from scoring through the middle, they could reduce the chances of the goal being kicked after touchdown. Nowadays there is no more advantage to the scoring team in a run directly under the posts, than a forward pass to the extreme corner of the field.

With the ball placed in front of the posts for the point after touchdown, the kicker has every chance of success. But by the law of compensation, this seems to have had the effect of decreasing the importance of the foot in the game. This notwithstanding the vital significance of that one point, a significance that is evident enough when one observes the large number of games won or lost by a single point in recent years. An old-time player would say a man should be shot for missing a place kick from under the goal posts at 20 yards. Lots do, however.

The great coaches of the past had kickers who delivered. What is more, these men delivered from much more difficult positions than do the kickers of today when trying for the point after touchdown. From 1919 to 1930, inclusive, Knute Rockne won 102 games at Notre Dame, lost 11 and tied 3. In none of the games lost or tied did he lose through failure to kick the goal after touchdown. In 1926 he beat Southern California 13 to 12. The next year he defeated them 7 to 6, and in 1929 by a score of 13 to 12 again. In 1930 he beat Army 7 to 6.

The record of Fielding H. Yost at Michigan was even more remarkable. Yost's team played 57 games in that 5-year period, with but a single tie, the 6 to 6 contest against Minnesota in 1903. They lost once, to Chicago in 1905. The other 55 games were all victories. Percy Haughton had an unusual record at Harvard in the 8 years from 1908 to 1916. His teams lost only 4 games out of 73 played, none by a single point. In those days kicking was stressed.

Maybe it is unfair to suggest that the foot is vanishing by degrees from football; but no one can deny that it has far less importance than formerly. Ralph Hewitt of Columbia back in 1932 was the last great Eastern drop-kicker. One of the last skilled in the art was also Earl (Dutch) Clark of Colorado College, Colorado Springs, now coaching the Cleveland Rams. Today this kind of men doesn't exist. Moreover, the science of kicking the place kick after touchdown is not as reliable as it once was, even with the ball spotted on the 2-yard line directly under the goal posts. Teams may practice this but too often they are unable to deliver under pressure.

Bierman of Minnesota is one coach who realizes the value of this vital point. In the last seven years his teams have lost only a single game, that against Notre Dame in 1937, through failure to convert the point after touchdown. Last season the ability to make this important point gave Minnesota the championship of the Western Conference, with an unbeaten and untied eleven. After conquering Northwestern 13 to 12 on November 2, 1940, Minnesota beat Michigan 7 to 6 the very next Saturday. In this contest the Gophers were out-rushed by the Wolverines who completed 10 forward passes to none, and made 15 first downs to Minnesota's 5. But

Continued at top of page 112

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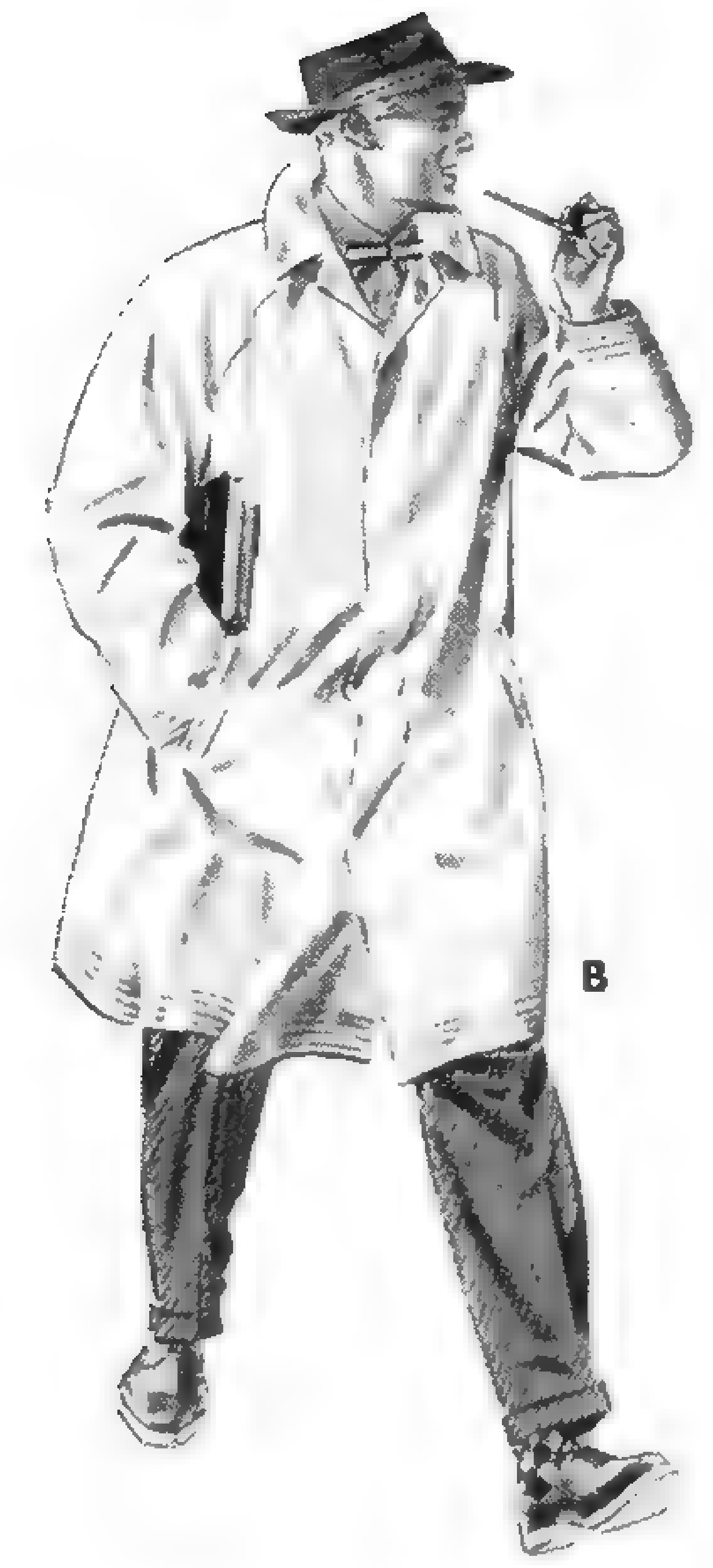

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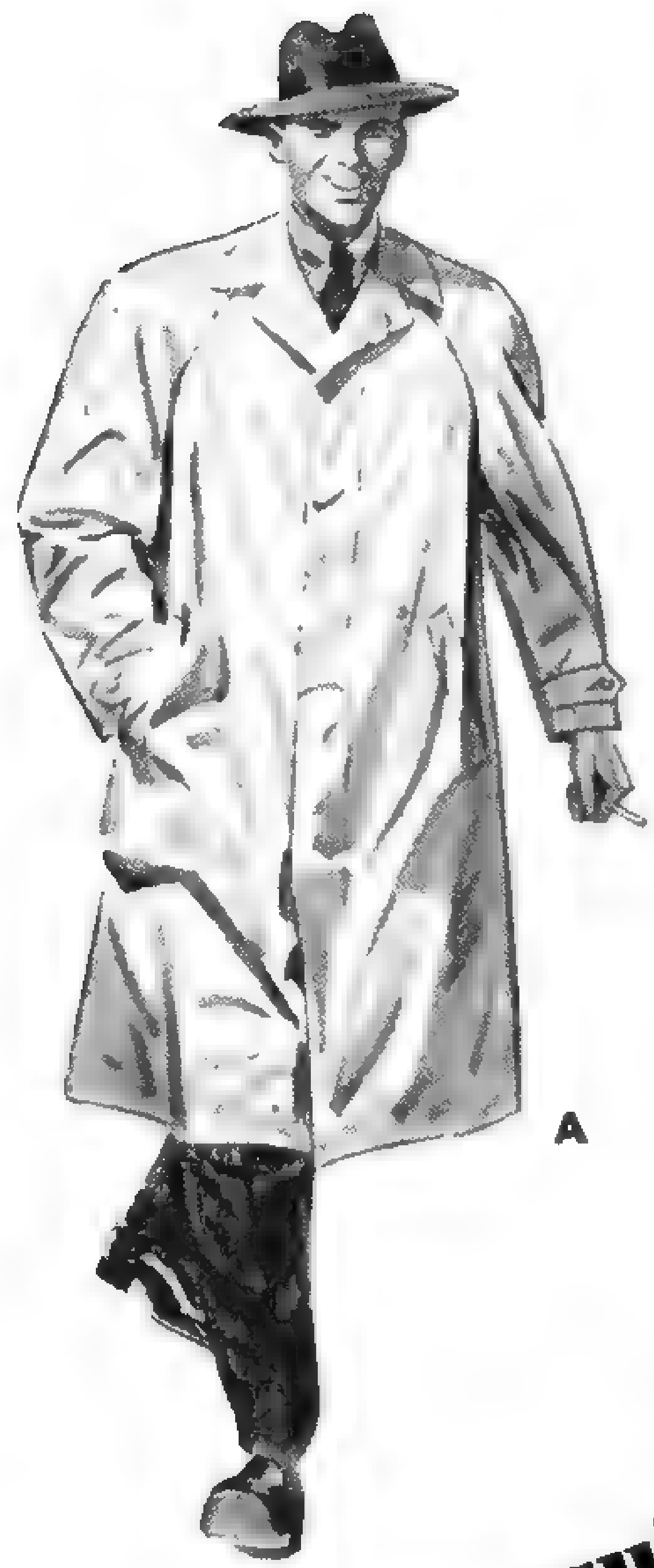

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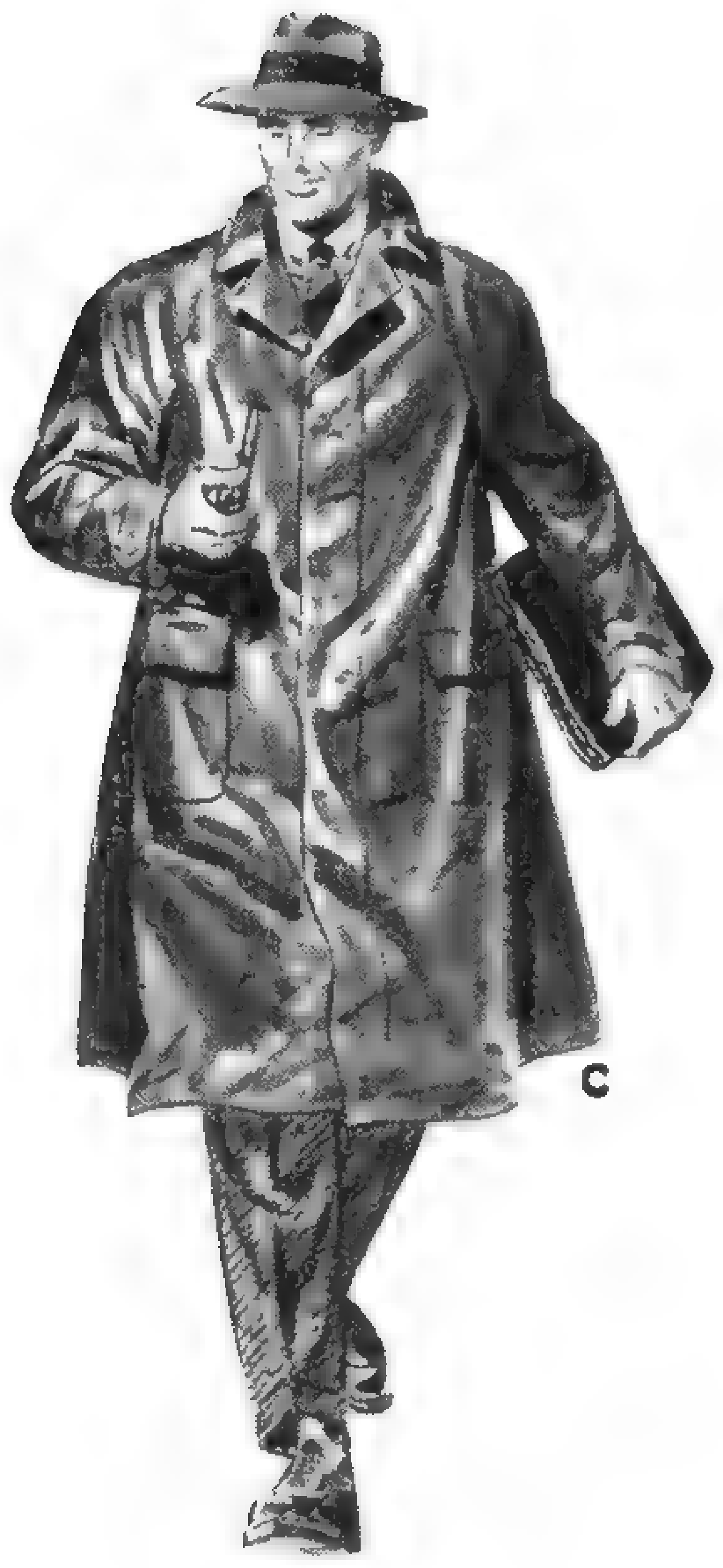

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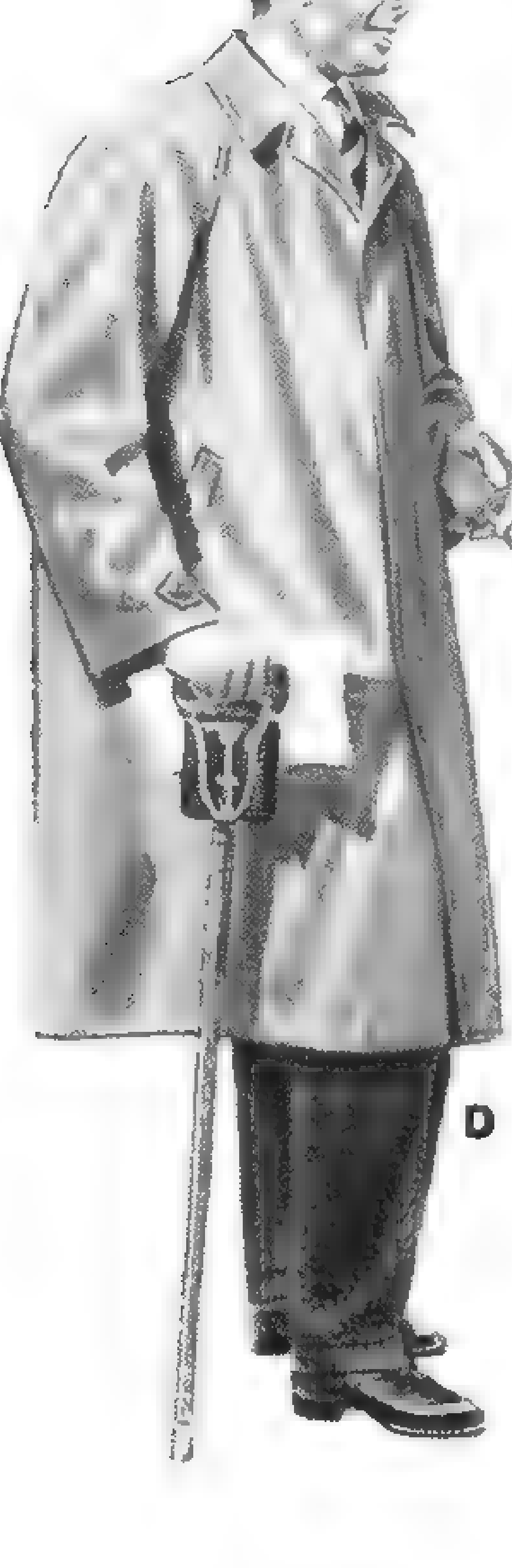

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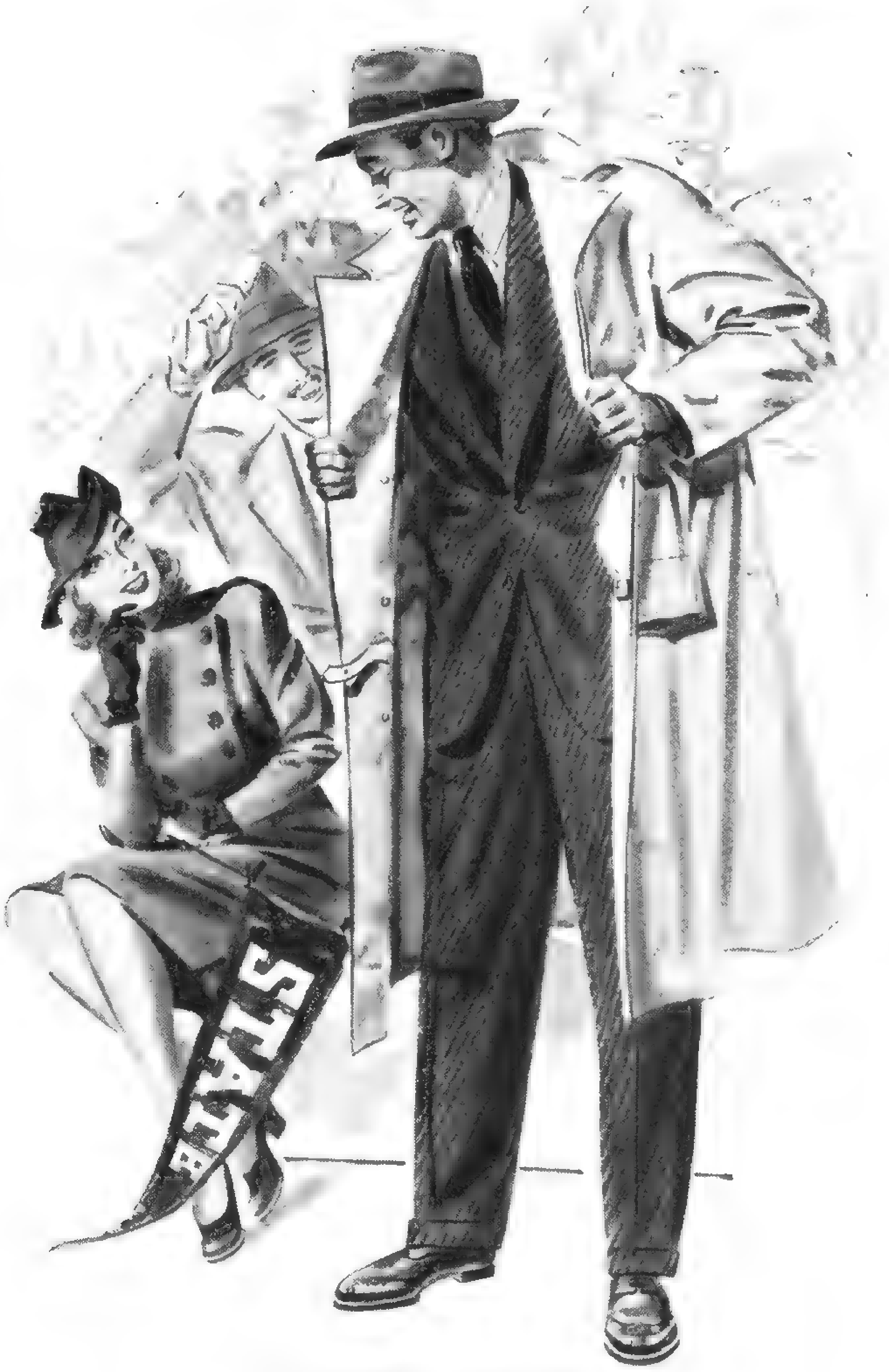

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Point after Touchdown

Continued from pages 44-110

Harmon, kicked the all-important ball just to the left of the posts, and Minnesota became the Conference titleholders for 1940.

So vital is this point that there is agitation to do away with it completely. This move comes from coaches who lack an automaton to boot between the crossbars. They claim it puts terrific pressure on a single player, and cite instances of boys who carry their failures around with them for years. The provision which permits this point to be made by a kick, a rush or a pass, has, they say, no historical reason for existence. By permitting a rush or a pass, they claim, the rulemakers are simply allowing another touchdown play.

Several years ago the matter was debated before the Rules Committee, who reported as follows: "As usual the demand is being made to do something about the point after touchdown. Every team which loses a close one, 7 to 6, or 13 to 12, is sure the point after touchdown should be abolished. In fact the very people who abhor ties also demand the abolition of the point after touchdown. They fail to realize the number of ties would be doubled were this done."

So that's that. Some coaches, however, still take the breaks of the game with philosophy. Lou Little of Columbia remarked, "The games we've lost by failure to kick the goal after touchdown in the last five years would have stretched clear from Pasadena had they been the other way round."

Little can well afford to be philosophical. This remark was made in 1938. If you check his record, you'll find that from 1932 to 1937, inclusive, his Columbia teams lost exactly one game through failure to convert after a touchdown. That was against Brown in 1937. Little is a first class coach and teaches football. And not all the humorists are on the radio, either. ⧺

"... as Long as Ye Both Shall Live"

Continued from page 58

help what he said.

"Everybody goes there now!" he muttered.

Her eyes became wide. With that quick intuition of hers she understood what had crossed her son's mind. "Danny, I meant nothing! What would I do in Florida?"

He felt savage. "You'd find something to do."

She shook her head. "Not for me, Danny. I'm an old woman."

He got up and walked the floor, staring at his own photograph on the Jenny Lind table. "You're not so old!" he flung at her over his shoulder. "And when we go—when we *can* go—and I ask you to come with me, you'll go, Mother, and you'll like it, too. You're no older than anybody else. It's only—it's only that the others can afford to take better care of themselves." He threw his arms up. "why shouldn't you go and have a good time?" He realized his voice was nearing a shout and he quieted down. He was ashamed of himself for having lost his head. He hated the picture on the table and tried not to look at it with its arms folded and its air of invincibility. He walked back and forth hardly looking at his mother. He knew she was watching him anxiously but he would not turn her way.

There was a key in the lock. He paused and stared through the window. His mother sat up sharply. Then his father came in, a broad little man, his face set with fatigue, a day's grayed bristles on his cheeks and chin. Silently he nodded to Daniel's mother, silently he removed his cap and then his coat. He hung them in a closet and came back. He took off his sweater and then dropped himself into the nearest chair, a worn tired body, breathing heavily, only the rheumy eyes gleaming to evidence that this was still a man. Daniel's heart filled at the sight: he had rarely seen his father so unashamedly tired.

"Was a hard day at the shop?" his mother asked softly.

"Uh!" the man grunted. Wearily he brought his hands together in his lap, but he was unable to weave the thick fingers into each other.

Daniel's mother stared nervously at her son. She touched her husband's shoulder. "Your son is here."

"Uh! What! Daniel!" He started and struggled to his feet, smiling a shy welcome. His white hair stood in wisps as he rose. "Ah, Daniel!" They shook hands and again the son felt his father's palm hard as a board, unyielding as labor itself. He was brimming over with compassion and longed to throw his arms about the older man and embrace him. But they were not a demonstrative family and he felt that his father would suspect that all was not well at his office or at home if he showed his feelings.

"I came to say good-bye."

"Good-bye?"

"I'm going away for a few days—San Francisco—and I—I wanted to see you. Mother will tell you."

"This minute you must go?"

"The plane won't wait, Father. Just to say good-bye. I'll be back."

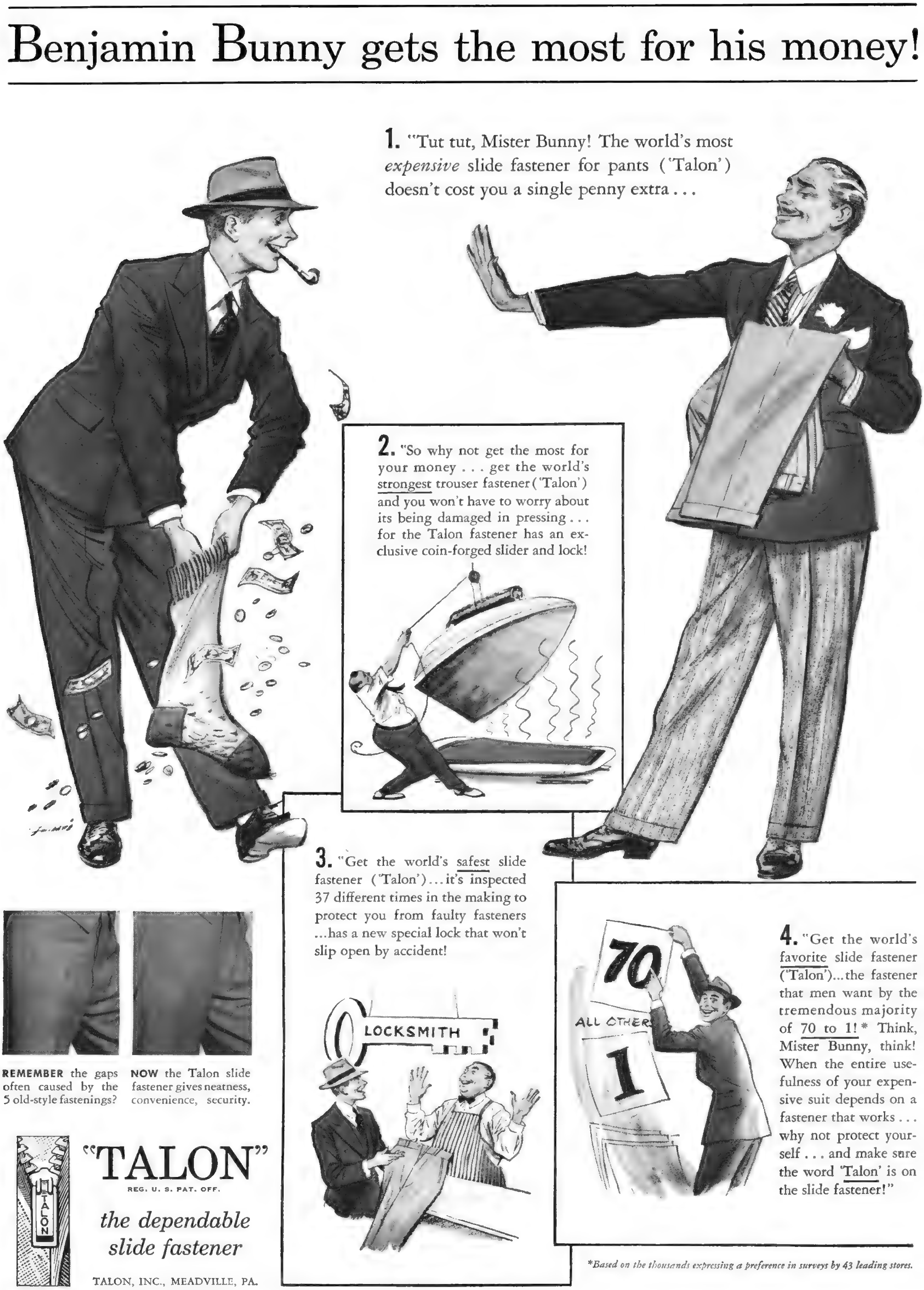
"Well, then. Eh, good-bye, good-bye!" the old man waved his hands: the fingers barely jerked when he waved them. "Always in a hurry."

"It's his business. Remember that, Father. He *must* go."

Daniel wanted to say "Please don't be angry, father," but he could not. He listened to his mother pleading for him and saw his father growing angrier.

"Goodbye! Goodbye! I am not

Continued on page 114



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“. . . as Long as Ye Both Shall Live”

Continued from pages 58-112

keeping him, am I? If it's this minute then good-bye. Have a good trip and don't forget us. Good-bye!” The old man was angry, he was no doubt hungry and, of course, he was tired. His eyes were rimmed red with fatigue, whitish fluid exuding in the corners. “Are you still there? It'll fly away without you, the plane.” His lips were parched and cracked and he licked at them.

Again Daniel put out his hand. He was afraid his father would become bitter. “I will be back soon.” His father's fingers, stubby and hard, quivered in his grasp.

“Then send us a card.”

“I'm only going away for a few days.”

The old man's head dropped toward his chest and shook sadly. “It is so hard to—to send a card—to say ‘Father, Mother, I am alive—’ ”

“I will send a card.”

“That much we have deserved, eh?”

“Please! You are keeping him, Father,” his mother pleaded.

But she could not calm him. He clenched his fists and grew angry once more. Everything she said made him angry when he was fatigued. “So I am keeping him?” he stormed. “Well, things have come to a pretty pass, eh? A father must telephone his son and ask for the hours, an appointment, what time—”

Daniel felt miserable. He turned toward the little hall that led to the door. His mother followed him and his father followed her, still angry but mumbling to himself now.

“Goodbye, Mother!” Daniel kissed her cheek again. He took a folded banknote from his pocket and pushed it into her hands.

“What? What is this?” she protested. She caught a quick look at it. “Daniel!” she protested. “You can't! You must not!”

At these words his father turned his head away and pretended not to listen. He always pretended not to know about this. If it was anything it was between Daniel and his mother and could not concern him, for he was proud that he worked and worked hard. “Don't make him late,” he grumbled. “Remember the plane. It'll fly away.”

“Daniel! I feel you've not been doing so well yourself.”

“Nonsense, Mother. Take it. A birthday present!”

“What birthday? Whose birthday?”

“Anybody's.” He closed her fingers over the bill. “Good-bye.”

“But Victoria?” Anxiety corrugated her forehead and made Daniel's heart ache. He leaned over to kiss her. “You couldn't blame her if—”

“Don't keep him!” his father roared suddenly. “Do you want him late? Hurry, Daniel! Chatterbox!” he shouted at his wife. “The boy will miss it. It's not a streetcar. He can't run after an airplane.”

Daniel heard them calling farewells all the way down the staircase. His mother was becoming weepy and his father was comforting her by comradely shouts: “Must we have rain now? Where is he going? Only to San Francisco! Don't halt him!”

As he waited for the car to round the corner he looked up and thought he saw his father's large head peering from behind a curtain.

“You certainly took your time!” Vicki grumbled. Her mouth went into a pout as she stubbed her lipstick-stained cigarette and slapped the ashtray shut.

“I waited for Father to come,” he apologized. He slumped into his seat and stared lugubriously through the windshield.

“Did you give them any money?”

His head jerked. His eyes took in the worn spots in the collar of her coat. He loved her retroussé profile but the pale semi-circles about her eyes and the way her small nostrils quivered told him she was deeply annoyed. “Huh! What do you mean? What makes you think so?”

“I just wondered. You were up there so long.”

He squirmed and hated himself for having intimated what was untrue. “You know, Vicki, you know how the folks are . . . They're getting old and—”

She glanced quickly at him. “I thought that was why you took so long.” She shrugged. “Not that I begrudge them anything, Daniel. You don't think I really do?”

He knew what she wanted him to say. “Of course, I don't,” he grumbled.

“If we could afford it!” She looked out wistfully over the steering wheel. “If we had more money to work with—I know it would make you happy, although it really isn't right that you should have the responsibility of them, too. Not at *your* age, Daniel.”

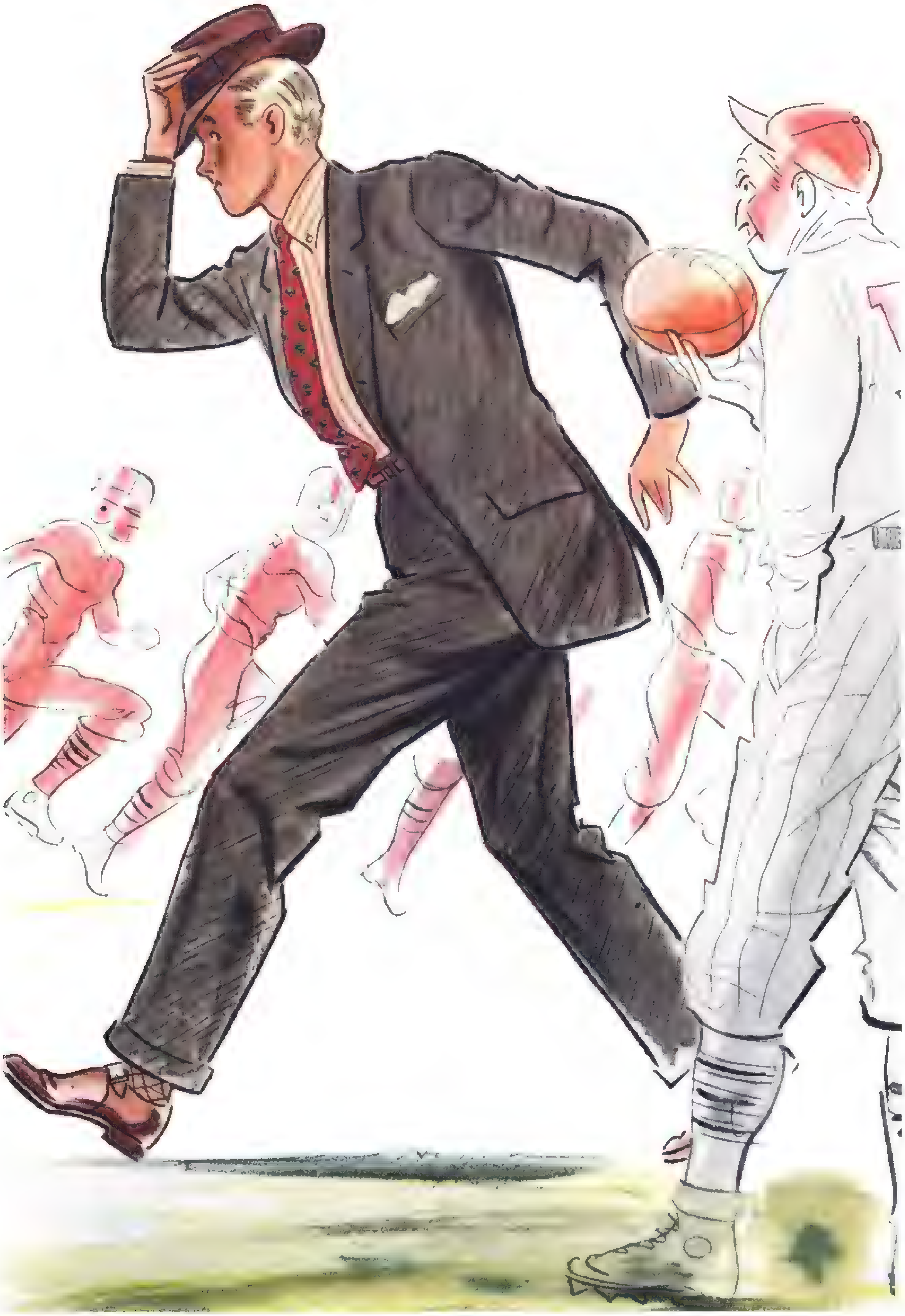
He was silent. “Yeah,” he finally blurted out. “And we need so many things, too.”

Her elbow touched him as she swung the wheel. “It would be terrible if we kept secrets from each other, Daniel. Maybe if things went better and we got a little ahead—then you *should* do something for them.”

“When we get a little ahead,” he repeated, his voice trailing off hoarsely. “Sure, Vicki.”

“Until then—” She shrugged and made the horn blare with an air of finality.

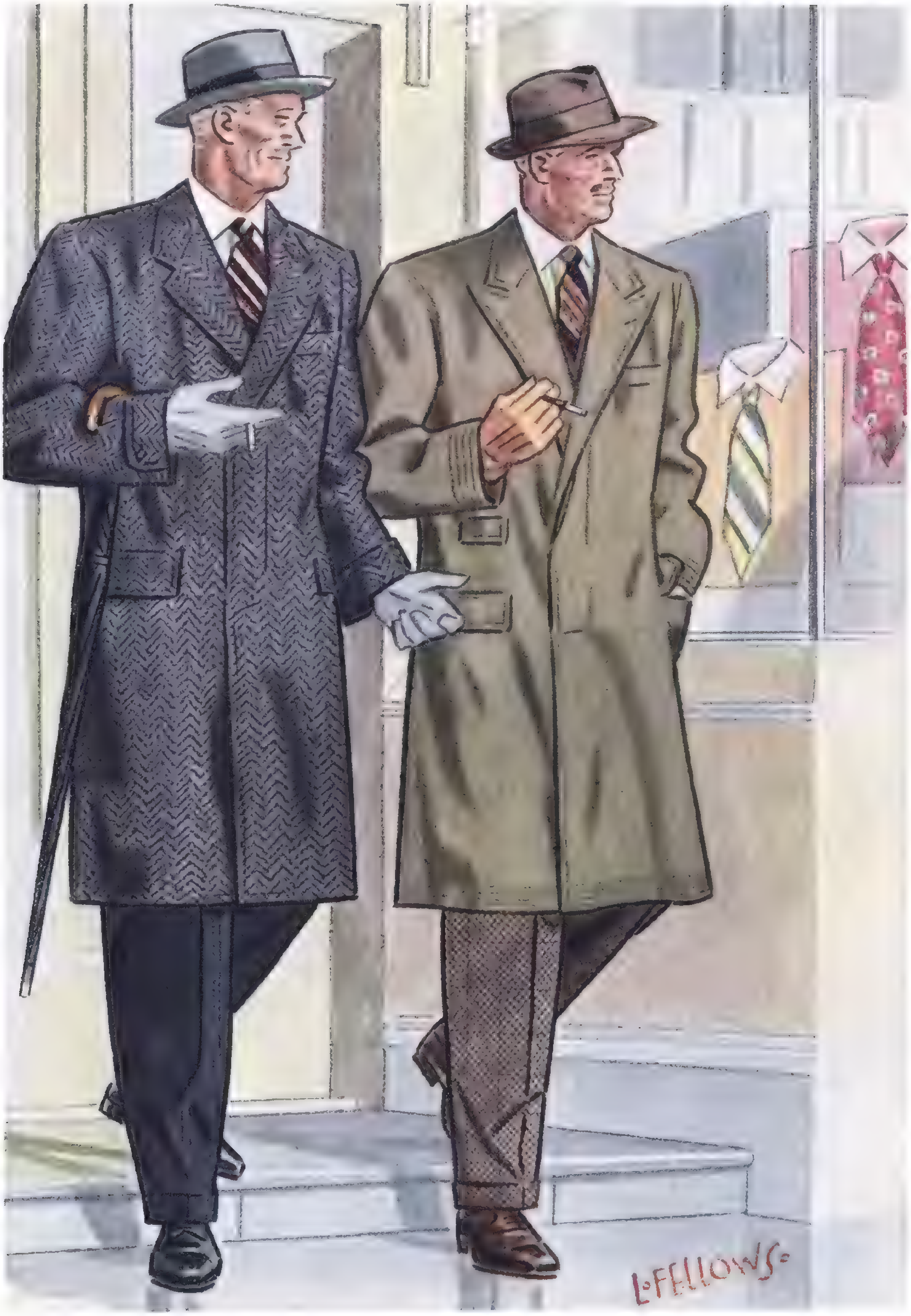
In the passing headlights his brimming eyes burned with yellow stars as he nodded slowly, his heart overflowing. His guilt, toward her and toward his parents, was mingled with shame that he should have lied to Vicki and, indeed, that he should have needed to lie to her at all. It wrenched at him and suddenly, though entangled in two sets of strong bonds, he felt baffled and lonely. #



"get into your uniform!"

This particular uniform is not of the khaki variety, for which the fleet halfback above is not too sorry. But no topkick's blurting of "get into your uniform" could carry half the conviction as these same words delivered by the lad's football coach. The tone leads him to believe that the words were uttered by Satan, himself. He's plenty late for practice and is hotfooting it to the dressing room. The clothes he will take off have good acceptance on the campus. The khaki colored worsted suit is the civilian adaptation of the cavalry twill used for military uniforms. The three-button jacket has soft roll lapels and a center vent. His oxford shirt with button-down collar shows brown stripes against the putty shade background. A red, blue and yellow figured wool tie offsets the neutral tone of the suit. The tie is anchored by a gold tie clip. A pigskin belt with leather-covered buckle supports his trousers, and his brown felt hat has a welt edge brim. The maroon and natural shade wool socks are in the popular diamond pattern. Brown calfskin monk front shoes are his footwear choice.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



smart shoppers

This twosome of business executives take time out on a Saturday afternoon to replenish their wardrobes. They qualify easily as smart shoppers, for they get what they want . . . meaning in-fashion wearables. The umbrella carrier is wearing the bluish grey tweed topcoat in the notched lapel fly-front model . . . on the short side in regard to length. The turned-back cuffs have current acceptance. The rest of the outfit consists of grey turned-up brim hat, Porcelain blue broadcloth shirt, white starched collar, striped repp silk tie, blue cheviot striped worsted suit, grey mocha gloves, and black shoes. His companion wears the natural shade covert cloth topcoat, peaked lapel model with fly-front, change pocket, and some rows of stitching at the cuffs and bottom. Also worn are Brownstone shade hat, sharkskin suit with overplaid, striped repp silk tie in brown and two shades of blue, tan and white shirt, white collar, pigskin gloves, and brown calf shoes.

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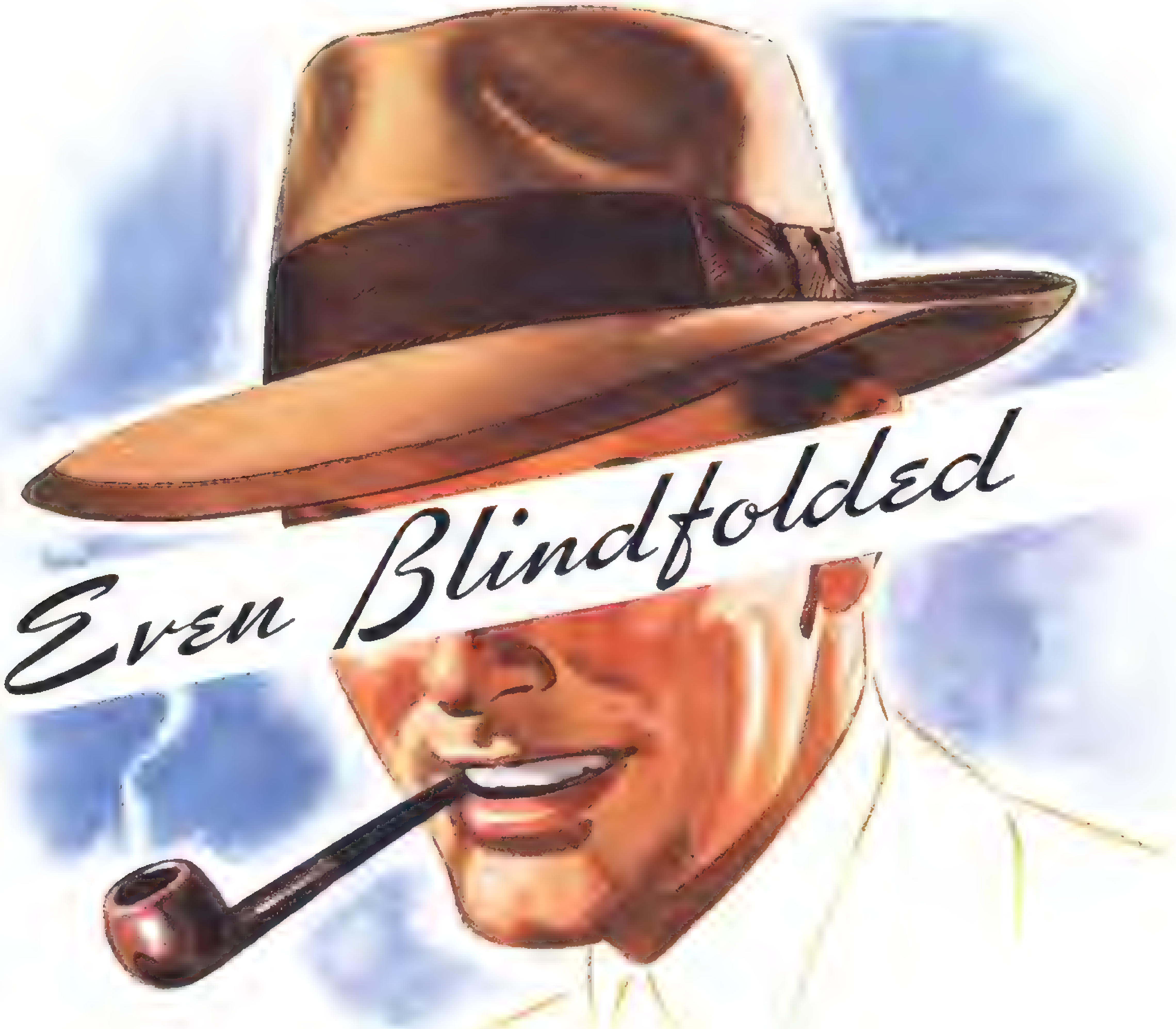

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*FIRMA-FELT: All Portis hats now undergo a new, secretly applied processing called Firma-Felting. This *extra* operation imparts an *extra* fine, *extra* soft, *extra* luxurious feel—assures *extra* wear *at no extra cost!*

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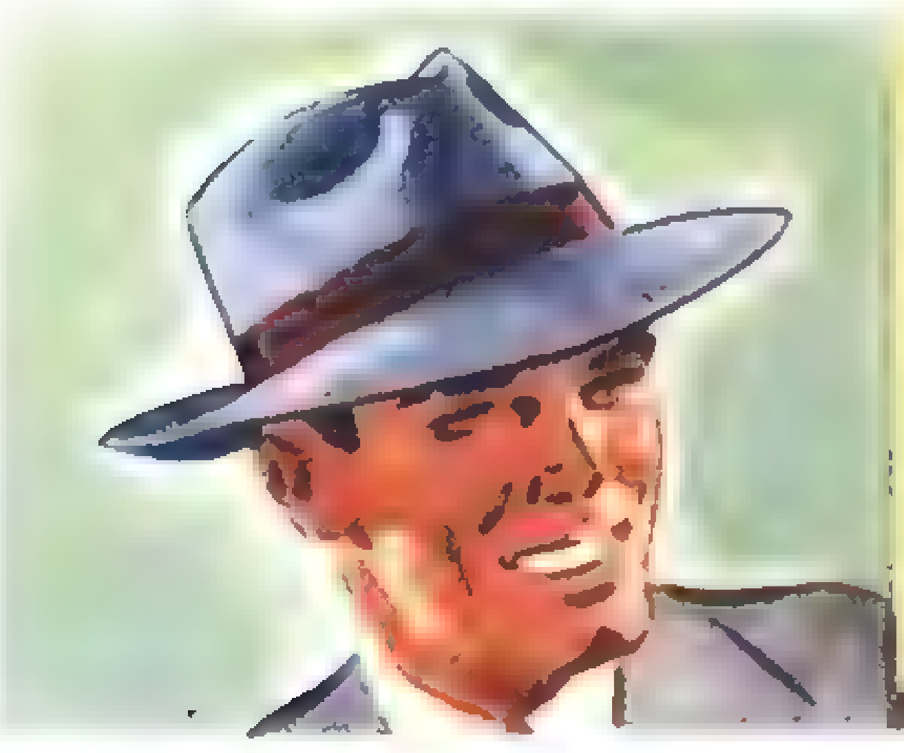
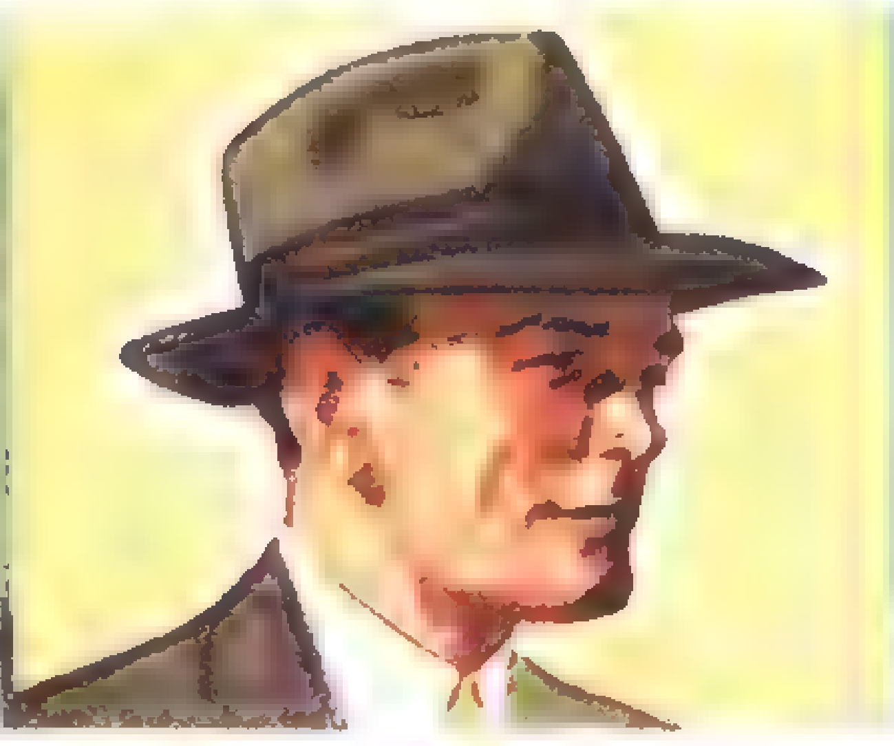
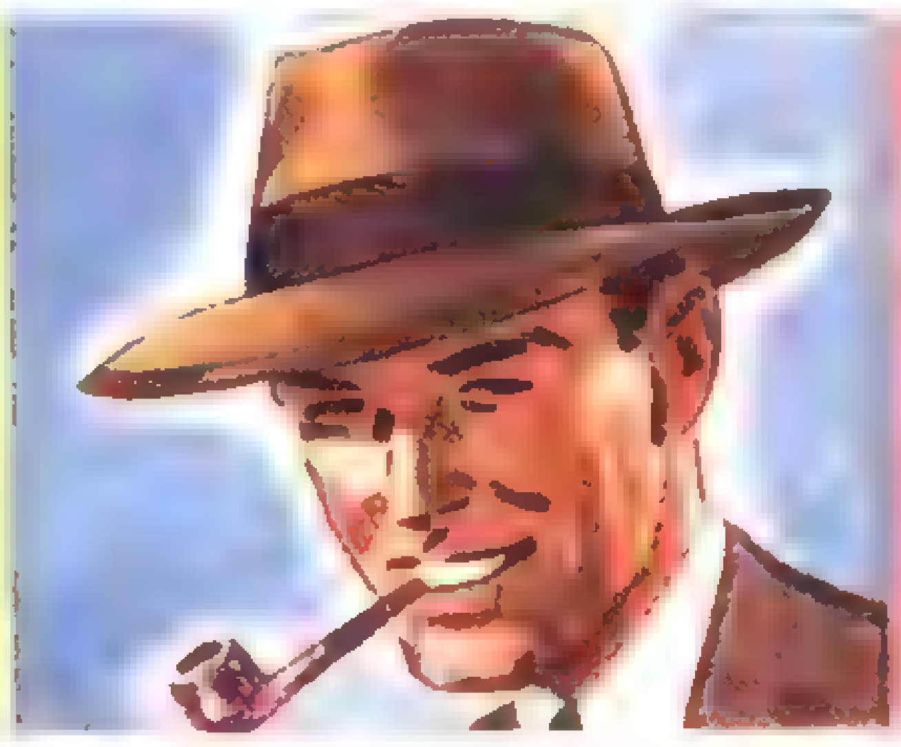
CONWAY · $5.00
Triple-stitched. Wide brim Contrast-band



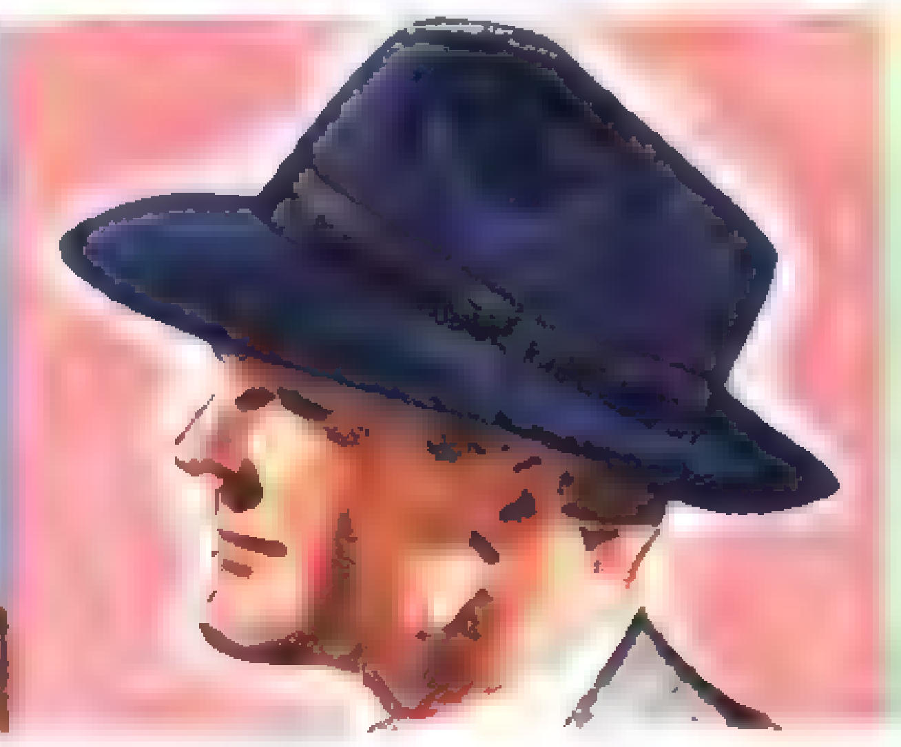
WEST POINT · $3.95
Military colors. Chevron band design



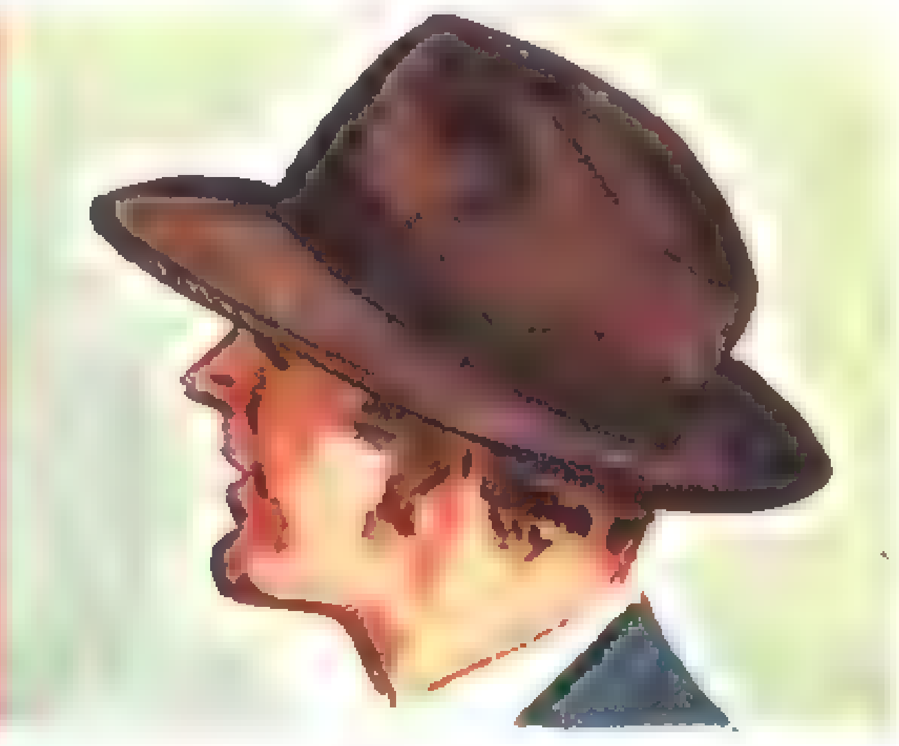
CARLTON · $5.00
Check details in illustration above



GRIDDER · $3.95
Two-tone band. Rugged laced edge



GABAN · $3.95
Stylish gabardine band and binding



Did you know Johnnie Walker is a duet?

Johnnie Walker *has to be* two people. For the friendly gentleman identifies both 12-year-old Black Label and 8-year-old Red Label Scotch whisky. Each has the smooth, friendly flavour that brings a special feeling of satisfaction to your taste. You'll like mellow Johnnie Walker, from the very first sip.

WHEREVER YOU ARE
IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY

BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD

BOTH 86.8 PROOF

RED LABEL 8 YEARS OLD

Born 1820 . . . still going strong

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

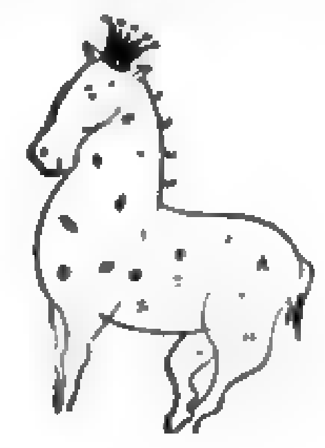
The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED PERCHERONS

(Please see page 100, August Esquire.)

I can see the big grey Marceau cock his intelligent little ears at you, Mr. Gingrich, and say, "See here, sir, I'm a *purebred*, not a common *grade*. In my language 'grade' means half breed or a horse with papers on one side of his family tree. *My* family has been royalty in France for so long we make the Bourbons look like upstarts!"



Marceau has a right to be proud. Purebred Percherons have been in America only since 1839, but their history in France begins way back before the Middle Ages. Great drafters carried warriors loaded with heavy armour in the crusades and pulled the heavy diligences of the 18th and 19th centuries.

No, Mr. Gingrich, Percheron *grade* horses don't grow whiter as they grow older—*Grey Percheron horses* (some are black) *grow whiter as they grow older*.

Marceau is a gentle big thing but I am sure he would snort at you, "Grade indeed! Match my pedigree in your human world!"

In appreciation of your use of this beautiful picture,

Sincerely,
JOSEPHINE RICHARDSON

Percheron News
Union Stock Yards
Chicago, Ill.

FRIEND OF ESQ

I address you as "Friend" because I feel that after all these years of reading Esquire you should be considered as a Friend. A fellow who has done much to banish dull hours; the hours that can be so destructive to one's morale; we men get to mulling over the 'good old days' which, when you actually figure it out, weren't so good; only in our imagination. We are prone to feel sorry for ourselves at times; self pity, lost opportunities, vanished paper profits and other trivia that plagues the human mind during these turbulent times of change.

I have never been able to afford a subscription to Esquire. I have been a faithful reader of 'Esky' through the years in spite of my financial shortcomings; back copies at 10 cents a throw; gifts from friends who knew my yen for Esquire; a few purloined from dentist friends' offices and other copies just lifted from living room taberets. I admire the deft hand of Petty; his unswerving eye for form and his knowledge of what men like to see in a woman. He knows that 'age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety.' I like Varga's in a way and after a fashion; I think his females of the species are too nicy nice; in other words, they don't give me a throw-back to my Henry VIII ancestors.

I like the subtleties of your cartoons and the hidden humor of age with youth. Especially that Simms? series; The Sultan with his happy harem and all the other cleverly devised pictures for our amusement. In addition, the stories are not only vastly entertaining but they have improved my English immeasurably. I have made it a practice to read your editorials not because I always agree with your ideas but because your facile manner of delivering the King's English, helps me to improve my own. You see, I reside in a partly swanky section of New York; Sutton Place to be exact; but the anachronism is still with us in the form of Second Avenue slang and the roar of the elevated railroad. So you can understand why, at times, I feel almost like *Christ in Concrete;* claustrophobia; imprisoned by well meaning but deadly civilization. To avoid running amok like a mad Malay, I read Esquire. It is my escape mechanism. That is why I thank you.

Before the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, I used to mail copies of Esquire to Arbroath, Scotland. And, I recall, sending one copy to my Aunt in Paris, even though she can't speak any English. Not because of birth but because of environment and her doting hubby. They liked Esquire in Scotland; the Parisian reaction is still among the missing. Yes, I cannot praise your magazine too highly. It has everything I need to quiet my mind and still the fevered pulse. My wife says it saves me from myself; wanderlust! So, in the midst of this throbbing city of auto horns, mechanized garbage collectors, elevated trains, shrieking brakes, juke boxes, barking dogs, children singing 'London Bridge isn't falling down' and just sheer ennui, I fold my Esquire and silently steal away to the East River Drive below 49th street.

There I am lulled by the wash of the river against the granite barriers; it is there that 'ol man Esquire comes to the rescue. The world and the foibles of its little people are graphically portrayed for my distraction and peace of mind. Peace, Brother, it's wonderful! So, thanks again for a fine magazine for men and women who have grown up. I am neighbor to Deems Taylor, Katherine Hepburn, Robin Thomas (Michael Strange's son) George Elmer Browne, Harry Watrous and other celebrities. They have their hobbies, I have mine. It's Esquire.

Last New Year's Eve I married a gal from Fargo, N. D. Her father died last November; he was laid up for months following a stroke; he amused himself by reading Esquire. We spent our honeymoon in Los Angeles, Calif. During my sane moments I hied around the corner to a book store and picked up copies of Esquire at 10 cents a throw. And, believe, me brother, it was there I found first issues of Esquire on sale at 1 buck a copy. So this Buck bought and my Squaw didn't squawk about it. The honeymoon was enjoyable and so was 'Esky.' I have an Aunt who has been a Missionary in Tennessee for 25 years. I sent her a copy of Esquire and she wrote back "You are the funniest man." I wonder what she meant?

My wife is abed, reading something by a fem writer; the kind that all women like to read at times. She glanced over at me and said: "If you think those Esquire people are going to waste time reading that trash, you're crazy." At any rate, I've thanked you, and next Xmas I'm going to let it be known abroad that I'd appreciate a gift of a subscription to Esquire. So, old boy, if you print this, I'm sure that a of lot mugs like myself will say,"That's what I shooda done." Now that I've gotten this off my chest I'll say Goonight and Good Luck to Esquire.

Sincerely,
HOWARD J. BUTLER

New York City, N. Y.

My Doctor read this letter and he said: "You have left out one important point. It was this: "Esquire helps men to understand each other. It helps banish inferiority complexes; it proves that all men suffer from the same ailment; no man is alone with his troubles. All men have it at one time or another." I tell you this because he is a Professional man and should know what he is talking about.

RESUMING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

Referring to Frank H. Farmer's letter in the August *Sound and Fury*, it may be that the brave South Carolina cadets fired on the unarmed merchant vessel *The Star of the West* three months before the attack on Fort Sumter. Sumter did not return the fire and *The Star of the West* was not sunk.

ARTHUR F. GOTTHOLD

New York City

Continued on page 130

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 92

be used in cooking. It is possible, I'll admit, that you and your guests won't be wholly satisfied—but then, silver isn't platinum.

MEDIUM STOCK

Ingredients: 4 lbs. of shin of beef; any bones, trimmings of poultry; ¼ lb. bacon or ham; 2 oz. of butter, 2 large onions; 1 turnip, 3 carrots, 1 head of celery, 3 lumps of sugar, 2 oz. of salt, ½ teaspoonful of whole pepper, 1 large blade of mace, 1 bunch of savory herbs, 4 quarts of cold water, and another half pint of cold water.

Mode of preparation: Cut up the meat and bacon or ham into pieces of about three inches square; rub the butter on the bottom of the stewpan, and place it on a big flame; put in the half pint of cold water, the meat, and all the other ingredients, except the four quarts of water. Cover the pan, cook on a sharp fire, and stir occasionally. When the bottom of the pan becomes covered with a pale, jelly-like substance, add the four quarts of cold water, and simmer very gently for five hours. Do not let it boil quickly. Remove every particle of scum while cooking, and finally strain through a fine sieve.

This is a medium stock as I said; a rich, strong brown stock has in addition four pounds of knuckle of veal, more ham, mushrooms, peppercorns, tomatoes, and proportionately more seasoning all around. White stock is made from chicken or veal or both; herbs, spices and vegetables, and sometimes a little beef is added. Fish stock is made very much the same way as meat stock, although there are many methods. As I've said, stocks are not an absolute necessity in a bachelor's kitchenette, but I do believe you'll be happy to have bothered with them.

Not so long ago I had still another request from a reader; this time it was for salad. It seems that this reader went to the Restaurant Chambord in New York, and was overwhelmed by the excellence of the salad. He called over the headwaiter and asked for the recipe. The management went into a long conference, and finally our friend was told that they were very sorry but they could not disclose the secret of the preparation. Not at all satisfied, the salad-lover asked me to use my influence. I made a special trip to the place in this line of pleasant duty but the same supercilious secrecy was maintained in my case, too. Tasting the salad, however, I soon determined that there were no mysterious elements in it; the dressing was the usual plain French, with a little chopped chives on top, and, of course very good quality oil and vinegar, and perhaps a bit of Dijon mustard, and pepper ground freshly from a mill. In addition, the leaves were wholesome, unwilted and vigorous, washed and dried well, and prepared just a few minutes before they were actually consumed. These are the only secrets of the green chef d'oeuvre of the Chambord. There is really nothing Machiavellian about a good salad.

The culinary chronicle—for an article on gastronomy, like a good meal, must necessarily concern itself with more than one item—turns to soles. I went down to Fulton Street Fish Market one bright morning to talk to Monsieur Lucien Prince, and to see his famous Dover soles, since he seems to be the only fish merchant who still imports these curiously flat shaped but deliciously tasting fruit of the sea which are caught in the English Channel.

I have no doubt you'll immediately question my authenticity and say: "But sole must be caught in our U. S. waters too! There is fillet of sole on every American menu in every restaurant every day!" Yes, there is. But that fillet of sole is plain flounder; or perhaps even the so-called gray sole, caught all along the coast, but also a member of the flounder family, and much inferior in looks and flavor to the Dover sole. There is lemon sole as well in America, but again this is nothing but a large flounder. Only a handful of restaurants in New York serve real Dover sole, and pretty soon I'm afraid they won't be serving it, either. I write about this marvelous fish, with its pure, firm, light and nourishing flesh—the greatest delicacy of the ancient Greeks, called by them *passeres*—with the same sentiment as one kisses a sweetheart's hand in farewell at the termination of a happy liaison. Goodbye, my Dover sole (by the way, the finest were always caught at Torbay, and not Dover), you have given me precious pleasures in the past, perhaps I shall never get you under my teeth again!

The Dover sole used to be caught in a long-poled, pocket-shaped trawl-net, which was dragged along the sea bottom. Great skill had to be used by the fishermen—if they drew the net too quickly the soles were swept rapidly to the end of the net and smothered; if they dragged too slowly, the soles escaped. Black soles, small ones, from mud under shallow waters were the best; they weighed three or four pounds at the most. White, or what the English called, lemon soles, couldn't come near them. Monsieur Prince has only two hundred pounds of Dover sole left—they are scientifically frozen in England before shipping and keep beautifully for a very long time—and consequently he distributes them with great deliberation, only to his best customers. He sends cable after cable to England with requests for more soles, but to date he has had only one reply, fixing the price of the precious fish at one dollar and a half per pound, shipment not guaranteed; fish do not like the smell of gunpowder, either.

Merely as a historian, I record that there were only a few ways to prepare sole—*Bonne Femme, à la Joinville, Colbert, Meunière, à*

Continued on page 120

Go Get 'em Boy!
It's "33 to 1" there's a Blue Ribbon Waiting for Both of Us
33
THAT WIDE-RANGING SETTER'S A WONDER--BUT HE'S PLUMB WORN ME OUT!
LOOK AT SIR VALIENT HOLD THOSE BIRDS, JUDGE! AND IT'S HIS 3RD COVEY IN THE LAST HALF-HOUR!
THE CLUB'S NEVER SEEN A CHAMPION LIKE HIM, COLONEL! HE GETS THE BLUE RIBBON AGAIN!
THANKS, JUDGE! AFTER THAT CHASE WE DESERVE A BLUE RIBBON, TOO --LET'S SCORE OURSELVES "33 TO 1"!
"33 TO 1"? THAT'S A LOT OF POINTS FOR AN OLD DOG LIKE ME, COLONEL--WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?
WHY, PABST BLUE RIBBON, JUDGE--33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!
YOU'VE CERTAINLY FLUSHED A COVEY HERE, COLONEL! SMOOTHEST, MOST REFRESHING BEER I'VE EVER TASTED!
IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR US WHEN WE BOTH GET BLUE RIBBONS --EH, BOY?
Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
THE COLONEL SURE KNOWS HIS CHAMPIONS! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THIS BLEND OF 33 FINE BREWS FOR BLUE RIBBON REFRESHMENT IN BEER!

33 Fine Brews Blended to Make ONE Great Beer

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Here's why: Like the finest coffee and champagne, Pabst Blue Ribbon beer is expertly blended for goodness that never varies. It's this extra skill and care that makes it a champion thirst-quencher. Today—discover how delicious a beer can be when it's a blend of 33 fine brews!

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

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Enjoy
THE SENSATIONAL
NEW
PARISWING
WITH ADJUSTABLE BACK
SUSPENDERS BY
PARIS
CAN'T SKID OFF YOUR SHOULDERS

- GREATER COMFORT
- PRECISION FIT

The first and only suspenders with stretchable, adjustable *Glas-Tex backs. Twin sets of button holes in the back tabs to assure correct and comfortable fit. You attach back tabs at lower button holes first, then adjust front buckles. If you wish to shorten suspenders you simply snip off lower button holes in back and attach through those remaining. Your dealer has the new PARISWINGS in a wide variety of Fall colors and patterns at $1. A. Stein & Company, Chicago . . . New York . . . Los Angeles . . . Toronto.

(*Trade Mark) Made from "Vinylite" Brand Resins—TM C.&C.—C.C.C.

Twin sets of button holes for double adjustment. To shorten just snip off lower button holes.

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 92-119

la Normand and *Grillée au Citron.* The last was the best. For me, a sauce on fish—even the finest—is a sort of camouflage.

However, a satisfactory way to prepare any fish is to sprinkle some flour in the buttered pan, so that the fish won't stick. Then place the fish in the pan, together with shallots and parsley chopped fine, and butter on top; bake for twenty minutes; and a few minutes before it is done, pour a glass of dry white wine and the juice of a half a lemon on it. It is against culinary principles to use garlic in cooking fish, except smearing a crouton or two with a clove, not unlike the method used in salads.

As regards the fish stock I mentioned earlier in this article, if you want to prepare Court Bouillon, which is another name for one variety of it, a good way is as follows: Cook fish in white wine, onions, parsley, currants, celery, a bit of thyme, salt, pepper, a little mustard, bayleaf, and allow the fish to get cold in it after it has cooked, in order to let the sauce, which you are going to put up in bottles for later use, completely acquire the flavor of the fish.

The chronicle's next item on the menu is steak. I partook of a very good one lately, and in unusual circumstances. Being addicted to early American furniture, and trying to furnish an apartment, my hunt for inexpensive pieces took me to a Greenwich Village antique shop, owned by Mary Muller, who knows that I write on food. All afternoon I admired tables and desks and chests, and particularly a little footstool, on which—who knows—perhaps George Washington once rested the soles of his riding boots. Evening came and I still was mentally weighing desire for the footstool against cash on hand, when Miss Muller shouted without ceremony from the backroom: "Come and get it!" Since I was alone in the shop, I walked toward the back whence lovely kitchen odors emanated. "First of all I don't like to think of you starving while you are making up your mind about that stool, and then I wished to provide you with something to write about," said the hospitable Miss Muller, and in a few minutes I was eating one of the loveliest pieces of steak I have ever tasted. Here's how it is made:

STEAK À LA MARY MULLER

Get a thick fillet of beef, broil it on one side for four or five minutes; while the fillet is broiling, rub a bowl with a clove of garlic, empty into it a small jar of caviar, very finely chopped onions, and the juice of a lemon on top, and mix thoroughly. Then turn your steak, spread the mixture on the undone side, and continue to broil for another five minutes. Serve hot.

This culinary adventure only shows how often in life one finds great pleasures in the most unexpected places. Who knows, maybe they will attempt to sell me a set of fine dining room chairs the next time I am at the Voisin Restaurant, trying to order my dinner!

An equally unusual episode occurred recently when I walked into the tiny kitchenette of Mr. Imre Sandor, and found that this bachelor could not only prepare a meal, but actually was putting up food in cans. And what food! The canned food people, the biggies, could certainly learn a few things from Mr. Sandor. He started preserving dishes for himself and friends in London shortly before the war broke out. The reasons were several: first, Mr. Sandor could not get his favorite foods in London restaurants or households (as we all know, meals, war or peace, were as a rule never very exciting in England). Then, Sandor being a cautious man, and feeling the breath of impending trouble, made up his mind that he and his friends would not starve to death during a long siege, and started to pack and seal what was left over from dinner. Thirdly, he was getting sick and tired of hostesses who said at the end of cocktail parties: "I'd love to have you for dinner but there just isn't a thing in the house!"

Having come to New York, the canned food idea blossomed into full bloom. Mr. Sandor sends a great many of his cans to English friends, employing his own, individual lend-lease policy. What remains, his New York friends—I do hope I am still numbered among them—devour. This wizard of canned food cooks from two in the afternoon to ten in the evening in two special pressure-cookers, one twelve gallons and the other sixteen. He puts up about twenty-five cans a day and seals them hermetically with special apparatus. The variety of his canned food is wide in range, but they are all complete and not supplementary dishes, all made according to old family recipes. Most of them are meat with sauce combinations, or meat with vegetables, but he also puts up a *Crêpe Suzette* which is as good or better than the *crêpes* of the old Foyot in Paris. Mr. Sandor's lentils with sausages and his goulash are dishes absolutely unsurpassed, and for his split peas with beef I can find no adequate praise. Then he also cans chicken in tomato sauce, as well as in ragout form, and chicken giblets. All his chicken is put up with bones in the meat, by the way. His hamburger with noodles is also excellent, but most of all I like his marmalade. Sandor makes an orange marmalade that would go far, very far, on the market if he wanted to sell it; it is actually much better than anything I have ever tasted, not excepting the famous Aintree kinds. However, canning is a hobby, not a business for him.

The other day Sandor was in-

Continued on page 122

Top Styles by RAINFAIR that give you . . .

Topcoat Smartness *plus* *Showerproof Protection!*

(left) **ZIPRAIN**

All-Purpose Gabardine Storm Coat

First Choice of RAINFAIR'S College Style Board

The nonchalance that comes with precise tailoring is evident in this English knee-length top-quality gabardine, showerproofed by Cravenette. Talon fastener on fly front. Slash-through pockets. Railroad stitching on cuffs and bottom. Full iridescent lining. Bleached bone or light olive in sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs. Only $12.50

(below) **CORDUROY UNIVERSITY**

Finger-tip length reversible. Soft, water-repellent velvet corduroy on one side, on the other side fine quality bleached bone gabardine showerproofed by Cravenette. Slash pockets, railroad stitching. Rust, beige, or green in sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs.

Only $12.50

(below) **COVERT UNIVERSITY**

Reversible! On one side, covert cloth, sensational fabric of fine finish and soft texture. On the other, bleached bone gabardine. Both sides showerproofed by Cravenette. Finger-tip length, covert-faced lapels, fly-front, set-in sleeves, slash pockets, railroad stitching. Sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs.

Only $15.75

(above) **COVERT ZIPRAIN**

Ziprain high-style in finely finished, soft-texture covert cloth, showerproofed by Cravenette. Knee-length, bal-collar. Talon fastener on fly front. Slash pockets. Set-in sleeves. Railroad stitching on cuffs and bottom. Full iridescent lining. Sizes from 32 to 44. Regulars or longs. Only $16.75

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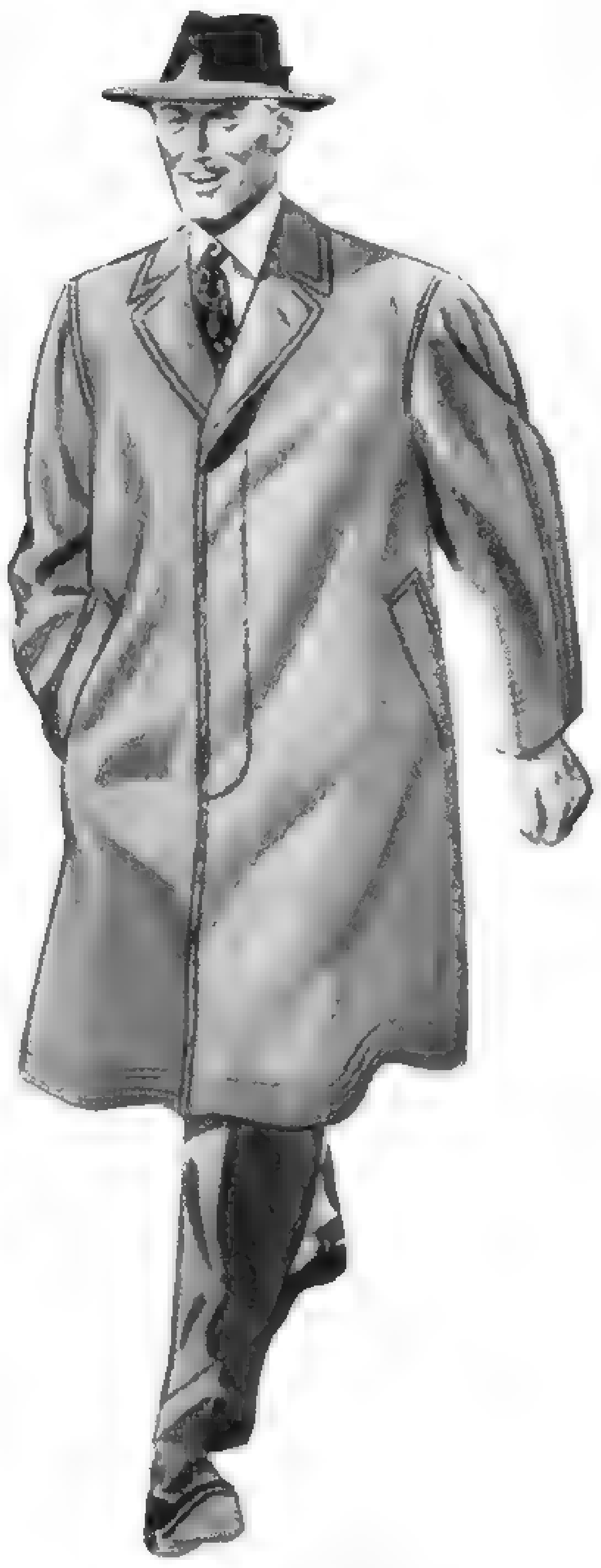
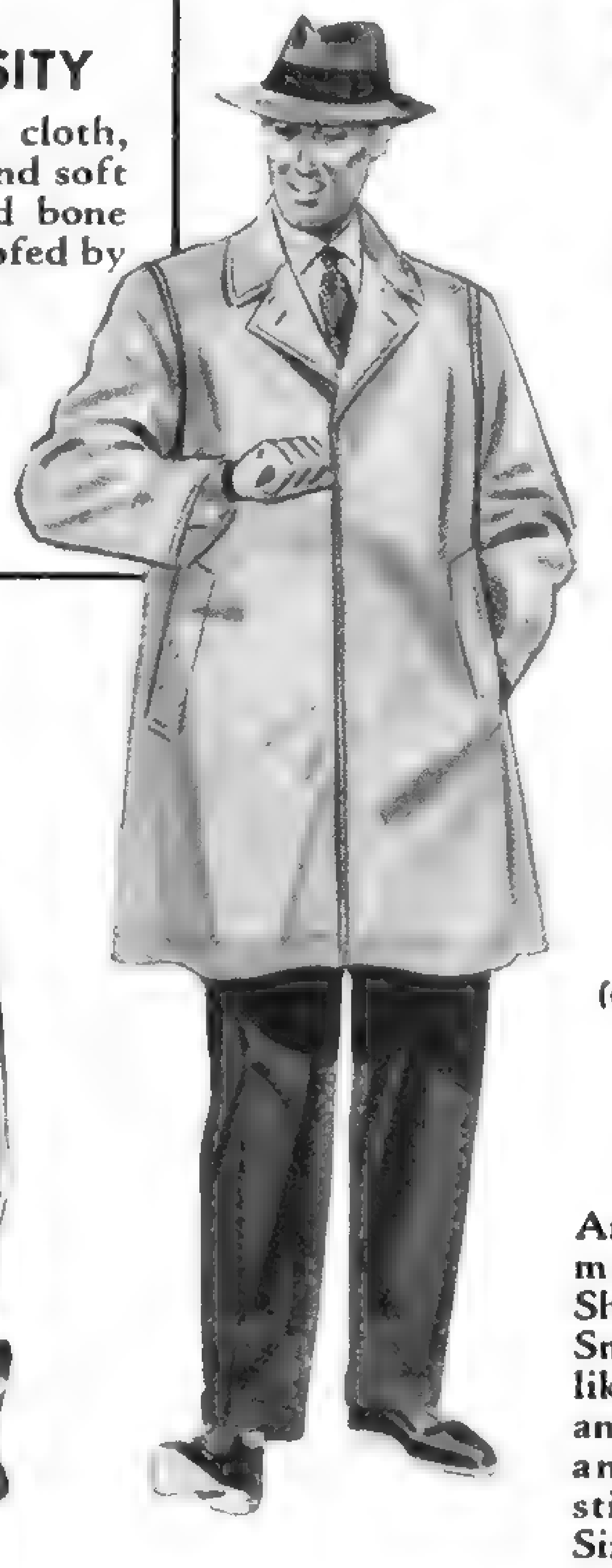
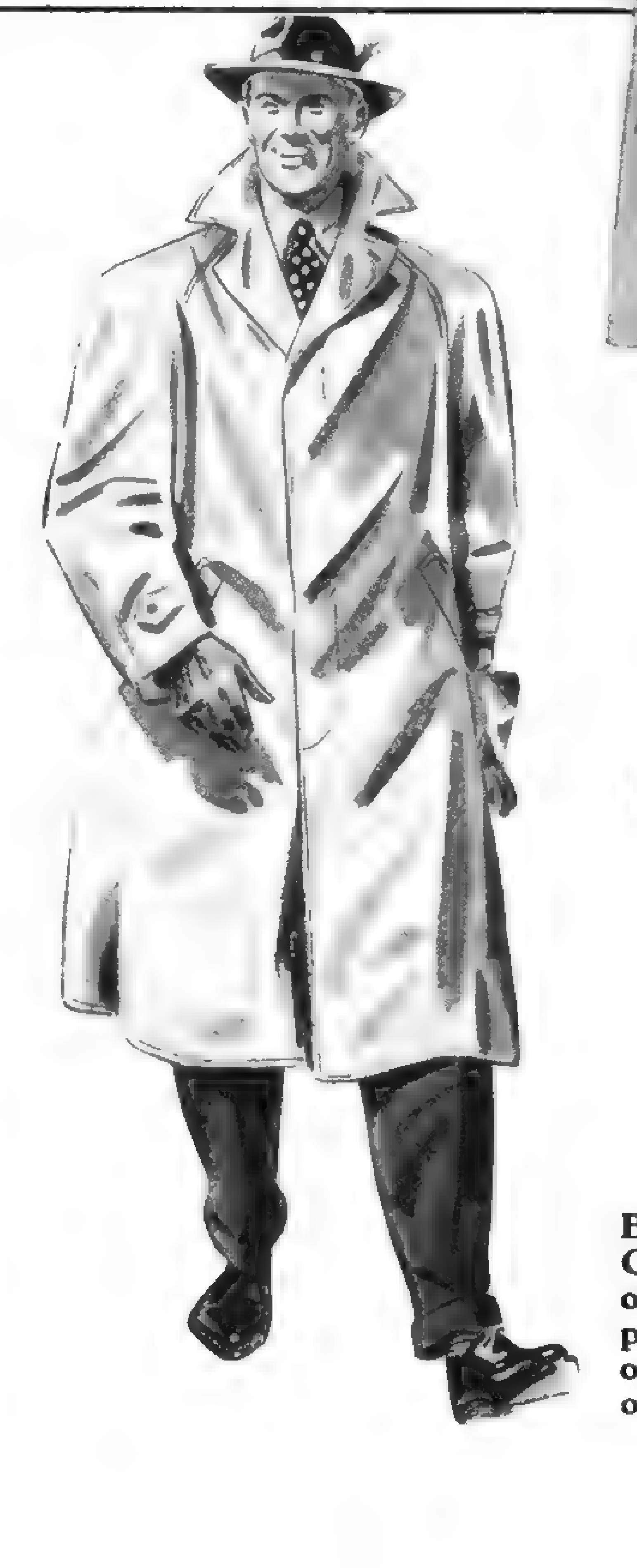






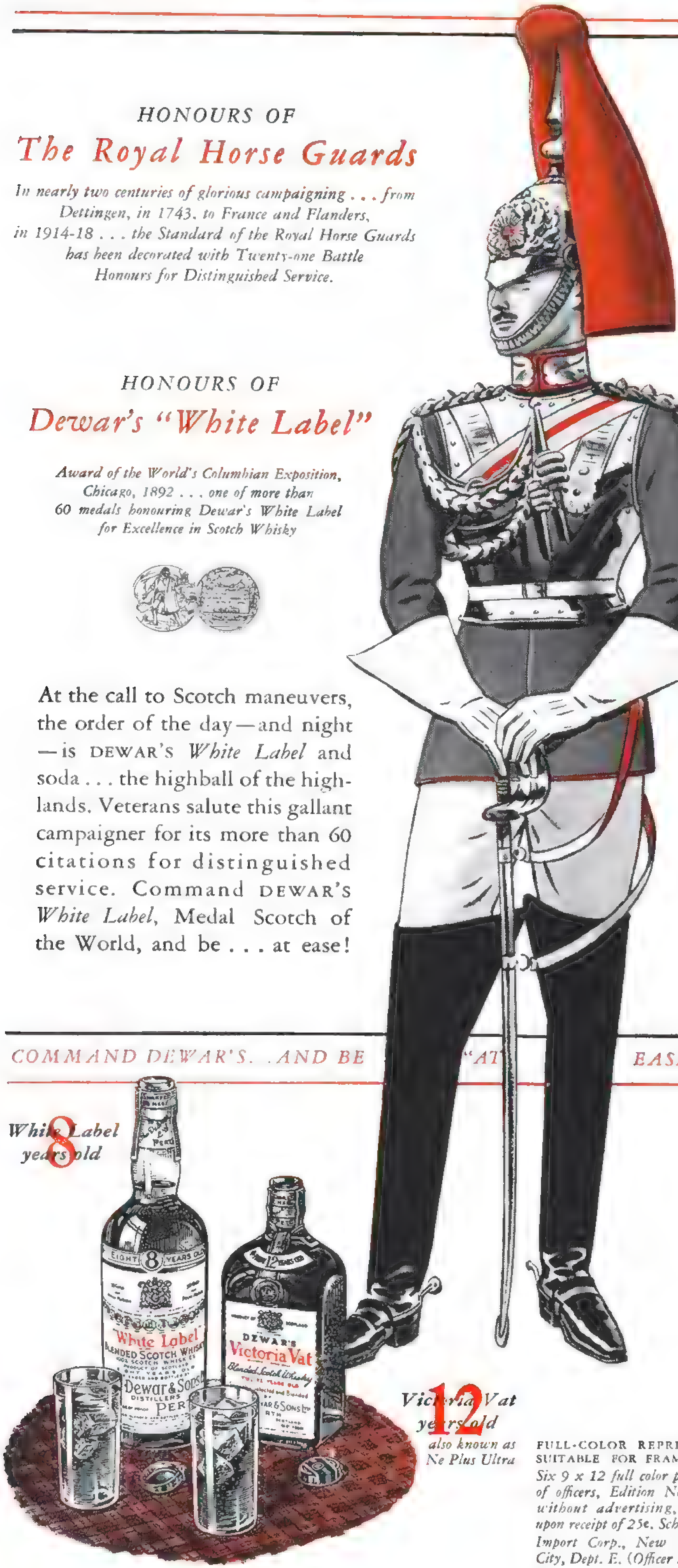
(above) **CAVALRY TWILL TOPPER**

New Fabric Sensation! Nothing Like It!

An exciting, new Storm Coat made from Cavalry Twill. Showerproofed by Cravenette. Smartly styled for men who like a regular notched collar and set-in sleeves. Deep yoke and sleeve lining. Railroad stitching on cuffs and bottom. Sizes 34 to 46. Regulars or longs. Only $16.75

(left) **GRAFTON**

Balmacaan style gabardine coat with fly front. One of Rainfair's most popular models with men of all ages! Deep yoke and sleeve lining. Showerproofed by Cravenette. Fawn, light olive, taupe or green. Sizes 34 to 46. Regulars, longs, or shorts. Only $10.50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In nearly two centuries of glorious campaigning . . . from Dettingen, in 1743, to France and Flanders, in 1914-18 . . . the Standard of the Royal Horse Guards has been decorated with Twenty-one Battle Honours for Distinguished Service.

HONOURS OF
Dewar's "White Label"

Award of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1892 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky

At the call to Scotch maneuvers, the order of the day—and night—is DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda . . . the highball of the highlands. Veterans salute this gallant campaigner for its more than 60 citations for distinguished service. Command DEWAR'S *White Label*, Medal Scotch of the World, and be . . . at ease!

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The Medal SCOTCH of the World

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Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 92-119-120

vited to the home of a friend who knows his flair for culinary matters. Although the friend employs a cook, he asked Mr. S. to surprise his guests with his art and prepare a fresh dinner. Since Grand Duchess Marie of Russia was a fellow-guest, Sandor was determined not to lose culinary face.

He arrived with a suitcase packed with his cans and took possession of the kitchen. A melancholy colored cook sorrowfully watched him from a corner as he took out pots and pans and grills and roasters and kept on putting them into the oven, empty. Secretly Sandor placed the cans in boiling water for a few minutes, because that's all that you have to do with the Sandor cans, and in a very little time he conjured up the best dinner the guests—including the Grand Duchess—had ever tasted. To this day they do not know that it wasn't a freshly made dinner. But then, Mr. Sandor is not an ordinary chef—he is an alchemist, or at least a food-chemist, scientific and methodical. He confessed to me that the most difficult part of putting up food in cans is the seasoning; you have to season differently when food is to be canned, and you have to know the exact measures minutely. ##

A Hundred Years of Photography

Continued from page 91

to every tourist, tyro. You no longer needed "art"—all you needed was a "button."

About the time the Eastman Company introduced transparent, flexible film, Edison and his staff were working on the problem of the motion picture. Work was stymied, however, by the lack of proper medium for the necessary sequence of photographic images. One day, the Eastman factory in Rochester, received a brief note from the Edison laboratories, containing this one significant sentence: "Enclosed please find sum of $2.50 P.O.O. due you for one roll film for which please accept thanks."

The English of this sentence is scarcely above question; but like that more famous sentence, "What hath God wrought," it was the bottle that launched the ship of a mammoth new industry. Eastman's celluloid strip of film solved Edison's problem; and the cinematograph came into being.

Around the same time, great improvements were forthcoming in optical glass, which, in turn, led to lenses of greater precision—corrections for the various things that made for distortion, aberration, and the myriad kinds of fuzziness.

Zeiss, for example, marketed, in 1890, the first anastigmat lens, which, roughly speaking, bade farewell to the mist and haze of the early days. Unfortunately, many photographers liked this haze. They called it "softness." They pronounced it "Art." Thus, soft-focus continued to drag on for three or four decades, in spite of the vigorous opposition of such men as Stieglitz, who demanded that a photogragh come out boldly as a photograph—and not try to palm itself off as an oil painting by Turner.

In England, H. Dennis Taylor invented a lens called the "Cooke Triplet" which soon rivaled the German anastigmats in sharpness and speed. Zeiss, in turn, came back with a modification of the Cooke Triplet (with the back lens replaced by cemented combination): introduced as the "Tessar."

Now speed in photography depends on three variables: (a) the amount of available light, (b) the aperture of the lens, and (c) the sensitivity of the photographic emulsion. No one as yet had thought of tinkering with artificial light sources; but after the improvement in lens construction, chemists began to go to work on the emulsion.

The earliest work in this field was done by Abney, in England, who studied the relation between the transparency of a photographic image and its exposure. The chemistry of the developing process and the chemistry of the sensitizing process then came in for their share of meticulous investigation. But by far the most significant contribution to the chemistry of photography was made by Ferdinand Hurter and V. C. Driffield, two English amateur photographers. Hurter was a chemist, engaged in the manufacture of alkalies; Driffield was an engineer in the same field.

Hurter and Driffield offered a general theory for the photographic process, and laid the foundation for scientific sensitometry. They published together, in 1890, an epoch-making paper, *Photo-Chemical Investigations*, which took the whole darkroom out into the light. They developed a gadget for calculating exposure, which they called the "Actinograph," and they showed, among other things, that the density of the image is proportional to the mass of silver obtained. Logarithms then entered the scene; we got mathematical constants for sensitivity, and the confusing symbol, gamma—which has become as much a part of the modern vocabulary as "complex," "subconscious," and "kilocycle."

* * *

The next important step in photographic science was the development of color sensitive emulsions, the so-called "panchromatic" emulsions. All early work was orthochromatic; that is, the emulsion used had little discriminating power where colors were involved, and red would photograph as black as a lump of coal.

It is safe to say that practically no color-sensitive materials were manufactured before 1900. And although experimental gestures were made shortly after the turn of the century, it was not until 1906 that commercial panchromatic, or color-sensitive plates, were on the market. The Hoechst Dye Works in Germany, and Wratten and Wainwright, Ltd., in England, sponsored this innovation almost simultaneously.

Wratten and Wainwright, Ltd. was absorbed in 1912 into the Eastman Kodak Company. The first commercial panchromatic film was made by the Eastman Kodak Co., for use in color motion pictures, as early as 1914; but was not in general use until 1925.

In recent years, the color range of emulsions has been greatly extended; and at the same time the emulsion speed has been increased. The result is that not only is the sensitive material more color-sensitive—it is in all ways more sensitive. The increased speed of the whole process, which formerly was arrived at by increasing the aperture of the lens—a costly business—has been arrived at by increasing the sensitivity of the emulsion. In the past four years, for example, the available emulsion sensitivity has been increased by more than four hundred per cent, making it possible to take pictures with moderately priced equipment, under conditions which formerly required the most complex and expensive products of the lens maker's art.

Color photography has always been a queasy field, calling for the pronounced services of a specialist and skilled technician. For this reason, except for a few abortive experiments in the early part of the century, color work was beyond the reach of the amateur. But by a curious irony of circumstance, two musicians, Leopold Mannes, of the Mannes-Damrosch family, and L. Godowsky, the son of the famous pianist, developed a remarkable solution to the problem.

Technically, this musico-photographic team developed a film with three layers of color-sensitive emulsion, each separated by a layer of pigment which acts as a filter. Perfected by the Eastman Kodak Co. under the name "Kodachrome," and put on the market around 1935, this film made amateur color photography as simple as black and white.

At the present time, the amateur's film is returned to Rochester for laboratory processing. It comes back as a color transparency and can be viewed in special projectors, unless it happens to be motion picture film—in which case it is, naturally, projected.

Photo-engravers are able to work from Kodachrome almost as well as they can from commercial carbro prints. It so happens, however, that carbro, which have to be made from color separation negatives, usually in a thousand dollar one-shot camera, cost close to $100 to turn out—while Kodachrome can be made for as little as twenty-five cents a shot. Dufaycolor, a British development in the same direction, has not as yet acquired the acceptance of Kodachrome. The Dufay principle makes use of a screen of microscopic dots, each group of which responds to a basic color.

* * *

In the year 1925, the high-speed miniature camera appeared, making possible so-called "candid" pictures—that is, unposed shots made under ordinary light conditions. The extreme speed of the lenses of the cameras used in this connection, make indoor shots without auxiliary lights as easy as buttering hard toast with warm butter. The father of the miniature camera was Dr. Oskar Barnack, of the firm of E. Leitz, in Weimar. Making a small camera to test motion picture film, he evolved, almost accidentally, the Leica.

Built with utmost precision, the Leica was able to take full advantage of the optical possibilities of short focal length, wide aperture lenses, which small negative sizes permit. And these include, in plain English, depth of detail (technically called focal depth), at relatively high speeds (stopping action), and in poor light. Precision enlarging apparatus, designed at the same time, made it possible to get pictures of extreme sharpness and quality in reasonably large sizes—in fact, blow-ups to photo-mural size have often been made from 35 millimeter negatives.

Now, the Leica and the Zeiss equivalent of it, the Contax, started an entirely new phase of photography. Simple, precise, foolproof, efficient, and working under the most surprising conditions—as in theaters, bathrooms, and beyond the footlights of the burlesque—they made every button-pusher suddenly discover in himself undreamed-of strains of genius. This was, in truth, the "you push the button and we do the rest" technique of George Eastman's first Kodak—only now, taken out of the realm of the snapshot, and roughly called art. This also follows: since the 35 millimeter photograph called for enlarging, and since the *nouveau* artist found himself taking pictures in ticker-tape quantities, there was nothing for him to do but to set up his own darkroom—assuming of course, that he wasn't the Agha Khan.

Amateur photography found itself in a Renaissance. Every man with a spare $100 was a photographer, every photographer was his own enlarger, and every enlarger was a life-long annuity to some photo supply store. What these tyros ever did with their pictures is a question that has never been satisfactorily explained. Modern psychology will probably hold that taking the picture and making the print was an end in itself—like pure beauty, or an orgy.

Incidentally, the miniature cam-

Continued on page 124

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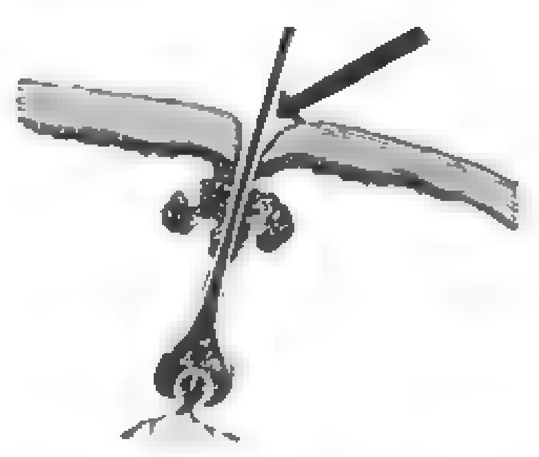

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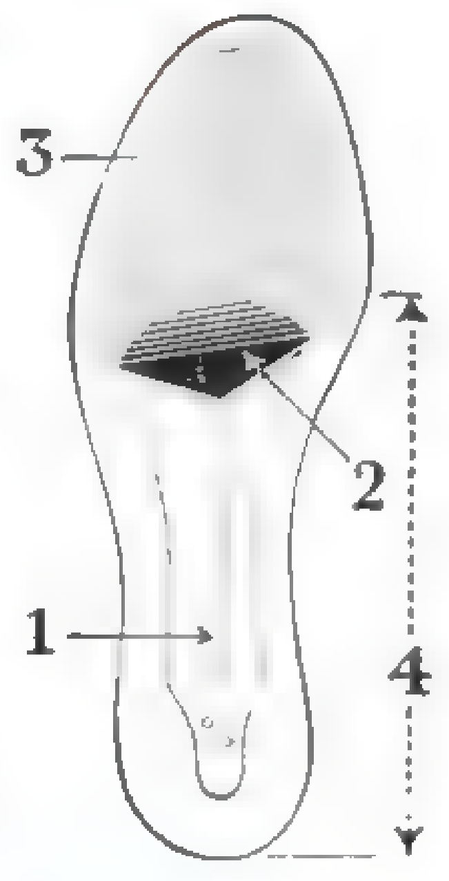

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A Hundred Years of Photography

Continued from pages 91-123

era craze has brought about a strange change in the mores and entertainment habits of the nation, and new headaches for the manufacturers. For, by a curious irony, the miniature film is generally used to make gargantuan enlargements, which sooner or later become white elephants in the household. They clutter up tables, obscure the walls, litter drawers—and looking up from dust-covered shelves, they serve as perpetual reproaches to the self-made genius and his long-suffering family.

The old photograph album at least had its place in the unhappy arrangement of the old home. It lessened, to some extent, the boredom of bored guests. It took the place of drinks, breaking the ice with shy visitors. And it served as an accurate, albeit dull, history of the family—its rise and fall. But nowadays, the only thing an inarticulate host can say is, "If you'd like to see my pictures, I'll send for a bale."

* * *

The reducing of the photographic image has also come into a new phase, in recent times, keeping pace with the general idea of a shrinking world in an expanding universe.

The idea, of course, is not new. In fact, during the hectic and experimental years that followed the Daguerreotypomania, there was a virtual epidemic of reduced images. Shrunken heads were literally embalmed in the transparent handles of knives, penholders, rings, lockets, and bric-a-brac, and were called "Stanhopes," after the scientist Charles Stanhope, who designed a lens especially adapted to the work. And during the siege of Paris, in 1870, thousands of dispatches and documents were reduced photographically to Lilliput dimensions, and sent hither and yon by carrier pigeon.

But with the development of miniature cameras, and a general use of 35 millimeter film and enlarging apparatus, microphotography has taken on a world of new uses. The new name for this kind of photography is "microfilm work;" and it covers, roughly, the recording of books, manuscripts, newspapers, and documents on 35 millimeter film. This film, either in roll form, or cut up and mounted, will give an enlarged image, when placed in a special magnifying apparatus—or when used in projectors.

With microfilm, rare manuscripts and books can be copied at almost negligible cost. Prints from the master negative can be distributed to libraries and universities all over the world. Further, the storage space required for microfilm is so small, as compared with the space required for the original material, that libraries can be compressed thus, and virtually tucked away under the covers of a Murphy bed.

It is not improbable that microfilm, or paper prints made from the film, will in time replace books altogether. For, when you consider the fact that both a microfilm edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf of Books could be worn as a G-string by Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, without obscuring one whit of her *savoir faire*—its possibilities seem limitless.

Further, for people with impaired eyesight, microfilm is a boon. Pages can be enlarged by projection to any desired size; and eyes that blink with fatigue can be made to open wide with hope, at a literal version of handwriting on the wall.

* * *

Press photography came into its own about ten years ago with the introduction of the flash bulb. Time was when photography under bad light conditions had to be made with flash powder. This had many disadvantages. Its time of firing was uncertain, the duration of the flash was questionable, and it often had the unfortunate habit of setting fire to the room. And even after a successful exposure was made, half of the occupants of the room were liable to be asphyxiated by the magnesium fumes.

The flash bulb, originally, was an ordinary glass bulb filled with magnesium foil which exploded in *oxygen*—if all went well. Precisely made, it lent itself to accurate synchronization with the shutter. Exposures were accurately calculated in advance, fast shutter speeds employed, and ordinary action stopped as effectively and with as much certainty as if the photograph were made with studio lighting.

The one drawback to flash photography was that the subject too often came out looking a Zombie. This was due to the fact that the flash gun, mounted on the side of the camera, shot an overwhelming beam of light smack onto the front part of the victim's face—blanching it like a sheet. The sides of the face were left looking like something Mr. Gustave Doré might have drawn for a cheap edition of Dante's *Inferno*.

In recent years, press photographers have turned flash lighting into a fine art. Using extensions in the circuit with the flash gun, they model the victim like the spotlight experts at the Roxy.

Flash lamps have been so increased in efficiency and scope that you can now get them small enough to fit inside of a vanity case or large enough to light up Times Square during a blackout; and imaginatively used in multiple combinations there is scarcely anything they can't be made to do from setting off a photo-electric cell circuit across the Hudson River to making night surveys by air. In fact, one of their latest and most interesting applications is in outdoor daylight photography;

here, they supplement the work of the sun, giving extra highlights, lifting shadows, or, as in the case of press work, guaranteeing a uniform and perfect exposure, no matter what dark alley the subject may dive into.

One of the most spectacular developments in this field of modern photography, is the ultra-speed lamp developed by Dr. Harold E. Edgerton and his associates at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This lamp produces flashes of extreme brilliancy—the equivalent of the medium size photoflash bulb—at a speed of about 1/30,000 second. With this brilliance and this speed, it becomes a simple matter to stop such rapid motion as the splintering of a glass bulb or the splatter of a drop of milk.

When this lamp is flashed successively during complex movements, multiple exposures can be made on a single film, giving a diagrammatic analysis of the action. Thus it has become possible to find out exactly what happens in many of the technical processes of modern sport and industry. The relative compression of the golf ball when struck, the precise directions taken by particles of glass when splintered, the action and interaction of thousands of materials subjected to sudden impacts and strains can be studied.

The same lamp under modified conditions, can be used stroboscopically. Making use of an old principle in physics, this light, when flashed at the same speed at which a moving part (such as a piston or a humming bird's wings) passes a point of rest, an optical effect results giving the illusion that the moving object is itself at rest.

The Edgerton lamp, manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Co., and called the Kodatron Speedlamp, is now being used by press photographers, as well as industrial investigators. Many of the amazing sport shots that you see in today's newspapers and photo-magazines, have been made with a portable version of this lamp. The lamp is simply synchronized with the camera's shutter replacing the conventional flash-gun.

* * *

Photography within the infra-red spectrum has been another of the interesting developments of recent times. Among other things, it has made possible the penetration of haze. Aerial photography, as a result, has been widely extended in range and scope. Curiously, many things which are not visible to the eye turn up, somehow or other, on a plate sensitive to infra-red rays. Thus, old manuscripts and old paintings when photographed with infra-red material, show often unexpected evidences of some fine Italian hand. The earlier written or painted out material, despite its disappearance beyond the limits of the eye, is still there and will wave a red flag in front of an infra-red ray at the drop of a hat. It follows that this process is as helpful in modern crime detection as it is in the abacadabra of aesthetics.

In the field of art, infra-red photography has wide application, restoring lines and tones that might otherwise have been lost as a result of the darkening of the varnish or atmospheric conditions. Photographs, engravings, drawings, maps, and records which seem to have faded almost beyond practical use can often be clearly photographed with this process. In astronomy, many stars and novae, invisible to the eye, have been recorded on infra-red plates. Again, in medicine, veins, arteries, and lymph tissue show up on infra-red plates almost as brilliantly as if they had been traced with a black crayon.

* * *

A hundred years is a long time; and within its span many trends can come and go.

Many people felt, in 1841, that painting was washed up; that the camera could do, and better. The painters, on the other hand, said "Photography is not art."

The question then arose: "What is art?"

Meanwhile the painters kept trying to make their canvases look like daguerreotypes; and the photographers began fuzzing up their shots to make them look like paintings.

Photography, nevertheless, gained momentum, and drove the accurate representational painters clean off the scene—for if straight imitation of nature is the only objective of art, the camera will win every time.

Soon some inkling of the basic function of art began to seep into public consciousness. It was realized, in a vague sort of way, that art had to do with emotion, not imitation.

Painting then took a sharp turn away from realism, and "You call that art?" became standard Philistine epithet. And stirred by the sharp prods of the clear-eyed Alfred Stieglitz and the so-called Photo-Secessionists, photography, sticking to the tones and overtones which were uniquely its own, established itself as a valid and powerful art form. For the universal problem of all art, as with all science, is nothing more than the problem of transforming ideas into images. And a lens, for this purpose, is fully as sensitive as a brush.

The rapid development of photography in science, during recent years, has taken the edge off the old quarrel. Photography is a tool, today, for laboratory investigation, for identifying bacteria, broken bones, gun emplacements, and criminals. Amateurs, meanwhile, track down the bizarre, the dramatic, and the exotic.

It seems safe to say that no picture taken in the past fifty years is an aesthetic improvement on the Calotypes of David Octavius Hill. But Hill could never have photographed a bullet passing through an electric light bulb, or a man jumping from a sixteenth story window; nor is it at all probable that he would have, if he could. #

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Conversion of Thunderpuss

Continued from page 43

tainment the following summer, thus reanimating ancestral urges which even back home in New Mexico, with lapsing customs and all, were fast becoming dormant.

Spring came and there was little rain. The farmlands were parched at the time our church observed its annual Prayer Day, with the customary single evening service devoted to invocation for blessing on the recently seeded earth. A week wore on, two, three, and the drouth continued.

One evening George Kesler, sprawled on his porch swing, began to hear a low, distant drumming. Then there were voices, faint first but growing, raised in a chant he had heard somewhere before. He got up and looked across to the Indian farm, which adjoined his. It was too far to see anything clearly, but there was a large bonfire burning in the barnyard and he could make out shadowy figures dancing in its light.

He got in his car and drove to town and when he told what was going on the villagers piled into their automobiles and started out behind him for the Indian farm, a whole string like a parade chugging it down the county trunk.

The dancers were in full swing, capering briskly behind improvised masks and streaked with paints. The proceedings seemed to pivot about a large bowl filled with what the onlookers at length made out to be turtles. Discouraged by what had seemed to them rather tepid requests for rainfall on the part of the Christians, the Indians had decided to perform the ancestral turtle ceremony. At the conclusion of this ceremony the turtles, having been suspended overnight from the rafters of their homes, would be thrown into boiling water and thus killed. Observing the Zuni belief that human souls after death inhabit the bodies of these creatures, participants specify certain deceased as envoys to heaven, and when the turtles are killed these envoys are released for their journey to the gods, with whom they have been instructed to intercede.

The townsmen, sitting against the barn and perched on the fence or else maneuvering their cars into advantageous positions, watched the ceremony go along full blast till midnight, when it subsided and finally died away. We left the Indians eating the turtle eggs.

When Reverend Thermon learned of this he was furious and summoned Thunderpuss to the parsonage.

"Oh well, what's the difference," Thunderpuss smiled good-naturedly at the first lull in the pastor's castigation, making the point that, however diverse religious techniques, ceremonies were all devised to impress identical heavens. But those turtles, Reverend Thermon reminded him; had he not been told a thousand times that worshipping animals was heathen and sinful? But Thunderpuss was not so easily persuaded. Easter, just past, was still fresh in his memory, and uppermost in his impression of this major festival was the emphasis placed on rabbits. He questioned the difference between worshipping turtles and worshipping rabbits.

"We don't worship the rabbits."

"Then what the world you got all of them for?" Thunderpuss asked him, puzzled.

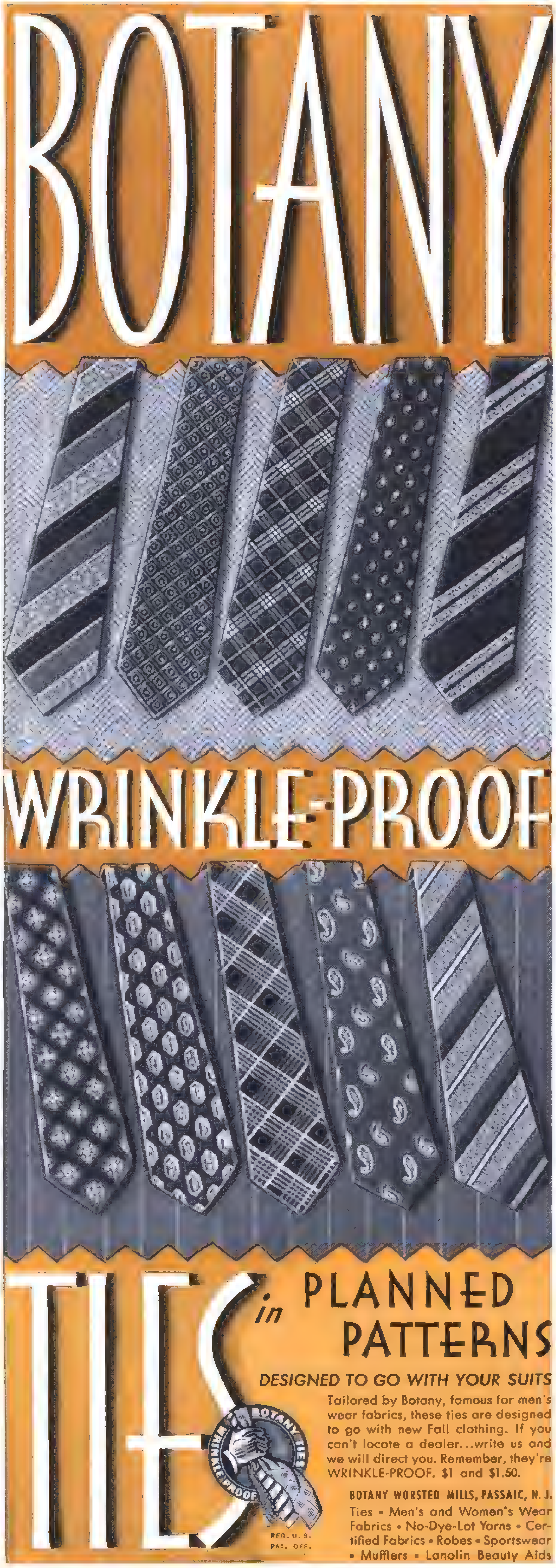
"They're just for the children," the Reverend explained impatiently. "Bunnies."

But this did not satisfy him. He wanted to know what the eggs were for and, above all, what kind of eggs they were. Not rabbits certainly because rabbits did not lay eggs. Maybe turtle eggs, he proposed amiably when the pastor, suddenly wondering in a puzzled pause himself, said he didn't know. Also, when pressed, the pastor admitted he couldn't say offhand where the rabbits had come into Christian practice but said he would look it up; meanwhile he could assure him that, however heavily they were featured in Easter festivities, they meant nothing whatever. This seemed to Thunderpuss extremely slipshod. One thing was evident to him. Here were features definitely absorbed from pagan religions, and if one worshipped rabbits, what was wrong with making it turtles, since it didn't mean anything anyhow. As long as the Christian was uncertain about those eggs, perhaps, he submitted, they *were* turtle eggs, of which the Zunis made a great deal in *their* solstice ceremonies, and furthermore. . . .

The matter was speedily adjusted when the church board swung into action. Thunderpuss—who repeatedly emphasized the fact that he had not been a participant—conveyed the Indians' official apology to the church. Then they sent him back to the farm to impress on his relatives that if they ever engaged in anything like that again, except perhaps for occasional civic entertainment, they would be severely censored, probably with excommunication.

So he convened them in the barnyard, mounted the back porch, set his hat on a chair, and behind a pedestal with a water glass from which he took frequent swallows, spoke for an hour and a half, in Zuni. He raised his voice dramatically, he smacked his fist into his palm, he paused occasionally to mop his brow, he paced the porch and, pointing to the stocked barn and spreading his arms to the ploughed acres, warned them that if they ever did anything like that again they would lose all of this.

Things went peaceably. The Indians grew rapidly and have, I recently noticed, been billed in the tourist leaflets as "a picturesque and authentic Indian community adjoining the town." The storekeeper is still forbidden to sell them moth balls. ⌗



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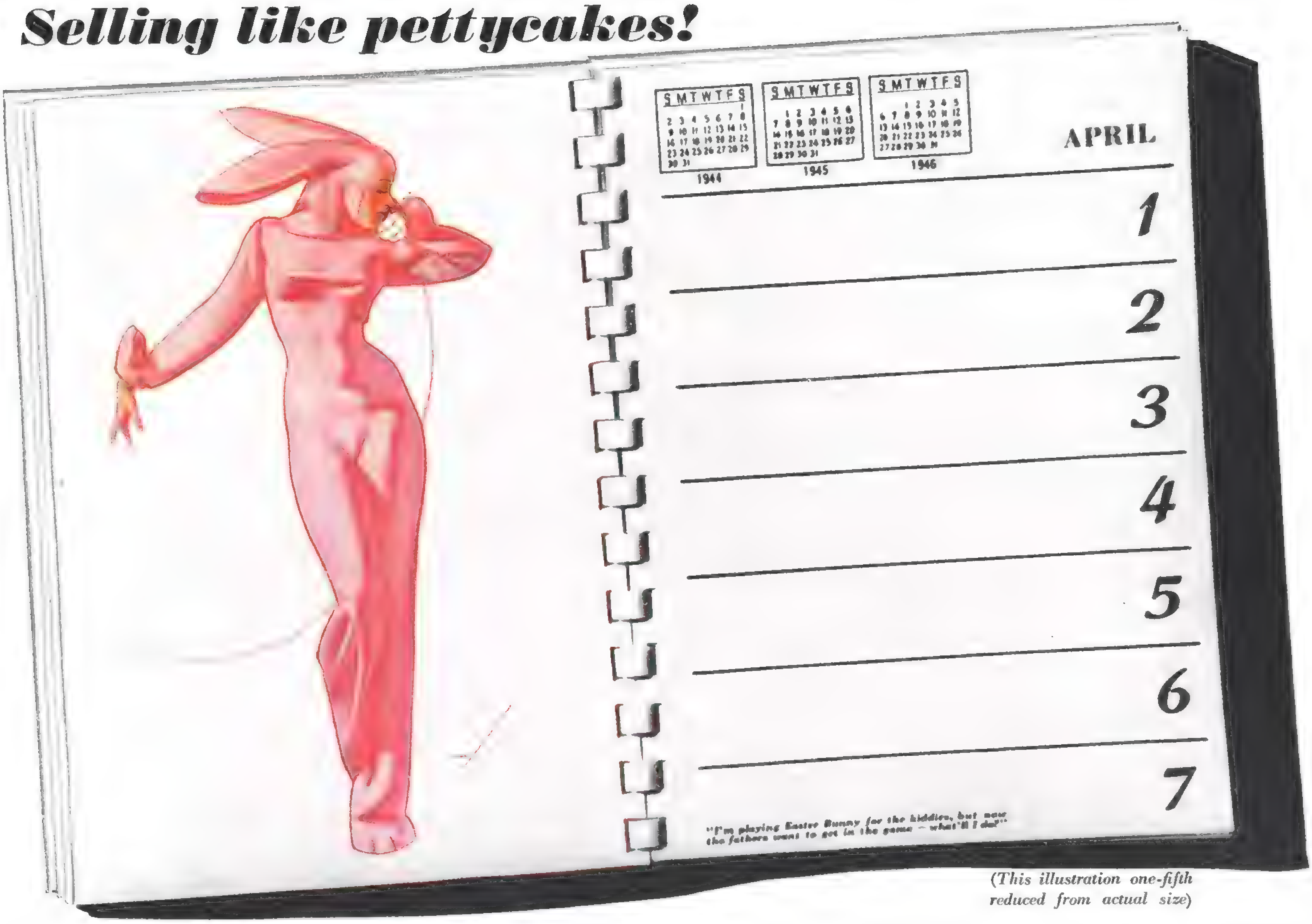
S M T W T F S
1944
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1945
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1946
APRIL
1
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7
"I'm playing Easter Bunny for the kiddies, but now the fathers want to get in the game – what'll I do!"

(This illustration one-fifth reduced from actual size)

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But this word of warning is in order: no matter how far your wanderings in Mohammedan exotica may take you; no matter how many illuminations of Riza Abbasi you may uncover, you'll find nothing to compare with the languorous wonders of the *Petty-namah* —a collection of the thirteen most succulent beauties from the Petty seraglio.

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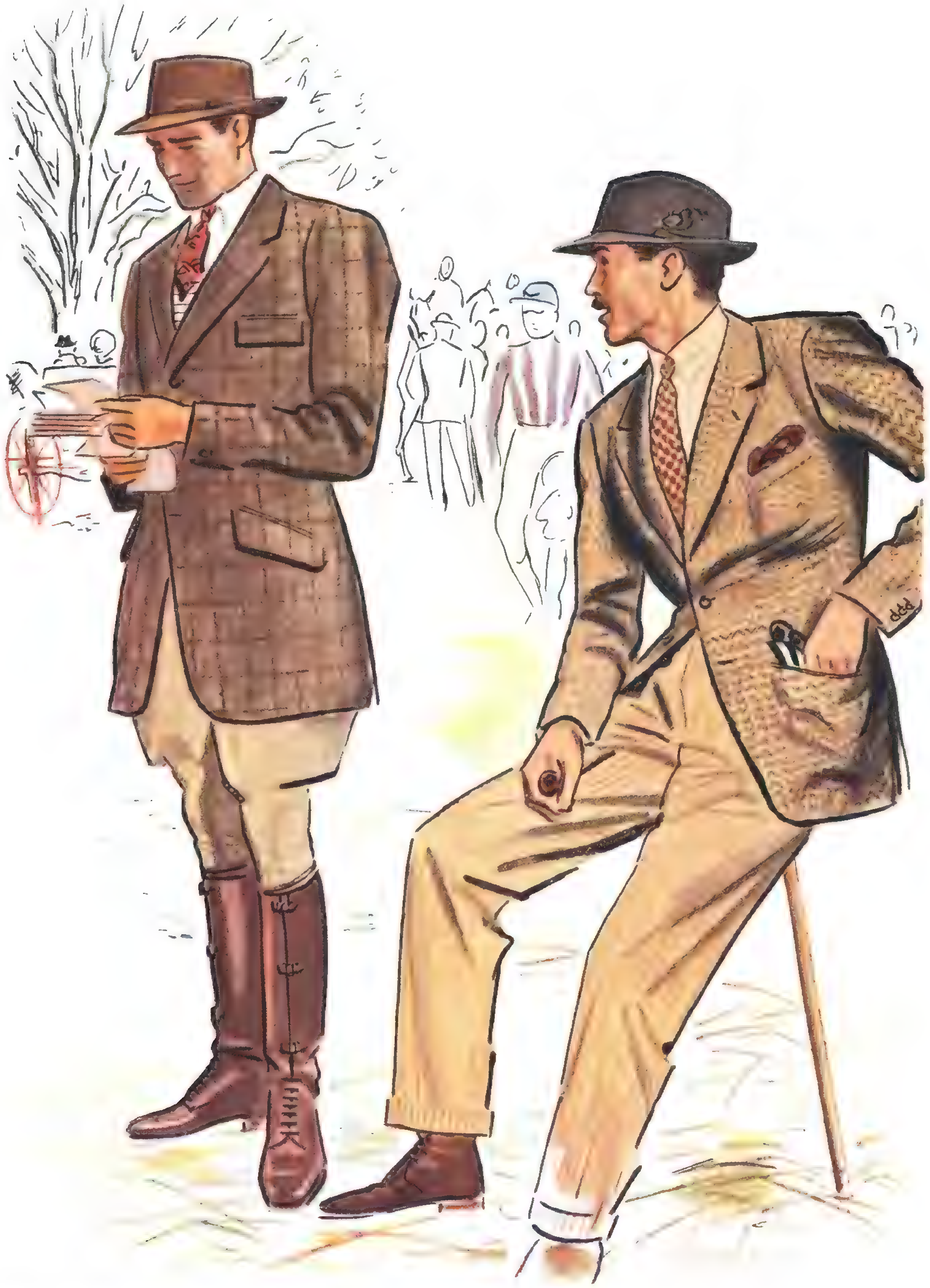

two on the nose

As a change from defense activity, these men turn to an autumn hunts meet for relaxation. They may or may not pick the steeplechase winners, but they are both on the nose, fashionwise. The first man went so far as to put on riding clothes, which is correct for those who are supervising the races. His riding jacket is brown on brown overchecked Harris Tweed. The off-white flannel shirt, sporting print wool tie, and the Tattersall checked waistcoat rate very highly, as does his brown rough felt porkpie hat. The cavalry twill riding breeches are more or less regulation, but his Artillery boots with straps are rated as a more recent civilian fashion, adapted from the military. The man seated on the shooting stick is wearing the brown and Sandune Shetland jacket, maroon and buff woven wool tie, flannel shirt, pinned down collar, and dark brown sports felt hat. His natural shade corduroy slacks, with the narrow cut, are seen more often. Reverse calf Sandan boots complete the outfit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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$2
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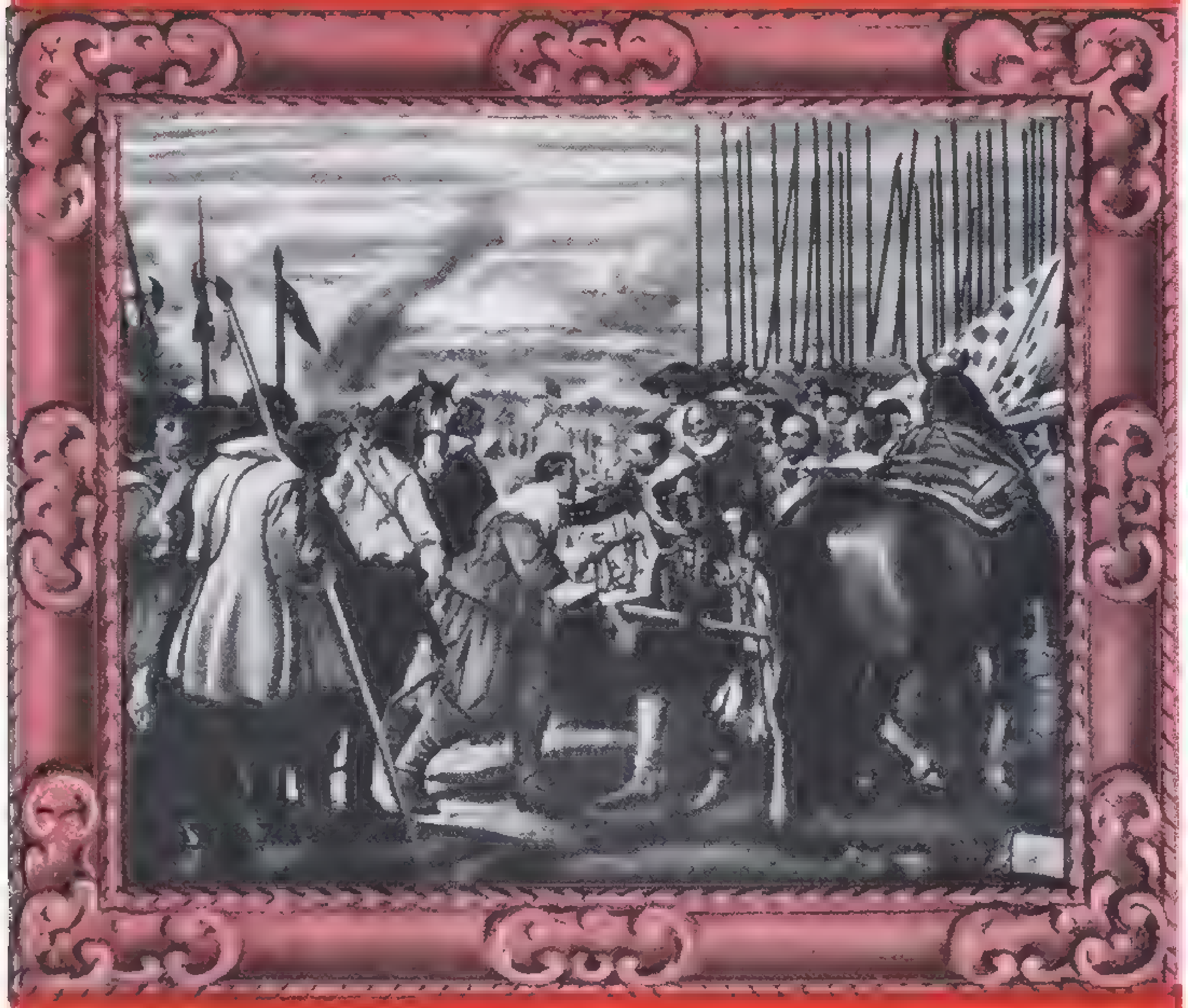
STEP 1. *Crayon sketch drawn in sepia tones carefully on a lightly tinted background.*

STEP 2. *Composition of picture then constructed on drawing with tempera colors.*

STEP 3. *Details are developed by painting over tempera underpainting with oil colors.*

STEP 4. *Glazes are used to heighten and enrich painting and subtly blend colors.*

AN OLD SPANISH PAINTING
reveals a whiskey secret!



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A Blend of 5 year old Straight Whiskies

Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., N.Y.
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-118

THE CASE OF LOUIS PAUL

On page 30 of the August issue of Esquire I find a story by Walter Schoenstedt, called *The Case of the Thin Actor*, the plot of which is substantially as follows: An actor but recently from Europe is finding it difficult to get a job on the New York stage. His remarkable thinness, his poverty-stricken look, and his bad accent finally land him a job playing the part of a Viennese refugee. Ironically enough, the play is very successful. He loses some of his accent. Good food fills out his ribs. In the end he loses his job because he can no longer portray the type convincingly to his audience.

In the *Forum* for February, 1935, and later reprinted in the O. Henry Memorial Volume for 1936, and later reprinted in the national students' publication, *Scholastic*, appeared a story of mine entitled *Lay Me Low*, the plot of which is substantially as follows: A Negro secondhand magazine peddler possessed of a remarkably sad voice is discovered by a theatrical entrepreneur, who proceeds to build a vaudeville act about the melancholy singer. Ironically enough, the performer is so successful that he loses his melancholy air. He becomes robust and smiling. In the end he loses his job because he can no longer move his audiences with his plaintive songs.

I am not for a moment suggesting that Mr. Schoenstedt has even read my story, much less patterned it after *Lay Me Low*. I merely flatter myself that my story is a more felicitous treatment of the plot I originated than Mr. Schoenstedt's, flattery being the sincerest form of imitation. Or have I got that old bromide backward?

Gayly,
Palo Alto, Calif. LOUIS PAUL

WHAT EVERY YOUNG SAILOR KNOWS

In reply to Sylvia Schusterow (July issue *Sound and Fury*) as a wise old Gypsy once told me, "It is not the things you do that you regret, but the things you didn't do."

Wishing your magazine continued success, especially with plenty *Petty*. Your July *Petty* was a darb.

JACK DEEMING, CSK., USN.
At Sea U.S.S. Savannah

ARE WE A SISSY?

It is too bad that the first letter I have ever been prompted to write to a department such as your *The Sound and The Fury* has to be in such an unpleasant vein, but Esquire has been a growing source of irritation in the past few months.

Being a hedonist in essence, I believe that it would help me no end to get a few things off my chest, so stand up and take it if you are able to stand a little sincere, and I hope constructive, criticism.

In the days when Esquire was just getting underway, and "Esky" really knew his way around, your magazine really had something. Esquire had enough strength of character to put into print what ever happened to be appropriate at the time, whether or not the article, story, or cartoon was bound to draw a lot of criticism from those of its readers who were looking for something they could term dirty or licentious. Esky didn't have many advertisers then nor did it have a quarter of the circulation it has now. What they had to do was attract attention. This they did by means of sensationalism combined with bang up writing, exceptionally fine articles and wonderful cartoons. The satire was satire; the articles were articles, and the fiction was exceptionally good. Those were the days when Esquire was a man's magazine and not the flowery publication that probably graces a lot of Ladies' Library reading rooms all over the country. Esky was young then and had a lot of fire and life. Esquire gave the impression that they were not being dictated to by anyone. It said what it wanted to say in just so many words and to hell with anyone who thought "Esky" was being breezy, obscene or loud.

That was seven years ago. I guess a lot of things can change in seven years. Maybe it is too much to expect an aging gentleman to keep up the pace he set when he was young. Then, Sir, if that is the case why don't you give the job of editing your magazine to the Ladies Aid, the W. C. T. U. or some such Organization. They will change its name to "Sunday Solace," leave out the cartoons and print it in newspaper form. That would be the logical thing to do. ESKY is obviously getting senile and ought to retire. If he was the rounder I like to believe he was, when he saw that he couldn't last much longer, he would certainly be only too glad to pass on the baton of spice and give its bearer a few instructions on places he should avoid to keep his social position. He would assist the new "Esky" in maintaining a fast pace and yet help him keep in good taste. But no, the "Esky" of seven years ago proved a poor loser in his attempt to keep up with time and insists that he be allowed to control your magazine policies. Your pace has slowed down to a walk and unless something can be done to eliminate this bad bearing, your whole organization will dissolve right under your turned up nose.

I have kept all my old Esquires and was looking through one printed in January 1934. Alongside of your latest issue, August 1941, one can see the change. It came about gradually enough but the difference between the two issues is really startling. If you don't believe me you have only to read them for yourself and you will see what I mean. A certain undefinable metamorphosis has come over "Esky" and I can't say who caused it unless it was "Esky getting Pesky."

Your magazine professes to be dedicated to those of us who are seeking an escape mechanism from this prosaic existance which we are forced to lead. If this is the case, why fill it with a bunch of short stories of rural ilk when we crave a little night life.

If you could spare the time, take a look at the cover on the March 1934 issue. I can tell by the look in "Esky's" eye as he twirls those Indian Clubs that he wasn't taking that "Are You a Sissy" stuff seriously enough for his own good. Esky is still alive, his spirit is willing, but his body is weak. I don't think there is anything wrong with him that a couple of injections wouldn't cure, but for our sake please give them to him before he is too far gone to be revived.

As a special condecension, I will admit that Petty's cartoons get better, and the way you bind your magazine is superb.

Sincerely,
JOHN S. CRALL
73d Bombardment Squadron
Anchorage, Alaska

CALIFORNIA BOOSTER

Please permit me to congratulate you on *The Miracle of Miracles* in your August issue. One of my favorite stories in each issue is the one that makes the Bible plausible—with the background they never dished out in Sunday School. (I wonder why?)

Also I enjoyed *Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, etc.*—I am always interested in stories that attempt to portray mental stress—as your classic *Christ in Concrete*.

Please do not publish my name.
Pasadena, Calif. E. H.

The Day of the Storm

Continued from page 41

afraid and unhappy. Uncle Rick chuckled and said in his deep sure voice, "Tell 'em about the storm, too." He pulled Denny's hand and Denny went on with uncertainty, his face turned anxiously toward the house.

* * *

Denny's mother, standing by the station wagon and laughing with Denny's father and the company, saw them coming and knelt on the edge of the lawn and held out her arms. "Here he is, the little darling." Her hair was loose and shining in the sun, yellow as butter; her face was young and her mouth was red and vivacious. Her flaring yellow linen skirt fell into stiff folds around her while she waited on the grass for Uncle Rick to lead Denny to her.

Denny accepted her embrace and kept his face turned toward the ground. Uncle Rick stood behind him and watched him like a gaunt grey statue. One of the company, a girl with beautiful and sensitive dark eyes, watched Uncle Rick's wonderful face for seconds before she looked away and frowned, but he didn't notice.

Denny's mother looked up at the company and her red mouth smiled brightly. "Our son." Her smile brightened and she said loudly, "He's blind, you know."

She stood up, holding Denny's hand. He kept his face turned toward the ground. "Colonel Bohun is here, Denny. You remember him." A thickset swarthy man with three chins nodded and started to speak to Denny and stopped, his eyes shifting uncomfortably. "And some friends you have never met, dear. Charles Ryle and Helen Booth. They're all down for the week end and we'll have a party every day until next Tuesday. Aren't you glad?" Denny squirmed and a thin, heavily tanned young man and the girl with the dark eyes murmured acknowledgments of their introductions.

Denny's father came around from the other side of the station wagon. He was thin and blond and wore rimless glasses. He looked like a college boy. He reached over his wife's shoulder and roughed up Denny's hair. Denny jumped at the first touch and then was still.

"I think you'd better find your nurse now, young man." Denny's father glanced at Uncle Rick; Denny half raised his face and said faintly, "I'm very pleased to have met you"; looking at nothing, shrinking from it; and Uncle Rick stooped down and spoke softly to him and Denny gave him his hand and they turned away.

Denny's father cleared his throat and lit a cigarette.

Denny's mother stood up. She smiled at her guests. "He's naturally shy," she said smoothly. "But we believe in treating him exactly as though nothing had happened—so he won't regard it as a handicap, you know."

Colonel Bohun cleared his throat. "Yes, yes, right idea of course, Ann. Engaging little chap. How long—?"

"Two years." She sighed and said, "I think we'd better go in and find your diggings." She added brightly: "There'll be liquid refreshment ready, I'm sure, either in a tub or a glass."

Charles Ryle and Helen Booth fell in step with Denny's father and young Ryle asked suddenly: "Who was the old fellow, Dick? Gardener?"

"Oh, no." Denny's father chuckled. "He's an uncle of mine, Charley. He lives up here on the place, takes care of it more or less. Interesting old fellow. But he doesn't like strangers."

Young Ryle cleared his throat. "That scar—"

"The war."

* * *

Denny's mother leaned toward the mirror and applied lipstick carefully to her taut mouth. "Richard." She spoke without relaxing the stiff crescent of her lips.

"Um?" He was knotting his tie.

"We simply must make some arrangement to keep Denny from being so much with Uncle Rick."

"Mmm."

"That nonsense he's told him now about storms. That sort of thing . . . Wild and nightmarish and . . . It would be harmful enough to any child, but Denny . . . He'll spoil all the good we try to do him. I was so hopeful the country would help him, but heavens, he's getting so *quiet*."

"Well, you wanted to bring him up."

"Of course I did, and I still think it would be splendid for him up here, but not if his mind's going to be filled continually with all manner of imaginative, frightening things. And more than that, Uncle Rick has a—a sort of grudge against the world, because of his face of course; if Denny should get that attitude from him it would be the worst thing in the world for him." She relaxed her mouth and swung around. "I wonder why Uncle Rick has to stay here at all while we're here. He doesn't enjoy—"

"Good Lord, do you think I'd kick him off this place? This is his home. And he's kept the place for us year after year and it's never cost a cent, except for the remodelling you wanted. He's put all his pension money on it, and worked on it; without him we'd have had to keep a caretaker, and Lord knows how the place would look. Aside from the fact that he's my father's brother. What the devil do you think I am?"

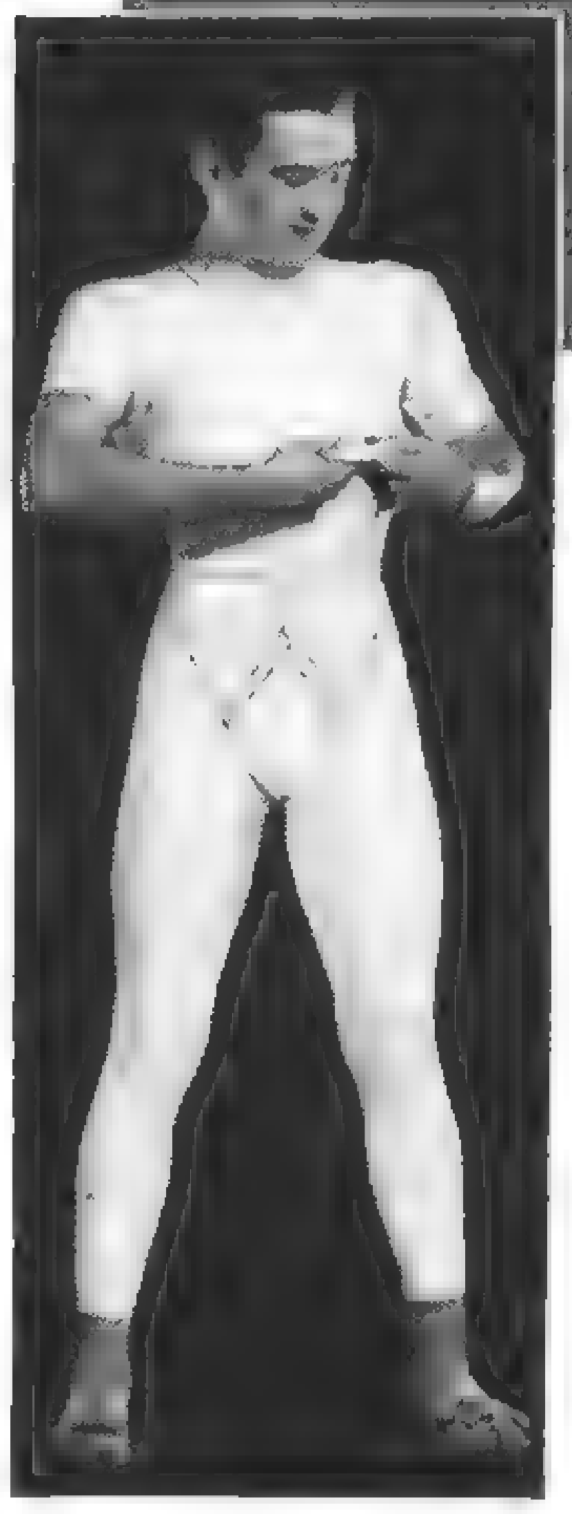
"Isn't your son important too?"

"Maybe if we'd give him a little of our time he wouldn't have to listen to Uncle Rick to find something to do."

"A *little* of our time, Richard? I wonder if you realize how many of my movements are made with Denny's happiness in view? Try-

Continued on page 132

Keep Fit THIS WINTER



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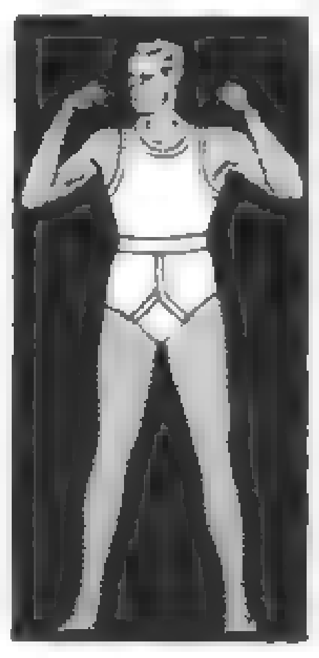

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JOCKEY SHORT
For summer sports; 55¢ up
●
Right
JOCKEY MIDWAY
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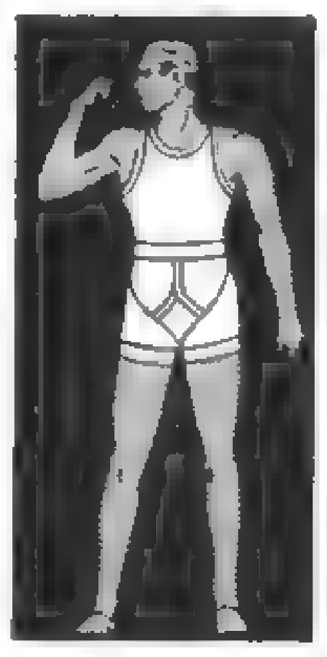

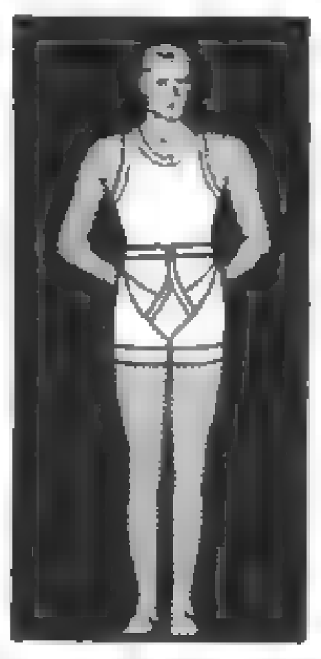

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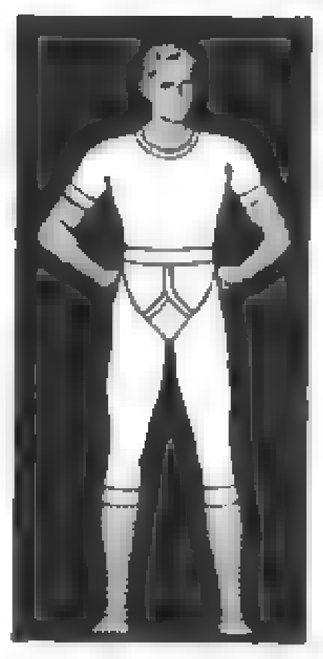
For scratchy tweeds; 85¢ up



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The Day of the Storm

Continued from pages 41-131

ing to create an atmosphere around him that will lead him into a normal happy acceptance of what he has to face, and give him a life as full as our own. Then the times I'm not here there's Miss James."

"All right. Tell Miss James to keep him away from Uncle Rick."

"But we can't have his nurse guarding him as if he's made of glass! He'd develop a horrible complex. You seem very dense at times, Richard."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I told you once I don't see why Uncle Rick needs to stay—"

"And I've told you that's out. You can tell him to keep away from Denny if you want to, but as for kicking him off this place—"

"Oh, you wouldn't be kicking him off the place. You'd only need to—"

"I said it was out. Personally, I thought he was a good influence on the kid, teaching him about the trees and birds and the country up here in a way he might understand without seeing it."

"You think it's good for Denny to live in a fantastic dream world, like Uncle Rick, and avoid all the real honesty and—and the *real* beauty and satisfaction of a complete life, like yours, or mine—"

"Well, good Lord, tell Uncle Rick to stop telling him that stuff then."

"I wouldn't think of saying anything to him. He's your uncle."

"Well, I'm not kicking him off!"

"Don't say that again! You may do exactly as you please. But I intend to take Denny back to town next week. I thought that up here we could give him the same lively, happy environment he had in town—"

"Yes. He liked that."

"It isn't what he likes! The child doesn't know what's good for him. But I do and I intend to see that he gets it. If not here, then back in town."

"I suppose," he said, brushing his dinner jacket carefully, "you'd be happier back in town anyway. Since Carter couldn't come up."

She looked directly at him and her eyes narrowed angrily.

He slipped into the jacket. "Give him my love," he said.

"You can be unspeakably filthy, Richard."

"Oh, my. Tsk, tsk, tsk."

"But I suppose I shouldn't be surprised, since you've taken to bringing your—" she paused, and said evenly, "mistress home."

He laughed. "I thought you invited Helen here yourself."

"I'm sorry, darling, but I didn't, not even after all your suggestions. In fact, I didn't even know she was coming until today. And frankly, she didn't seem happy about it." She laughed very lightly and said, "Poor boy, you are so astonished that I know all about it." She stood up and went to the door. "I hope you'll both be very happy while I'm in town."

"Enjoy yourself," he said between his teeth. "Go downstairs and scratch her eyes out."

"My dear," his wife said liltingly. "After all, we're modern people, aren't we? I don't remember that you ever tried to break Carter's jaw. Or is that only because he's so much bigger?"

* * *

Colonel Bohun and Charles Ryle sat on the cool terrace and watched the sun setting in a grayblue sky. Bohun sipped his cocktail and said, "It smells like rain."

"Feels like a storm," Ryle echoed.

"Hope my wife gets up before it breaks. She's coming up on a later train this evening," he added. He looked at his watch, an old gold watch with a hunting case, before he snapped it shut and replaced it in his pocket. "Hate storms. Take it all out of a man."

"That old fellow," Ryle said suddenly, "with the face . . . I got to wondering how a man like that could stand life."

Bohun sipped his drink. "He doesn't," he said profoundly. "Not very well. Lives like a scared rat, poor devil, afraid to let anyone see him. Might as well be dead." Ryle was silent and the Colonel went on: "Saw a lot of them like that in the war. Crippled and scarred, by God, so their own mothers would not know 'em. Been luckier to have died on the spot."

There was a silence and Ryle said with desultory interest, "I don't think Dick said . . . Are you still in the army, Colonel?"

"O, no. Not since the war. I'm in lumber."

"Oh . . ." Ryle swirled the drink in his glass and glanced up again suddenly, "Say, you're not the A. G. Bohun Company that went through our office last month—" He shut his mouth quickly and lifted his drink. "I didn't mean—"

"That's all right. I've had some trouble the last few years. Who the devil hasn't? Unsettled conditions, in and out. But this is just a temporary setback for me. Dick will tell you that." He put his shaking glass down on a small iron table and the sound was sharp and clear. "Look at the big men that have smashed all to hell in the last ten years!"

Ryle nodded and said, "Yes," and he seemed embarrassed.

"I'll come back," Bohun said, hunched forward, looking like a tremendously fat gnome in the tiny chair. "A man's never down till he's out." His eyes glared at Ryle and his chins quivered. "I've got a lot of good years yet."

Ryle went on nodding.

Bohun lit a cigar with a shaking hand and said, "A thing like this is not so bad." His voice changed abruptly. "But good grief, it's been hell on my wife." He stopped himself, as if he'd said too much, but he didn't look at Ryle to see if he had noticed it. He thought of his wife, in town, storing the things they had left and packing the rest of their baggage.

It was a break for them, a wonderful break, this chance of a few weeks here at Dick's place. His wife didn't like Dick's wife, but she could stand it. She'd have to.

They had no place else to go.

And after their stay here was up, and had been stretched to the last limit—after that—Bohun shook his head savagely and he thought for a brief instant of the moment, last month, that he had stood at the window of his bare office and looked down.

He said, looking at Ryle again with a snapping motion of his heavy head, "I'll come back."

Ryle nodded again. He thought idly that, thank God, he'd never be Bohun. He'd be solid and keep away from chances. Ryle sometimes played a mental game, listing the things he was afraid of in their order, and against them the means to guard against them. Losing his job; not getting promoted in the office; having to go to war, which might leave him like the old man with the face . . .

Bohun was talking again, about the grass mixture that was probably in the lawn stretching off to their right, and he went on nodding but did not listen. This was a lousy week end but he had known before he had come out that it was going to be a lousy week end and so he had been prepared for it and that was something. He'd wanted to go to Sid Miller's party on Long Island, where he could have enjoyed himself and where, besides, Mildred was going to be. But Dick was his boss and his invitation, casual as it had been, meant too much to skip. Later, he could do as he damn pleased. He and Mildred. He'd marry her and his life would be so solid there wouldn't be anything to be afraid of and they'd have a wonderful time.

He listened to what Bohun was saying and at a break he said, "Yes, sir, that's right." Bohun was Dick's friend, and might still be an important man, broke or not.

"There's the poor guy now," Bohun remarked irrelevantly.

Ryle followed his gaze and saw Uncle Rick's thick shouldered figure, far down in the gardens, working in the failing light.

* * *

In the room they had given her, Helen Booth lay across the soft, warm bed and wept.

Her luggage stood unopened on the floor. Her hot cheek rested against her bare arm and her soft brown hair had fallen across her forehead, shading her eyes.

Her sobs lessened; she got her breath in long, choking sighs. At last she lifted her head.

The window was almost dark. She could see the glow of distant lightning. It was almost constant. The air was thick, but someplace, beyond the house, she could hear the first wind of the storm whispering in the trees.

She sat up on the bed and looked around the darkening room, her dark, sensitive eyes sick.

She remembered the way Dick's wife had looked and spoken to her.

She stood up, with a swift hurried movement of her slender body. She must have been insane to come here.

She hadn't thought: she hadn't thought of anything except Dick; she had kept her eyes closed to everything else, and for a while it was possible; but now, here . . .

She wondered suddenly if that was why Dick had brought her. So that she would realize the shabbiness of it. Feel the shame of it, under his wife's cool stare. And the heart-wrenching hurt of seeing his small blind son. Dick with his family. Dick, who had never mentioned a possible divorce, who had been so obviously satisfied with things as they were.

But he couldn't have meant this visit to mean that to her; he hadn't meant that. He had only . . . Only what? Was it possible he hadn't felt any furtive distaste at the idea of bringing her here? And then she remembered that she hadn't, either, until she had arrived. His feelings were calloused beyond such thoughts; and hers . . .

She was moving automatically toward the light switch. It was time to dress for dinner.

But she stopped, with her hand on the switch. She thought of Dick and felt tears welling into her eyes again; and she thought of the long bright rooms downstairs, and Dick's wife, smiling stiffly, and the impossibility of going on and facing it.

She went back to the bed and sat down and watched the play of lightning. It was nearer. Thunder was rumbling with it, deep and far away.

She was still for a long time and once she searched for her handkerchief and bent her head and held it against her eyes.

At last she rose and picked up her bags and slipped out of the dark room.

She left the house by a side door, without being seen. Outside, for some reason, the storm seemed much nearer. The wind whipped her loose hair. She hurried, stumbling, out to the dark road. It was almost a mile to the station and she was afraid of being caught in the storm.

At the end of the drive she looked back once at the house. It stood black and huge against the flickering background of lightning. The downstairs windows were yellow with light but upstairs only one room was lit. She raised her eyes and saw that someone was at the window of that room and for a second her heart jumped, at the thought that it was Dick, and then she saw that it was Denny.

He was leaning out of the window with his face toward the sky.

She turned away quickly to the road; for a few steps Dick left her mind and she thought foolishly of her fear of the approaching storm, and the picture of Denny at his window. A storm that could frighten her must be a tremendous crashing unseen terror for him. She glanced back once more and he was still there; she felt a rush of pity for him that for a moment made her forget herself. ⌗

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Hawaiian Hospitality

Continued from page 39

chickens, pigs, coconuts, sweet potatoes, and all the island delicacies. The Captain, in return, paid his compliments and informed Ka-meha-meha that he had the honor to present His Majesty with a rare gift from the King of England to the King of Hawaii.

As they descended to the deck below, the Hawaiians on the ship, both men and girls, fled in panic, leaping overboard like schools of mullet. The startled Englishmen later learned that the mass exodus was caused by the fact that it was tabu for anyone, on pain of death, to stand or sit above the king.

In the hold lay the gift: a huge bull and five cows. As he presented them, Vancouver explained what they would do for Hawaii; how they would multiply and provide food and drink which he and King George hoped would make all the people of Hawaii healthier and happier. Ka-meha-meha affected great pleasure, although actually he was somewhat afraid one of these "big hogs," as he called them, would bite. He timidly approached the bull, when suddenly the beast tossed its horned head and lunged to its feet. The King leapt back so recklessly that half of his retinue were sprawled on the deck.

In the captain's cabin, Vancouver threw about his guest's shoulders a long scarlet cloak, and stood him between two full-length mirrors where he could admire himself. The sight of himself in the gorgeous robe filled the King with such rapture that the cabin could not contain him. He capered about so that several persons were forced outside. Then he went up on the deck and posed with his arm against the mast where all could see and admire. When he climbed down the rope ladder into his canoe, it was with the sincerest good feelings toward Captain Vancouver and his crew.

The English King's gift cattle were put in the royal canoes and rowed ashore. As the natives flocked about the "big hogs," one of the cows, in her exuberance at feeling her hooves on land again, unexpectedly began to cavort along the beach, kicking up her heels. Hawaiians fled as from a volcanic eruption. Thousands ran for the sea and plunged in. Others scrambled for safety on land. Every coconut tree was full in a moment. Some frightened natives jumped down precipices, others fled up rocks and houses, and not a man would re-approach the beach for half an hour. A few did not come back for two days.

Ka-meha-meha, however, in spite of his early fears, was convinced of the worth of the cattle and placed a tabu upon them, which decreed death to any who dared harm them. And King George's "big hogs" flourished and multiplied for the future benefit of Hawaii.

* * *

For the Englishmen, these were halcyon days. Every man on the two ships, apparently, every common seaman, gunner, bo'sun, mate, astronomer, botanist, and all the rest "folded youth and beauty in his arms." The girls stayed on board day and night. Their naïve delight in experiencing the pleasures of this new friendship with these white-skinned people charmed the Englishmen. How could anyone resist such creatures, they asked. Had Captain Cook really refused them? The celebrated navigator had achieved a kind of immortality among sea-going men as the only person reaching these South Sea islands who failed to indulge in the pleasure for which they were most famous. The Captain's admirers always apologized for his singular abstinence on the grounds that he was very much in love with his wife. The bo'suns and mates and sailors insisted indignantly that they, too, were in love with their wives, "but," they pointed out, "we are in Hawaii, whereas our wives are in England!"

When the time drew near to sail on to other islands, Ka-meha-meha came aboard to bid the Englishmen *aloha*. Was there not something they could give the King as a final token of their gratitude? Vancouver asked, and extracted from him a confession to a longing for a knife, fork, and plate. The utensils were presented ceremoniously to the proud King. "I shall now live like my brother-king, George," he boasted, and with many *alohas* left the ship.

* * *

In due time the two ships reached Kauai, three hundred miles and six islands north of Hawaii. After dinner Captain Vancouver, Manby, and a party of marines went ashore. Here they were received by the local chief, Enemoo, who was so helpful in directing the filling of the ship's water casks that Vancouver decided to leave a party on shore in order that the work might continue effectively in the morning. Manby, Lieutenant Paget, and six others he ordered to remain. Chief Enemoo, conscious of the high trust in his authority, allotted the men two large grass houses belonging to the king of the island.

At daybreak Enemoo emerged from his house with several of his wives, some of whom were ex-

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SOME STYLES HIGHER

tremely pretty. Manby thought it was a shame for them to be married to this old fellow. He was upwards of fifty and disgusting to look at because of the quantities of *awa* he had consumed in his day. With Enemoo's party was "King George," the youthful son of the king of Kauai. The chief was inordinately proud of having the care of the boy.

The old gentleman was intrigued with desire to visit the *Discovery*, but loath to leave his wives and the king's son. After consultation with all his attendants, it was decided that he should go, take with him half his wives, and on his return permit "King George" with the other half to pay their respects to the *Discovery*. The stipulation was made that Manby should be left on shore as hostage in case anything should happen. Enemoo wept copiously for several minutes over "King George," and warned Manby that if harm came to the boy it would mean the white man's life. The Mate "begg'd him to eradicate fear from his bosom by being perfectly at ease, promising at the same time I would amuse his little charge and divert his queens to the utmost of my abilities." (One of the younger wives had caught his fancy.) With this comforting assurance, Enemoo set off.

Soon after the excitement of Enemoo's departure was over, Manby conscientiously set out for the chief's household to keep his promise. Upon entering the walled enclosure, he was received by the young chiefess who had caught his eye. She was sitting under a tree, stringing beads. As if expecting him, she invited Manby to her side, sent for some fruit, and ordered fresh young coconuts to be gathered from a nearby tree.

Friendships grew apace in those islands, and soon the chiefess was amusing herself by tying and untying the Englishman's hair, which he wore long and clubbed behind. She wove yellow feathers into it, and decorated it with red hibiscus and white ginger blossoms.

Manby's white skin fascinated her. She all but undressed him to observe it closely. In the course of examining his left leg, she came upon some designs in tattoo which he had received in Tahiti. These delighted her. She sent for an old man, and the two examined the designs. Then ensued a conversation which produced a great deal of mirth. The Mate explained the old man was able to interpret the Tahitian symbols. The artist who tattooed him, he said, "knew my disposition and how I was circumstanced at the moment; I conjecture he has imprinted some South Sea mark that will create a smile in most Islands in the Pacific Ocean."

Attracted by the laughter, the other wives of Enemoo joined the group. "Good natured souls!" the mate exclaims, "Without reluctance they yielded to the encircling arms of youth, so far superior to the loathsome embraces their situation obliges them to bear from the feeble and infirm Enemoo. Two hours I revilled in extatic enjoyment."

In the midst of his agreeable pastime, Manby was summoned to attend the young "King George." Although it was abominable to him to go, the Mate had to admit that it was an extraordinary scene to which he was now introduced. This was the sight of "King George" at breakfast. He found the royal lad and his retinue sitting in the middle of the floor, surrounded by a semi-circle of large, clean green leaves and calabashes. On the leaves rested four dogs, three hogs, and a number of fish; in the calabashes were poi and island fruit: breadfruit, bananas, and coconuts. No one but the youngster dared touch the food. He tore a steaming pig to pieces with his hands, making distributions to those around him, after first carefully selecting the choicest morsels for himself. Manby was accustomed to exhibitions of appetite from hearty English seamen, but they did not compare with that of this Hawaiian princeling. Alone he accounted for a whole dog within the space of a few minutes. Several fish, each weighing half a pound, followed the dog. They were in the same state as when taken from the sea, but down they went, scales, gills, and garbage.

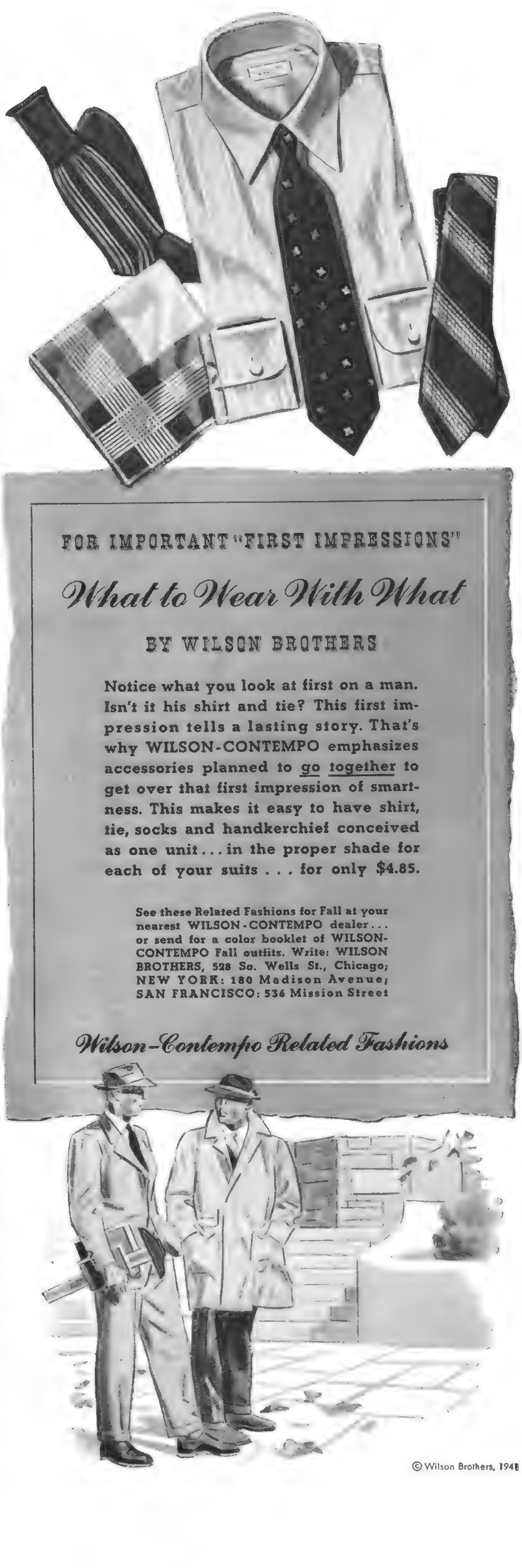
Would Manby join him? The Englishman was game, and accepted a portion of pig and dog. "The hind leg of Bow-wow made an excellent breakfast," Manby claimed. "I picked the bone all but the Petty toes; them I made over to my next neighbor who was highly gratified with the delicious bit."

In spite of the fact that he was eating enough for three men, "King George" kept up a running fire of witty conversation. Did the king's sons in *Beretani* (Britain) have as much to eat as he had? Did they have as many wives as he was going to have? How did the princes' wives pass the time of day? On this general subject he made many facetious inquiries which created hearty laughter among the Hawaiians. They in turn passed the joke about with appropriate variations "with as much glee as the most accomplished courtiers," Manby found.

The meal over, "King George" proposed a walk. Manby observed, however, that everyone except the young prince did the walking. He preferred to be carried on the broad back of a Hawaiian attendant. He had asked Manby to bring his gun along, and was overjoyed when the Englishman brought down a duck. It amazed him that a flying bird could be speared at such a distance, and although Manby tried to explain, "King George" still thought the bayonet on the end of the gun was principally responsible for the duck's demise.

Returning from their excursion, they met old Enemoo just landing from his visit on board ship. He was highly pleased with the recep-

Continued on page 136



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Hawaiian Hospitality

Continued from pages 39-135

tion given him. He displayed the liberal presents that had been made him, presents chiefly of red cloth and ten-penny nails. He laid them out on the beach where the admiring Hawaiians might see the wealth and splendor of their chief. His wives he encouraged to display their gifts, too: ribbons and beads and trinkets, the most fascinating of which to everyone were numerous small mirrors.

That evening was spent in a manner designed to delight the hearts of English seamen. Enemoo, while keeping his own wives well within doors, collected a large group of ladies to entertain the visitors, and went off to bed. Manby and his companions passed a very jolly evening in the midst of these Hawaiian lasses "who," he says scornfully, "our fine gentlemen in England are pleased to denominate Savages."

The sailors vied with each other in diverting the Hawaiian girls. They tied knots in pieces of rope, and made Jacob's ladders with string. They danced the Highland Fling and executed lively Irish jigs. The most popular performer, however, was a marine who could make a penny disappear. Each time he concealed it he made it reappear from some most unexpected part of a lady's person. This mystifying performance completely captivated them.

As the hour grew late, the Englishmen, each having long ago selected a favorite, prepared to retire to the quarters provided for them by Enemoo in the king's houses. But no, the girls would not follow. The men were shocked and disappointed. In fact, they could not believe the girls were serious. Nevertheless, they would not be moved. All the sailors' tricks and entreaties were vain. "Tabu," the girls said, "tabu."

These sudden scruples were completely baffling. "Enemoo!" the Englishmen shouted, "Enemoo!" and roused their protector from the darkness of his grass house. The girls were right, explained the chief. The tabu decreed death to any woman not a queen who entered a royal residence.

"An abominable prohibition!" declared the Englishmen; nevertheless the girls could not enter the sacred houses. Their friend, Enemoo, however, soon found a solution to the difficulty. He ordered snug little huts of sticks and mats to be quickly thrown up just outside the king's enclosure. The sailors never forgot this considerate kindness. These happy arbors were enough to inspire them to lyricism. Manby calls them "little bits of Paradise that excluded the Wind and Dew, accommodating at the same time three or four pretty females as the most effectual way of preventing the cold from penetrating . . . Ten thousand execrations did I vent on the dawning day that compelled me to break from the arms of these bewitching girls so lovely and endearing."

But, execrations or no, the Mate was summoned to attend the boats, and was forced to say farewell. "I displayed all my treasures before them, but could only prevail upon them each to except a pair of scissors and a small looking glass. They came down to the Boats to see me embark, and just before I left them they gave me two small pieces of Cloth folded up very curiously like a Ball which on opening I found to contain six pearls in each."

Nor was he forgotten by Enemoo's grateful wives and "King George," all of whom agreed he had fulfilled his promise to amuse and divert them. The prince presented him with ten finely woven mats. The women were more profuse in their donations. "One of the generous creatures gave me a supply of sixteen fowls and filled a canoe with young Cocoa Nuts ready to go off with me," he says. "I remained with these benevolent people to the last moment. The Boy kept his hand in mine to the last and cried at my bidding him farewell. Enemoo and each of the Royal Family took a friendly leave of me."

Manby found the ship preparing to sail. The decks were heaped with hogs, cocoanuts, bananas, and sweet potatoes. A great many canoes were alongside, too, carrying "good-natured Brunettes."

After dark, Manby was standing on deck, looking out toward the island, when suddenly a canoe appeared below. He was surprised to hear a woman's voice gently calling "Mappee, Mappee," the nearest the soft Hawaiian language could attain to "Manby." Instantly he knew the voice was that of Enemoo's pretty wife who had found so much to amuse her in his tattoo. She had slipped away from Enemoo's bed to say a final farewell and to bring her lover some handsome mats and rare pieces of tapa. The chiefess came aboard and lingered there with him for two hours. Then, "she again took a sorrowful adieu and left with a heavy heart."

The ship's prow turned toward the cold coasts of England, but the thoughts of the Master's Mate were with the green isle he was leaving behind. Before the crew of the *Discovery* had become acquainted with the Hawaiians, they had thought of the natives as a set of ferocious savages, the murderers of Captain Cook. Now their attitude was changed. Nowhere had they received such a welcome, such hospitality, as at the hands of the generous Hawaiians. If Captain Vancouver had fulfilled his mission of giving the islanders a good opinion of England, the islanders had completely charmed the sailors with Hawaii. "A warm, loving, sailor's paradise, indeed," said Manby, his face cooled by the trade winds that gently eased the *Discovery* into the tropical night. #

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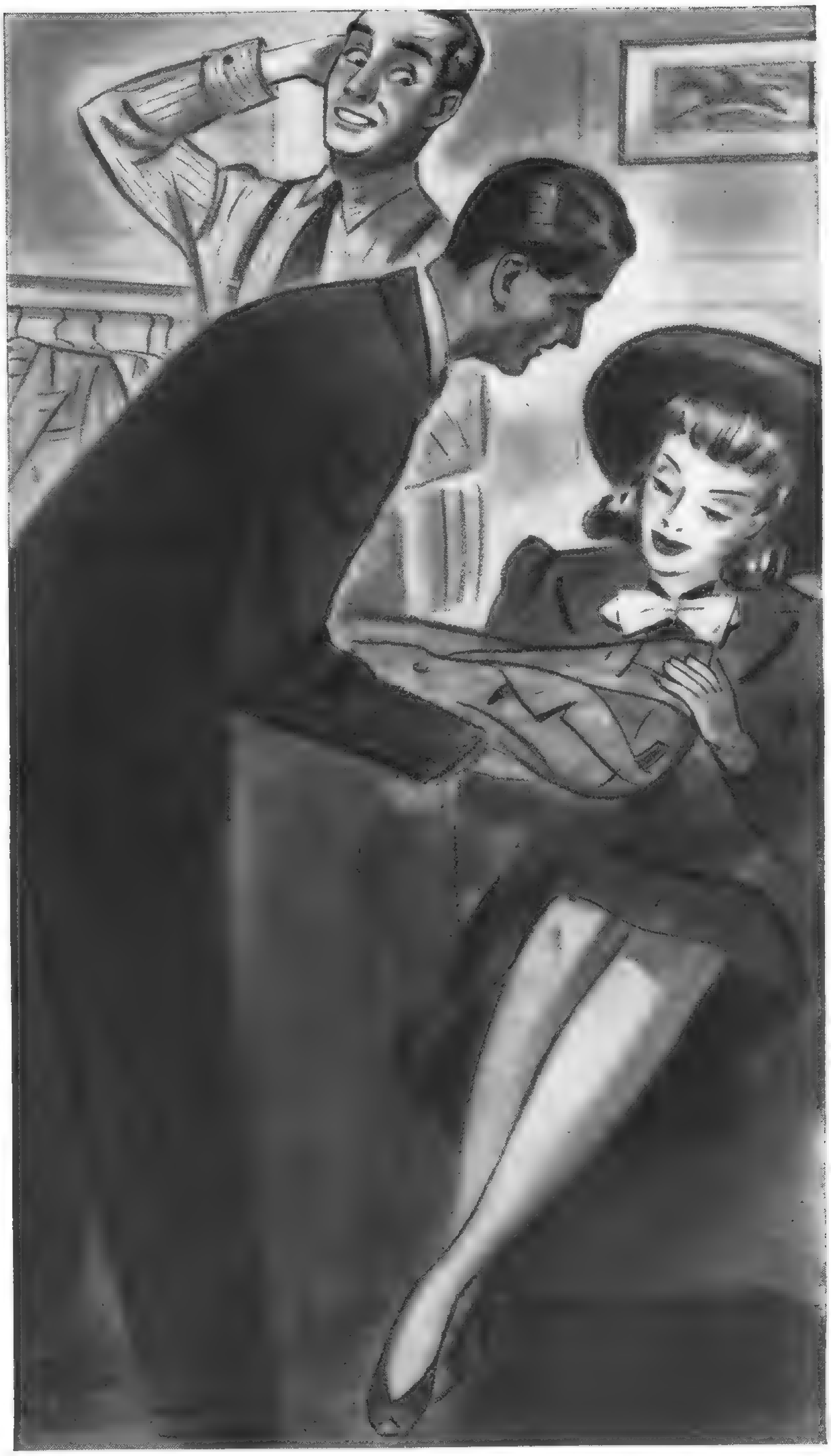

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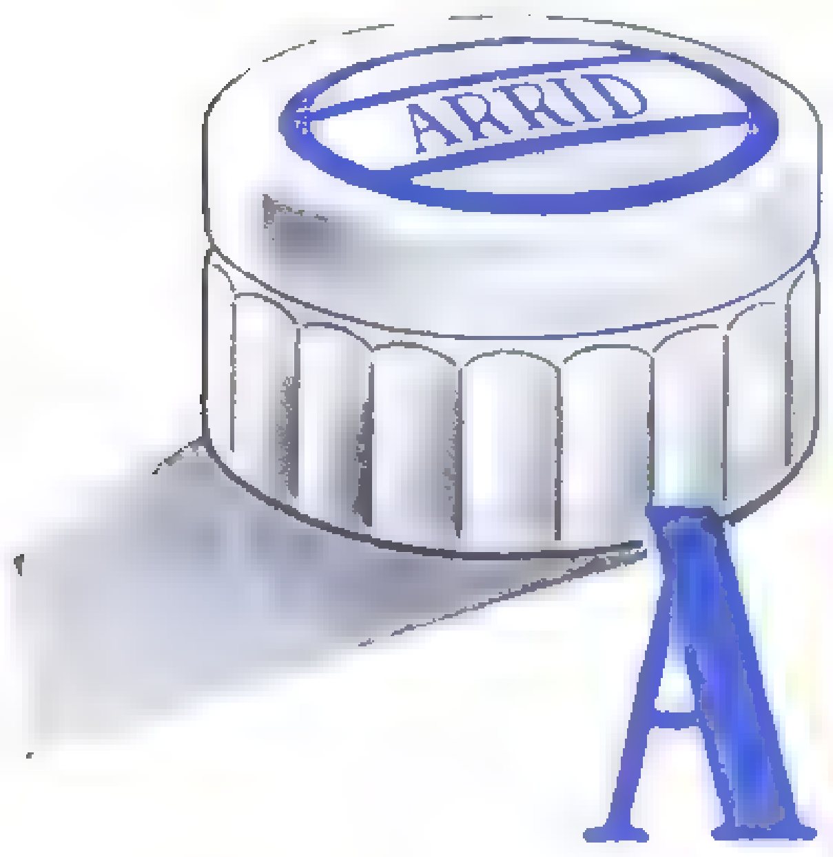

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Why Men Can't Cook

Continued from page 34

ing is under-seasoned. Therefore, a man, in order to strike a correct total world-seasoning balance, should put twenty times too much seasoning in everything he gets his hands on. Q.E.D.

It goes without saying that the more kinds of seasoning and ingredients a man puts into a concoction, the surer he is *not* to measure anything. Men take a perverse pride in this. They have heard that no real cooking genius ever measures anything. All men, runs their reasoning, are cooking geniuses, and therefore they should never measure. This may be good logic, but my enthusiasm for dishes that are *very* salty or *very* peppery or *very* sour is strictly under control. You must grant men this much: everything they cook is very something or other—even if merely bad. It would be all right by me if all the men I know owned stocks in companies that manufacture measuring cups and spoons. It would also be satisfactory if men didn't regard a pinch of salt as the amount that will comfortably go into a half-pint bottle without squeezing. I have no quarrel with salt in its proper place but I have an old-fashioned theory that it is easier to put salt into food than it is to get it out.

The good thing about men as drink-mixers is that they don't overmix, and that most of them don't have delusions about thinking up original concoctions. Most men today—this is becoming increasingly prevalent as Prohibition fades back into the past—can mix up an acceptable Dry Martini. What they do is to mix up vermouth, gin and ice in correct portions. No self-respecting man today puts orange juice, mint, pieces of pineapple, maraschino sauce or other outlandish trash into a Martini cocktail. He takes it for granted that women acknowledge his ability to mix a decent drink. Therefore, he doesn't try to prove his ability by going in for the sensational and macabre.

Men would make better cooks if they weren't so everlastingly eager to go around *proving* to women that they can cook. They would do well to cook unostentatiously and with some regard for the commonly accepted principles about certain standard dishes. And most important of all, rather than curing a fictitious shyness which exists nowhere in actual fact, men should on the contrary, try bravely to fight against that overweening conceit which proclaims that the masculine sex is the *only* one which has any business in the kitchen. ⋕

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 85

their governing committees and women's boards. Los Angeles, for example, denies itself the exhilaration of Sir Thomas Beecham's inspired performances, merely because he told their women's committee some unpleasant truths.

* * *

In the field of composition, the United States has also taken the lead. Our young American composers are good. Neither France, Italy nor Germany have the number of first-class composers resident here. Not only do we create the world's folk music: our dance tunes navigate the globe and settle on every continent. But in the symphonic repertoire we are also successful and accomplished. According to Eugene Goossens, England's most sophisticated and urbane composer, we have arrived. "Eighteen years ago," says he, "on arriving here to conduct the opening concerts of the new Rochester Orchestra, a well-informed reporter at Pier 56 asked me, during the course of his routine questionnaire, what I thought of American composers. I replied that outside of two or three examples, such as Hadley, Stillman-Kelley and MacDowell, I didn't know of any. He asked, No Bloch, no Loeffler? I retorted that they weren't yet Americans.

"Sixteen years later, in September, 1939, arriving on the blacked-out *Aquitania*, another reporter asked what I thought of the work of contemporary Europeans. I replied that outside of one or two recent examples by Prokofieff and Walton, I didn't know of any. He looked at me incredulously. I added that in 1923 I arrived here with the scores of twenty European novelties in my music trunk. Today, I observed, that trunk contains twelve scores by Americans, which I took to London to study during my holiday. The only European novelty it contains is my gasmask.

"To account for this phenomenon, one has but to cast an eye over European musical developments since 1919. That hectic resurgence of creative musical force which swept Europe after the last war and persisted in the twenties, only to peter out about 1930, was, in my opinion, the last articulate expression of the Old World for at least another thirty years . . .

"Up until about five years ago I was despondent about American music. Its writers had absorbed all the technical devices they needed from Europe, and rejected those they considered superfluous. There was, however, little evidence of any genuine American spirit in their work. Today the picture has changed. A real flavor of the soil has crept into the work of our leading men; flavor conspicuously lacking ten years ago. The virility of America, expressed so admirably in American literature, painting, and drama, is at last apparent in American music."

* * *

On only one platform have we little to say, and that is in opera;

the American, apparently, is musical but he is not operatic. Just why, I have never understood. Writing an opera is the most rudimentary of musical feats. While listening to the corner grind organ, I could do an excellent treatise on the subject and not even scratch my head. I actually remember quite a lot of tricks that would be of great use to any young composer. For instance, the one of taking the first acts of the current Metropolitan repertoire, and making new operas by stringing them together. Any Metropolitan Opera audience would acclaim such a compilation an absolute novelty.

Another sure-fire plan is to make a list of all the devices which bring down the gallery today, and compose a new opus by putting them all in it. For example, when two lovers are on the stage together, make them catch sight of the moon or stars and gaze up rapturously while the violins discourse ravishing strains with their mutes on. Mutes are also helpful for spinning-wheel business and for fires, as in *Martha* and *Die Walküre*.

For dreamy effects, tonic pedals as patented by Gounod and Bizet are useful. When large orchestras are available, broad melodies on the fourth string of the violins may be relied upon for a strong and popular impression. When the heroine is alone on the stage, a rapid, agitated movement, expressive of her anticipation of the arrival of her lover, culminating in a vigorous instrumental and vocal outburst as he rushes on the stage and proceeds without an instant's loss of time to embrace her ardently, never fails to leave the public breathless, especially if it ends on high B flat. The harmonic treatment of this situation is so simple that nobody can fail to master it in a few lessons. The lady must first sing the gentleman's name on the notes belonging to the chord of the dominant seventh in some highly unexpected key; the gentleman then vociferates the lady's name a peg higher on the notes of a more extreme discord and, finally, the twain explode simultaneously upon a brilliant six-four chord, leading, either directly through the dominant chord, or after some pretty interruption of the cadence, to a flowing melody in which the gentleman either protests his passion or repeatedly calls attention to the fact that at last they meet again.

The whole situation should be repeated in the last act, with the difference that this time it is the gentleman who must be alone at the beginning. Furthermore, he must be in a gloomy dungeon, not larger at the outside than the Metropolitan Opera House stage; and he must be condemned to die next morning. The reason for putting the gentleman rather than the lady in this situation is that as most opera librettos take place in periods before women suffrage, women, being excluded from politics, are thereby deprived of the privilege of being condemned to death, for heading patriotic rebellions. This difficulty has been overcome successfully by making the lady go mad in the fourth act, and kill somebody, preferably her own child. Under these circumstances she may sing almost anything she pleases of a florid nature, and may take the gentleman's place in the prison cell in the next act without forfeiting the moral approval of the audience. Florid mad scenes, though very pretty when the lady's affliction is made to take the playful turn of a trial of skill with the first flute, which should partly imitate the voice, and partly accompany it in thirds, are now out of fashion; and it is far better, in opera, to be entirely modern in style.

Fortunately, the rule for modernity of style is easily remembered and applied. In fact, it is one of the three superlatively easy rules, the other two being the rules for writing Italian and archaic music. For Italian music, as every one knows, you sustain E-flat and B-flat in the bass for a drone, and play at random some obvious melody on the black notes. For archaic music you harmonize in the ordinary way in the key of E major; but in playing, you make the four sharps of the key natural, reading the music as if it were written in the key of C, which, of course, simplifies the execution so far as the piano is concerned. The effect will be diabolical; but nobody will object if you explain the composition is in the Phrygian mode. If a still more painful effect be desired, write in B natural, leaving out the sharps as before, and calling the mode Hypophrygian.

If, as is possible, the Phrygian is more than the public can stand, write in D without sharps, and call the mode Dorian, when the audience will accept you as being comfortable in D minor, except when you feel that it is safe to excruciate them with the C-natural.

But I am neglecting my resumé of this, our new Old World! Still, you can see that a book *How to Compose a Good Opera* is a nitwit's task. That others do not attempt it, I conclude, is merely because there is no incentive. An American opera never gets performed.

The fault is largely that we do not have resident opera companies in fifty or sixty cities. There is no W. P. A. opera, no amateur opera, and very little third- or fourth-class opera comparable in vitality and excellence to our symphonic activity. The operatic monopoly enjoyed by the Metropolitan makes for complacent routine. Any organization which has the entire country's social and financial backing, and no serious rival, can pursue whatever policy it likes and the public must take it. So starved is the New York populace for a bit of fashionable opera that it long ago subscribed for most of the Met's parquet and boxes, especially for

Continued on page 140

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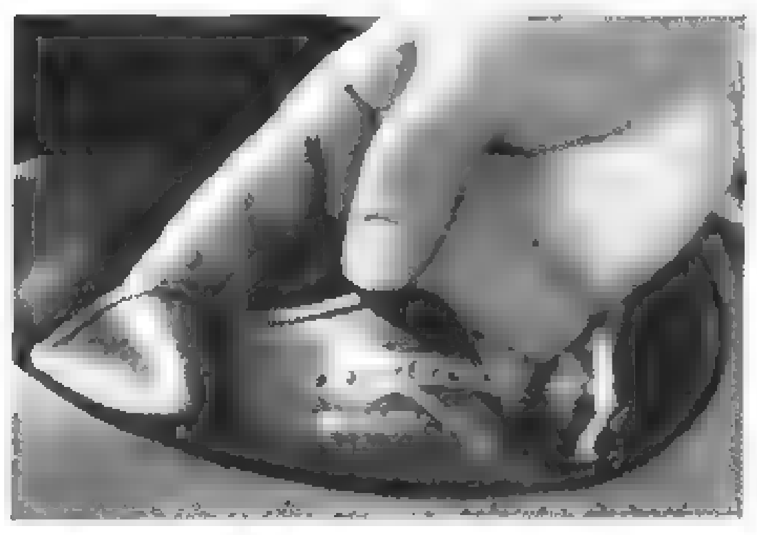

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 85-139

Monday nights, without pledge or prospectus from the management.

Its present eminence permits the Met to mutilate scores without reason and without criticism. Take Gluck's *Alceste*, from which the Met cut dead the hero, Hercules. According to the plot, all of the misfortunes that haunt the fate-ridden queen of Thessaly and her husband are resolved by the appearance of Hercules. In the revival of *Alceste* there was no Hercules. He simply did not appear. Musically, the presence of the hero would have been desirable; dramatically, it was essential. As performed at the Metropolitan, *Alceste* had no climax. The infernal deities merely tired of her and her husband, Hades vanished, the lights came on, and the opera petered out with an extraneous chorus.

Apparently, no one connected with the musty old house ever heard of Gluck's advice to his contemporaries. "Gentlemen," he said, "let us compose our operas more rationally. An opera is not a stage concert, as most of you seem to think. Let us give up our habit of sacrificing our common sense to the vanity of singers, and let us compose and orchestrate our airs, duets, recitatives, and sinfonias in such a way that they shall always be appropriate to the dramatic situation given us by the librettist."

No wonder the Governor of the State of New York vetoed the bill that attempted to exempt the Metropolitan Opera House from real estate taxes. It is hard to claim that an institution which continuously maltreats great masterpieces is an artistic institution in the same category with our museums and libraries.

Of course, our operatic staging is improving. But it is still possible for *Time* to report with justice: "The acting was well up to the Met's par: it was done by puppets." The *mis-en-scene* is old and so lighted that more often than not the stage looks like an overcrowded storeroom for dingy canvases. And, whenever one opera is well-rehearsed, nothing else that week is rehearsed at all. The unions are responsible for this. In our country it costs five hundred dollars to look at a stage and one thousand dollars more to move a chair. Doubtless, that is why operatic traditions remain the same generation after generation.

As to singers, *Variety* suggests that a mechanical gadget be used to help them be heard. "Recently," it relates, "singers have appeared at the Met whose fundamental training was insecure, and with tiny voices stretched to the limit to fill the vast reaches of the auditorium, have forced their tones beyond their capabilities, ruining their voices, and what is more important, hurting the ears of the paying public."

It is no use to pitch into the Met's Board of Directors. They pride themselves on keeping the public in its place and, while begging from it periodically, never pampering it with concessions.

What is needed is competition. I say this in spite of the fact that New York will support one Grand Opera handsomely, but not two. Unless there is some way of showing up its present unspeakable standards (with the exception of Bruno Walter there is no first-class conductor in the house), we shall not hear any better.

In addition, New York has long needed a small opera house in which the early operas, the works of Lully, Rameau, Gluck, and Mozart could be heard to advantage. There is a public for them. In fact, there is a public for opera all over America, as evidenced by the success of the Met's tour. Whole sections of the population which formerly did not know what an opera was are now, thanks to the radio, anxious to see one. They may not want *Götterdammerung* or *Pelleas*. Let them have *Aïda*, *Traviata* or *Tristan*—whatever they want!

Clearly, what we need are separate opera houses for the elementary and for the advanced public, small ones for intimate operas and large ones for the presentation of spectacles, with supplementary houses for the display of diamonds, constructed so as to allow the public to promenade down the middle in the style of the Penny Arcade.

We need them everywhere, so that when works like Virgil Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts*, or Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock*, or Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* have a New York success, they can tour from Portland to Portland.

A beginning has been made with the *New Opera* and the Philadelphia Opera Company. The first will give in a small New York theater, Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte* and Verdi's *Macbeth*, both prepared and directed by Fritz Busch (of Glyndebourne fame). The second, an organization of serious young men and women, now in its fourth season, sells out regularly Philadelphia's Academy of Music at $2.50 top and, without stars, frequently gives more vital and better all-round productions than the Metropolitan.

This is a good beginning; but a beginning is not enough. We must have more young opera companies. A refugee professor advocates the establishment of one or two opera houses in every state. This, he contends, would enable thousands of young and middle-aged musicians to earn a living in the profession they love. The now prostrate music schools and conservatories, the ailing singing teachers would soon win a clientele willing and able to pay. Solo singers, orchestral players, choral singers, dancers, conductors, coaches, et al. would have something to do. High school orchestras and choral bodies would gain experience, and existing symphony orchestras could be used. Experts in opera conducting, in stage management, in administration, are available as first-rate European experts are now refugees here. All that is lacking are funds. Federal, state, and city administration should learn, according to the professor, that opera is worth as much money as is easily and willingly spent on boxing matches, ball games, races, and other exciting popular entertainments.

Under a dictator, it would be simple. He would settle the matter by enacting a twelve-hour working-day, keeping the laborer so exhausted he would be glad for a chance to snore at the opera, and by taxing the incomes of present parquet and box holders one hundred cents on the dollar, and subsidizing out of the proceeds a National Opera with branches in every county, using convict labor for the chorus and minor roles as well as the scene shifting. Then, at last, our musical life would be complete. ⧺

How To Be Slice-Happy

Continued from page 67

"Hi, Clarence, still reading golf articles?"

"Yes, yes, hello Jim, don't have to ask you, you just look swell, where have you been keeping yourself and how is your golf?"

"Just hang on to your chair, Clarence, my golf is swell, life is really beautiful, I hooked my tee shot on the 18th out of bounds at the Valley Club yesterday or I would have broken 80."

"Wait a second, Jim, are you taking dope, did you say you *hooked a shot* and that you nearly *broke 80* if that's true Jim, then there are eight wonders in the world and yours is the biggest, cause you had the second worst slice I have ever seen."

"It's true, Clarence, they took on a P. G. A. Pro at the Valley Club this spring. I gave him a try, I didn't like what he started to teach me, but I liked him, so I joined the club, kept working with him, and he gave it to me. I can hook the ball and I know how and why and today I am a Man but this time it is for keeps."

"Well Jim, just how did he turn the trick?"

"The first lesson I took, he made me face the ball and take the club straight back and I said to him, 'This does not feel natural.' He said, 'Of course it doesn't, if golf was a natural game then there would not be one million five hundred thousand aching humans beating their way down the right side of all the American golf courses.' He continued, 'Golf is *not* a natural game. If you hand a little boy something to throw, he will grasp it in his right hand, move the right hand and arm close to his right side on the way back and up and then let the thing go in an overhand motion with the right arm going through miles away from the right side. This is a counter-clockwise motion, writing and many other of our daily actions are done in a counter-clockwise motion. Now that, I should say is the natural motion and so when people take up golf and unconsciously apply this natural motion to their golf swing, it is just too bad—you can get the feel of the correct golf motion by throwing something underhand but never throwing overhand. Start the motion by raising your right hand past your face over your head and then throw underhand and you will find your right arm coming through close to your right side, your right shoulder low and the weight coming off the right foot, just the same as it does on a hook shot in golf and that is the motion I am going to teach you. It's the motion that Jones, Wood, Nelson, and Hogan have. It's a hook motion, that's why they are always putting their right hand on top, their left hand underneath and opening their stance. All these little tricks are to keep them from hooking too much: This motion they have *acquired* is clockwise and tends toward a hook.'

"'Good swings are manufactured. They're not handed down through Ma and Pa, good swings are in clock-wise motion, underhand motion, straight back and then inside on the way to the ball.'"

"Clarence, he is so right I have to laugh at how wrong we were at this golf business. What's more he is the only fellow that has ever tried to teach me to swing the way the 'Hot Shots' all swing. You know it always used to get my goat to have some one say: 'You can't swing the way those Birdie Shooters swing, they're just gifted and you're different.' Such tripe!"

"Jim, let me tell you something. I was plenty low when you walked in that door, really down deep. But I enjoyed listening to you, it sounded grand hearing how you were rescued. Could you fix up for me to get a few lessons from this chap or is he all tied up? I really would give a lot for his help, could you get me a date for next week?"

"Well, Clarence, I am over here today just to see you, our wives got together a few nights ago, and they compared notes. Those gals got to the point in a hurry—how I have changed and you're still in the dumps—*so*—your little girl friend gave me three hundred dollars to try and get you into the Valley Club, your membership was accepted just one hour ago. As soon as it was accepted, I went to the Pro shop and signed you up for a course of lessons. Your first lesson is supposed to start in fifteen minutes, are you going—*Hey? Hey!! Clarence—Clarence—Holy smokes wait for me I'll go over with you.* ⧺

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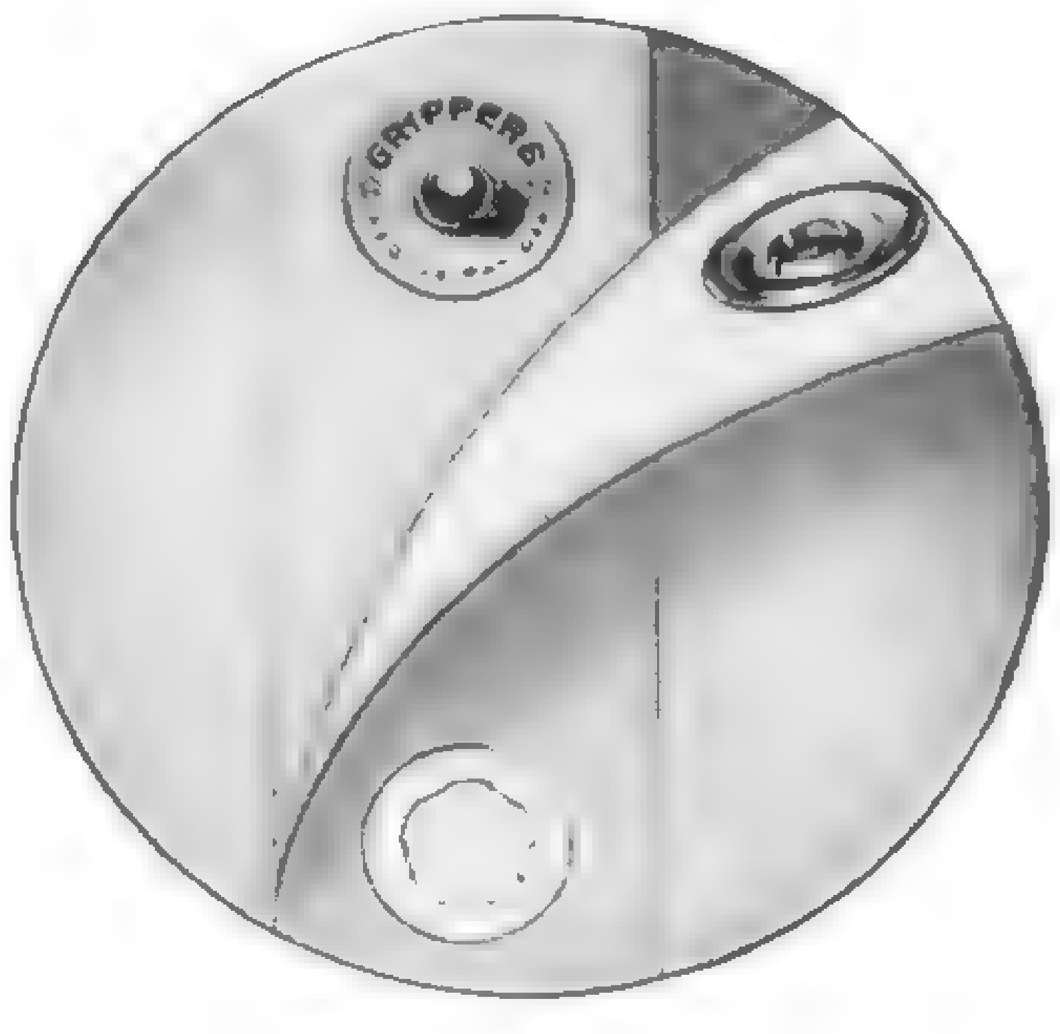

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Frances Farmer: a Dutch Treat

Continued from page 88

a lumber camp. I found her to be less beautiful than she had appeared to be in that picture—a Hollywood truism, of course—and in this she agreed with me, pointing out that the lighting in *Come and Get It* had been wonderful. But she struck me as being infinitely more interesting than she possibly could be in any picture. In the above movie she gave me the impression of being a cellophane-wrapped Hollywood item, professionally capable, trying to look natural in a cook shanty. In person she gives you the feeling that she could cook up a fair mess of grub if she felt like it.

In this connection it is interesting to know that her mother once ran a boarding house in the Yukon country, near Dawson, Alaska, where she had gone to take up a claim. Next to meeting her daughter, who told me about her, I'd like to meet Mrs. Farmer. Her history is that of a pioneer woman of the first water, a traveler by stage, dogteam and canoe in various parts of the West, then Alaska.

It's a cinch she had a lot to do with guiding the early professional career of Frances, and, as the young lady brought out, no damned nonsense about it. I have a feeling that Miss Farmer is a chip off the old block, and to envision her in later years cracking down on the knuckles of anybody spilling coffee on the clean table cloth does not require any appreciable stretch of the imagination.

Miss Farmer personally stems from Seattle, which, together with the Sound, the lakes, the forests, the mountains and the delightful, chilly rains, she is inclined to dwell on at some length, but vigorously. She worked her way through the University of Washington, where she studied dramatics, and got a contract with Paramount through, oddly enough, a New York stage test. She had been sent to New York—for that matter, on a trip around the world—by a Seattle newspaper, whose essay writing contest she had won.

Her first picture of any note was *Rhythm on the Range*, with Bing Crosby, but she made her big hit in *Come and Get It*, in which, as I have indicated, she was on ground much more familiar than could have been suspected. She played a Russian girl in *Ride a Crooked Mile*, a picture which flopped, and a fancy woman in *South of Pago Pago*, also no bargain. Her picture career was interrupted early—and has been interrupted periodically ever since—by stage work. She reached the top flight of Broadway stars in *Golden Boy*, and has appeared in other successes. At the moment Hollywood is getting the main share of her attention. *World Premiére*, in which she plays opposite John Barrymore has just been released, and *Among the Living* is forthcoming. The day following our breakfast date she started work as Calamity Jane in *Badlands of Dakota*. Others have played Calamity Jane before her. My dough is down on Farmer's nose.

If her reputation has anything to do with it, she has a head start on the others. She is noted for flashes of temperament, and is supposed to be difficult generally, entirely capable of throwing Chinese vases around producers' offices with admirable control, accompanied by swear words. This is all a mystery to me, at least the part about the vases.

We were supposed to get to the Paramount lot at noon, to have lunch with George Brown, this one being on the house by way of making up for my having paid for breakfast out of my own pocket. We did not arrive until nearly two, by reason of the fact that I had some things to attend to.

I was rather sleepy when we sat down at the table. George looked at me searchingly. "So," he said, "you're the one that can't take it, eh? You're too old to try these cub-reporter stunts. I wish you'd conduct your interviews with dignity, and without going to sleep."

"He had rum for breakfast," Miss Farmer said uncomfortably.

"What have you been doing all morning?" George asked.

Miss Farmer cleared her throat. "He took me over to his agent's office," she said, "and left me in the waiting room while he went in to see his agent. He said he had to see his agent. He said he forgot about it yesterday. He said a hundred thousand dollars depended on it. He forgot to introduce me to his agent, and when they came out of the office his agent looked at me and said, 'Who's that babe? What the hell next?' "

"My God," George said. "Then what?"

"We came over here," I said.

"By way," Miss Farmer said, "of a large circle tour, to look up people he had to see. In various establishments."

George looked at me with obvious suspicion. "Why don't you go home," he said, "and take a nap? I think you're tired, and I know Frances is. You can arrange to see Frances some other time to complete the interview."

"All right," I said.

"No," Miss Farmer said suddenly. "He said he had a great moral obligation, something in connection with his art, to write a story of a twenty-hour interview with a person of talent, position, and charm. Now let him do it. I'm going through with it if it"—she seemed to be crying a little—"kills me."

"All right," I said.

"In that case," George said, "you go home and get some sleep, Don, Frances has some costume fittings she can do this afternoon, and we'll meet you at Ciro's at ten this evening, and you can describe how it is to take Miss Farmer to Ciro's."

"What'll I say I did this afternoon?" I asked.

"Fake it," George said.

I went home and went to sleep and woke up at midnight. I went out and got into my car and dashed to Ciro's. But the curtains between the bar and the dining room were drawn. They told me the floor show was on. They said I couldn't go in. I said I had to go in. They said they were sorry. I said I had a date with Miss Farmer. They said that's what they all say.

When the floor show was over I went in and found Miss Farmer and George. Miss Farmer was charming but George was sore at me.

In addition to which, the place was just closing up.

We decided to drive Miss Farmer home in the studio car in which she and George had come. We went out and got into the car.

After while somebody poked me viciously in the ribs. I woke up. It was George. "Now that I've got you both awake," he said, "we're home."

George and I got out of the car and saw Miss Farmer to her door. "Good night," she said, vanishing.

We got back into the car. George lit a cigarette and looked at me as he blew out the match.

"Poor old fellow," he said. ⌗

The Pancreas of the Boss

Continued from page 75

and offered a piece of specially prepared diabetic candy to Mr. Kovács. Then, with the energetic graciousness with which one speaks of a familiar subject, he began giving advice to the slave. But he first asked him how he had discovered that he was sick. How did he react to the insulin? How much sugar did he have? And what kind of diet did the doctor prescribe for him?

When Mr. Kovács left the office the Boss shook hands with him. And on top of this great honor, in his own majestic handwriting he wrote out a small check for Mr. Kovács as a bonus for his devotion to the firm.

The slave left the presidential office in such an upset mental state that he had to lock himself up in the washroom for a few minutes before he could reappear among his fellow slaves. He wept and laughed at the same time. Hundreds of years ago a Huguenot must have felt such happiness when he accidentally found out that the mighty magistrate upon whom his life depended, was himself secretly a Huguenot.

After ten days the Boss sent for Mr. Kovács again. The slave began to tremble. What did the Boss want, anyway? No doubt: since he last saw him, the Boss had made up his mind definitely to fire him.

The Boss looked at him searchingly. On his face and in his voice Mr. Kovács noticed a strange firmness as he asked:

"Is it true, Kovács, that you give insulin injections to yourself, with your own hand, right here in the office?"

The throat and the stomach of the slave constricted with terror. His mind worked with the speed of lightning: I shouldn't have done it! But how in the hell did he ever find out about it? This is the end! Now he is going to can me!

He began to apologize, stammering:

"Yes, Your Excellency, it is. But really, it doesn't disturb anybody and it takes only a few minutes . . . I carry the medicine and the hypodermic in my briefcase. I go to the washroom. It really doesn't take any longer than drinking a glass of water!"

The Boss looked at the bronze clock standing on his desk:

"It's half past nine now. Have you had your insulin today?"

"No, Your Excellency, I was just going to do it," the slave confessed, trembling.

The Boss's voice became a shade softer:

"Then go get your paraphernalia and do it right here in front of me! I want to see you do it."

Mr. Kovács didn't understand the Boss's curiosity and didn't even try to explain it. He obeyed the command happily and dashed out for his briefcase. Then he dashed back to the Boss's office. He put the small nickel tube of the hypodermic and the phial containing the insulin on the desk. But then his bespectacled, sad face turned deep red, like that of a girl who is faced with a risqué situation:

"I beg your pardon, Your Excellency," he groaned, confused, "but if you wish me to do this thing right here now, then I'll have to take my trousers down for a minute, because the injection goes in my thigh."

"Come, come, old man," the Boss said jovially, "don't be bashful! We're both men! Just take your trousers down and don't worry about anything!"

Mr. Kovács now blushed even more deeply with joy. He said that we're both men! He's raised me up to his own level! he thought. And while he was loosening his suspenders, he thought gratefully of the islands of Dr. Langerhans, to which he owed this great distinction.

He wanted to show off before the Boss. Deftly he sipped up the insulin with the hypo. The injection was over in a second. After thirty more seconds Mr. Kovács was waiting, with his trousers all buttoned up, for the signal that he might leave the room.

But apparently the Boss was still interested in his slave. He seemed to have been much impressed with what he had seen. He sighed jealously:

"Bravo, old man! That was well done! You are certainly a lucky fellow! You are not at the mercy of doctors. My life has become one hell on account of this damned injection!"

"How could that be, Your Ex-

Continued on page 144

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Exquisite
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CHICAGO

The Pancreas of the Boss

Continued from pages 75-143

cellency? When it is just as simple as shaving! I hardly notice it any more when I do it!"

"It may be simple for you, Kovács. But it is very complicated and difficult for me," the Boss answered. "Maybe I am neurotic, but I just can't stick that damned needle under my skin! I've tried it a hundred times! It's no use! My hand doesn't obey my will."

The Boss began to walk up and down, under the portrait of the Founder, on the resilient rug. His talk sounded almost like a monologue:

"I've often heard," he said with a bit of accusing bitterness, "that sometimes the wife takes care of such things for a sick man. But my wife is not that kind of woman. She gets up at noon; in the evening she is busy with her friends. . . . And, besides, she is so finicky that this whole business makes her even more upset than me! For the last ten years the doctor has been coming to my house every morning. But that is no practical solution of the problem. It annoys me when he is late or when I oversleep and have to make him wait . . . I've tried to have him come here to the office. But that didn't work out either. I never know ahead of time when I am going to have a free minute. Often the doctor had to wait hours in the antechamber because I was in conference. And, besides, I don't like to have a doctor coming around here! Why advertise my sickness to the help? Am I not right?"

"By all means!" the slave seconded him in a paroxysm of approval. He felt so honored by being taken into the confidence of the Boss that he had scarcely heard the monologue.

"The thing to do would be," the Boss continued thinking aloud, "to find a trustworthy man right here in the office . . . Somebody who is an expert at this . . . Somebody who would be near me all the time, so that I could just call him in any minute . . . Suddenly he interrupted his pacing, stood in front of the slave, put his hands on the man's shoulders, and said to him in a friendly, almost imploring voice:

"Could you do this small favor for me, old man? Could you come in here to see me when I call you on the phone?"

"I'd fly!" answered Mr. Kovács with exultant joy. And he added that he could be depended upon; during the last twenty years he had not missed one day in the office.

"All right! Tomorrow we'll start!" the Boss put his seal on their contract. He had only one additional remark to make:

"You understand, of course, that I would not like to have you gossip with the help about the purpose of your visits to me . . . There is nothing to it; it's no secret . . . But still, it's nobody else's business; it concerns only the two of us!"

Mr. Kovács stopped at the door and announced in the tone of the most sacred oath:

"I, Your Excellency, would rather have my tongue torn out of my head than to boast about what my business is in this room!"

On the next day the presidential call came again. The other slaves began to notice with a certain amount of respectful curiosity how frequently the Boss was calling Mr. Kovács to his office. This gave the slave a certain standing among his fellow and respected slaves.

The Boss led Mr. Kovács to the private washroom, opening off his office, which looked like a church with its many-colored stained glass windows.

He opened up a cabinet which was full of brand-new, shiny metal instruments. This was his equipment. He pointed to a cake of pink soap:

"That's your soap, János! And this is your towel! Now wash your hands!"

While Mr. Kovács was washing his hands, moved to tears by having been called by his first name, the Boss took off his coat, rolled up his sleeve, and began to give instructions:

"I want the injection in my arm! But way up, where the flesh is thick!"

"Yes, Your Excellency!" answered Mr. Kovács obediently. The hypo trembled a little in his hand from the excitement. He had no reward in mind, though. There are good slaves who are born to be slaves. These creatures not only recognize but even worship the power which fastens its claws in their necks.

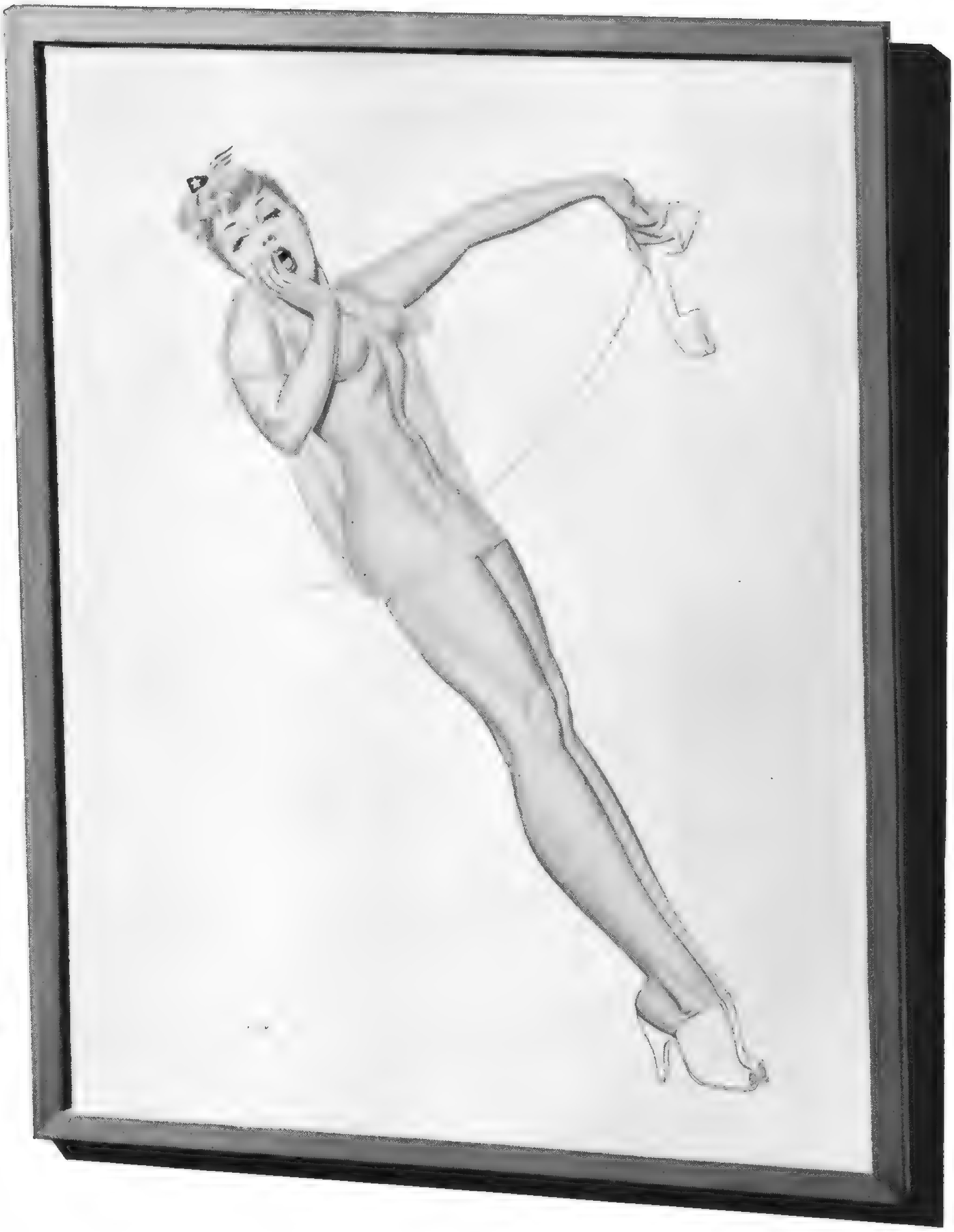
The Boss winced when the needle pricked his skin.

"Did it hurt?" Mr. Kovács asked, terrified.

"No!" admitted the Boss. "I winced only out of habit. Don't worry! I am going to wince every time!"

After all this one might have expected the slave to utilize his intimate connections with the Boss to pull strings and get himself promoted. But that's not what happened. Mr. Kovács was a deep-water fish, used to darkness and great pressure, which had already flattened him out. He was afraid of the light, of the upper regions. The Boss practically had to force him to accept a better position in the office. Because, after all, he couldn't have a slave, who had his desk in the basement, come to his office every day.

Sometimes it is very difficult to ward off good luck. In vain was Mr. Kovács a clumsy coward. After a year he managed to be able to buy himself a little cottage in the country and even a low-priced car—all because of the happy coincidence that his and the Boss's Langerhans-glands did not secrete enough insulin. ⌗



Petty officers, here's a call to arms

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As she is, above; framed to last a lifetime, entwined with phone cord, and bored with waiting—she is prepared to come to you, post haste, to palaver in person.

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That Was Europe

Continued from page 27

war. He never went on outings by organization and schedule. He made his daily life a confused and hilarious picnic, in waltz time.

Whoopee on Lord Nelson's Hat

In 1930 the depression hit Europe. In England in 1931 the Labor Government gave way to the Nationalists. The Japs began the melodramatic breakdown of the Status Quo by over-running Manchuria and launching their drive for a New Asian Order with no Britons or Americans in it. In 1932 the Disarmament Conference stopped trying. In 1933 Hitler came into power. In 1934 Dollfuss of Austria and King Alexander of Jugoslavia were assassinated, and Hitler repudiated the League. Then in 1935 the Nazis officially notified the world that they had an air force and were building up the army the Versailles Treaty forbade; and behind France's back the Nationalist Government made the Anglo-German naval deal. The Italians began their Ethiopian war, and a weary Ramsay MacDonald handed over the premiership to Stanley Baldwin.

Europe and Asia were on the skids, and for a year already Hitler had been putting over his week-end surprises while British politicians golfed and groused. Hundreds of the lower middle classes who had no shooting boxes to go to sat fisheyed in a London music hall, drinking and making piddling-merry while the Piccadilly Boys sang with gusto the latest hit—*It'll Never Be the Same Again.*

Of those innumerable and witty stanzas I remember only one, which told that though Britannia had once ruled the seas, now even the Trafalgar Square pigeons made whoopee on Lord Nelson's hat. A merry, bawdy song, every other line carried a political sting. It was followed by a tap dance and the jazz dirge refrain—

It'll never be the same again, boys,
It'll never be the same again.

A jig was being danced on a keg of TNT while the house was afire, but the music hall revelers remained fisheyed and unperturbed. And Baldwin, Chamberlain, Simon, and Hoare never stepped in to get a load of the screwball wisdom of that ditty.

The hall was wiped out last February by an oversized bomb. And today, after a year of bombing, there is a new spirit in old England. "It'll Never Be the Same Again, Boys," now means that after the war, after the victory, Britain will be a Better 'Ole.

Greek Golgotha

The brightest episode in the Hellenic year was Easter. A week or so before the holy days, ships arrived from the United States bearing a thousand or more native sons who were returning to the homeland to see again their relatives, friends, and old haunts. Some, who had made their little fortunes in the fruit and restaurant business, came to stay. But nearly all were looking for wives, Greek girls being scarce in America. Some of the prodigals had sweethearts waiting for them; some had marriages arranged for by correspondence or marriage brokers; others were just there looking.

Crowds, cheering and singing, met them at Piraeus, the port of Athens, whence their ride to the ancient capital of Hellas was a triumphal procession of girls and flowers and song. Days of feasting and visiting followed. The business of surveying the feminine field pitched the fun higher than normal. For what more magnificent fate could a maiden have than marriage to a Jason who had come back from an American argosy, from that true land of the golden fleece?

The prodigal sons were unable to return for the Easter of 1941. Greece was prostrate; it was a joyless but a fighting land. There were no carnival scenes in Piraeus; where hopeful maidens had scattered rose petals the Nazi stukas now scattered bombs daily. Thousands of men had lost their lives thrashing the Italians in the west. But on Easter Day the Nazis were at the pass of Thermopylae; three days later they had swept over the base of Mount Olympus and into Athens.

By a few weeks many hundreds of sweethearts, some only potential, others waiting weary years, had missed the great chance of marrying into the glorious land of the free.

Back in the United States more than a thousand Greeks besieged their consulates for permission to proceed to their former homeland. This time it was not wives that drew them, but Germans. They panted to fight, not love.

"There will be another Easter," say the Greeks, working towards it, "and another Resurrection."

Murder Mansions, Torture Temples

From Oslo to Istanbul to Madrid, Europe had hoarded and storaged her long inglorious record of man's inhumanity, placarding meticulously every detail of past anguish. Everywhere the traveler found ruins of noble buildings pulled down by ignoble hands; castles with dungeons; halls of Inquisition and Bloody Assizes; scenes of massacres and memorable butcheries; scaffolds, chopping blocks, guillotines; tombs of martyrs and of plain men who met treacherous deaths.

In Edinburgh the tourist paused before a market cross where a husband and wife were burned at the stake for worshipping God in a minority way. Two hundred yards down the street, on the house of John Knox, righteous man of God and planter and nourisher of the

Calvinistic seed in Scotland, he read the legend: "Lufe God abufe al, and thi nichtbour as thi-self."

The Tower of London he found a monument to man's cruel depravity. The mementos of beheadings, gibbetings, garrotings, drawings and quarterings, disembowlings, hangings in chains, and other accompaniments of war and private dynastic murder, were all about.

A sign in the Tower chapel asked him to remove his hat and otherwise show respect. Why? In this chapel the right of sanctuary had been more than once violated by stabbings at the altar.

Three-starred in the now inutile guidebooks of Baedeker and Muirhead are a hundred continental museums given over to instruments of torture, where, if you could take it, you might spend reflective hours gazing at gallows and treadmills, pots for boiling lead and oil, "maidens," boots, whips and lashes, cats and bastinadoes, scourges, crowns of thorns, crosses, ducking and cucking stools, flogging posts, pincers, stakes, quirts, knouts, pillories, racks, wheels, thumbscrews, hand and leg irons, hot collars, daggers, headsman's axes, Tyburn trees, galleys, bowstrings, cranks and branks, stools of torment, and the wooden horse and triangle.

Listening to the guide in the Nuremburg museum explain the ingenious devices for flaying, skinning, and other delicate work, an Ohio schoolteacher collapsed. They do not exhibit such accessories in Ohio, U. S. A. But humility compels us to admit that even our short past has had its inhumanities.

Items of Americana are the stocks, pillory, ducking stools, and whipping posts. Witches were burned at the stake or pressed to death. Today there are sufficient goldfish, rubber hoses, lead pipes, pickax handles, brass knuckles, and other tools of Ku Kluxers, lynch mobs, vigilantes, gangsters, and third-degree experts to furnish an American museum.

Small and simple were the pluckers, tearers, gougers, and hamstringers of the past. Their purpose is read at a glance. Today's death machines are more elaborate, as befits an age of advanced technology. A gallows tells its own story, but an electric chair is recondite, esoteric. On the credit side a similar gap separates a fireplace and Boulder Dam.

There is no misunderstanding the rack and the cudgel, even after they have spent four centuries behind a rail. But how will the future Citizen of the Commonwealth of Man (supposing anyone is left to found it) comprehend in its stately majesty that lethal leviathan, the super-super tank, with 4-inch cannon, six machine guns in turrets, and a fire-spitting range of two hundred yards? How, as it stands at ease, can he grasp the invincible malevolence of this 50-mile-an-hour fortress which ground down houses, groves of trees, battalions of men? How can simple scrutiny arrive at the agony rating of the shriek-bomb or the magnetic mine, poison gas or the dive bomber?

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, to house for tomorrow's peace the ingenious killers and crucifiers of today's war.

White Spats in the Five-Year-Plan

In the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, in 1936, an Englishman working for the State Publishing Trust gave me a copy of his latest translation, a novel by a Polish communist. The part of it that interested me was a scene in the eighth floor restaurant of the Hotel Novo-Moskovskaya, where I was inhabiting room 626.

The Pole spoke sarcastically about foreign snoopers and tourists in Soviet Russia. They wore evening clothes and danced to jazz.

He contrasted this over-ripe fruit of a decadent civilization with the Russian workers who sat in the same dining hall dressed in honest overalls and jumpers.

It had taken three years for this novel to be done from Polish into Russian and from Russian into English, and in the process, that part of it which impinged on the third-class, five-dollars-a-day Intourist guest in 626 was out of date. Other hotels had been built for the first and second class foreign trade, and the Novo-Moskovskaya had become the poor travelers' caravanserai. Here bunked and ate the low-paid teacher or social worker who had saved for years to get this glimpse of the Great Social Experiment.

Now you could sit in that vast dining room, eating your *pirotchki* or *kotleti* amid obligatory jazz music, and not see anyone in overalls, honest or otherwise, or jumpers.

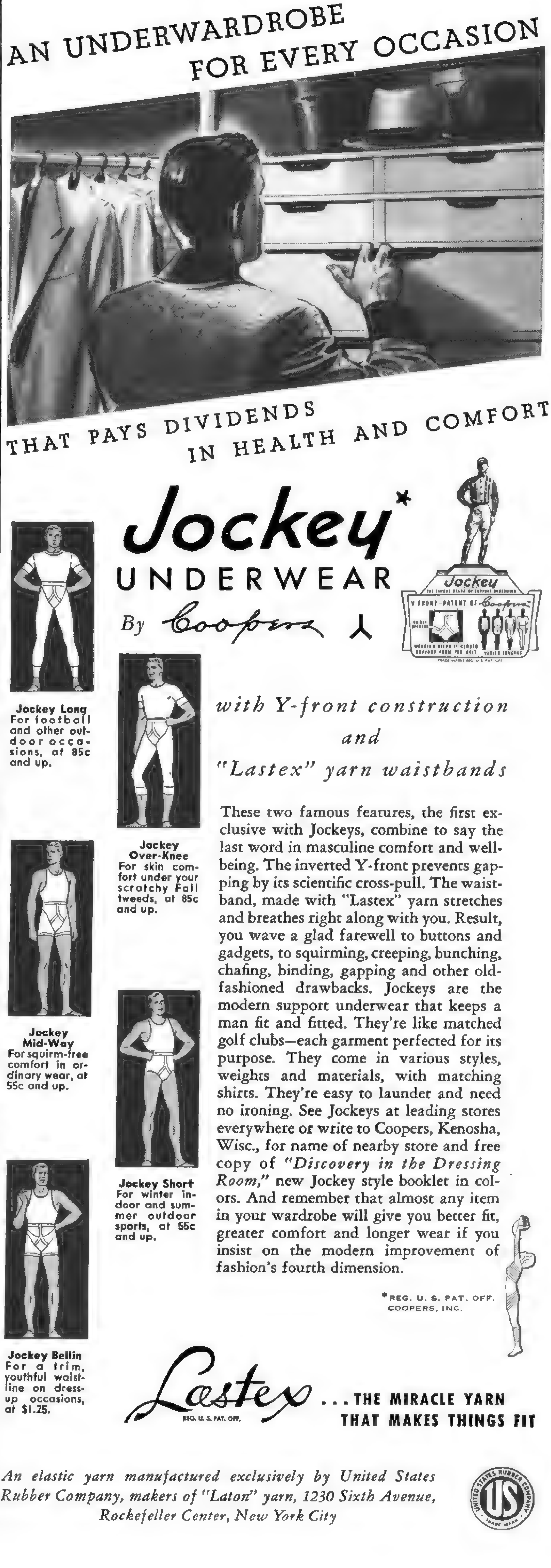
The native Russian worker could be told apart from the tourist only by his broad Slavic face or by a medal: the Order of Lenin, or the Red Banner, or Hero of Labor.

Several of us from rich, decadent America were dressed more shabbily than these proletarians who had "arrived." And when the saxophones struck up, it was they and not we who danced—a little woodenly maybe. But they danced with confidence and not like people who were sinning against communism or the Gay-Pay-Oo. And in the evening, although the men had not got around to tuxedos, the women wore formals.

On my last day in Moscow, as I was leaving for the Leningrad station and my boat train, I passed the large department store which stands by the Bolshoi Theater.

The main show window carried a display which further confused me about that Major Enigma, the Russian Bear. Arranged there in that tasteful, chaste, sparing technique developed by Fifth Avenue, were three new products of Soviet factories: Homburg hats,

Continued on page 148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That Was Europe

Continued from pages 27-147

yellow kid gloves, and yellow walking sticks.

Shall we yet live to see Premier Stalin shed his army boots and put on white spats?

Undepressed Area

If I were given a chance to relive any short period of my past, I would choose the three weeks I spent in the bosom of an English family in South Wales.

No tourists penetrated there, because it was fenced off from Pretty England by the coal towns of the Depressed Areas. Beyond stood the eternal Welsh-English countryside, rolling of landscape, with tidy farms, meandering brooks, and grassy meadows; a land which, for a Middle-Westerner, was poetry come alive.

Nothing out of the ordinary ever happened. The whole family of us—Dad and Mother, two grown sons and a grown daughter and I—scrambled off across that rolling landscape on long tramps, eating our lunches in little vales or dells, trekking back at sunset through ancient groves, along bubbly streams, and over footpaths that wandered across fields and over stiles. There was never the sight of an automobile.

Modest waterfalls and castle ruins were parts of the panorama from any hilltop. Lines of forgotten poems came into mind, like Spenser's "All dreaming on the plain the castle lay." The land lay as it had when Briton fought Roman in the Welsh Marches or when King Arthur's knights rode looking for a distressed maiden to rescue, or a bad knight decent enough to mark himself by wearing black armor, or the Holy Grail.

So we came back as the sun was setting, and sat around the fireplace and were content to be silent. The kettle on the coals hummed a tune and the fire threw fantastic dancing silhouettes on walls and ceiling. The window on the west framed a dying sunset splendor. The long, slow gloaming of England set in. Kitchenward the clatter of dishes made Peter, the ever-hungry Sealyham, who was stretched lazily before the fire, open a sad eye in which there was a gleam of hope.

As the sky darkened in the window pane, Dad would suddenly sit up and exclaim, "There's Dick."

The likeable old gentleman had the keenest ear. A half minute went by before any of us could by straining make out the distant put-putting of Dick's motorcycle.

Dick, who comes in from building a bridge or revamping a railway station, completes the family. Everybody stirs, the lamp is lit, the table set, and Peter does preliminary scouting. Supper is noisy with narrations and repartee. After it we stroll to see the moon shine into the valley.

To this English rural life you could attach such unexciting adjectives as decent, good, wholesome, respectable, pleasant, quiet, healthy, and normal. It had gardening in it, and animals which were loved and treated well. Games were skilfully played, and humorously treated. Talk was easy and contemplative; no one overpushed his case or his ego. As much of life was lived out of doors as was humanly possible. It was diffident, unassuming; it did not try to make too much of any one thing, as American life inclines to do. For the very reason that it did not force the pace, more of the good things of life trotted along with it.

It was a way of life that the world needs. But there, around ancient Cowbridge, some twenty miles from industrial Cardiff, Nazi bombers have been raining death and fire. Dad and Mother sit in the gloaming alone, for Dick is in Africa, Tom in Iraq, and Shelia in a children's hospital "somewhere in the north of England."

Those keen ears of the old gentleman's are not harking for the put-put of the first son's motorbike but for the drone of the Nazi killer-bird. The air-raid shelter, which took half the garden and all of the badminton court, is just outside the kitchen door.

That is, if any of Willsden Cottage still stands.

Mystic Talk at Notre Dame

An old sidewalk café overlooks Notre Dame from the Left Bank. Around a table on which the trays of hors d'oeuvres were stacked high, four art students engaged merrily in a mock dispute.

"Tell me, why is a cathedral?"

"Because gargoyles."

"*Ecoutez, mon vieux!* Consider what a creature is man! Within him he comprehends both the cathedral and the gargoyle—"

"And which will triumph in the end, *hein?*"

Giving my book a temporary rest I said to the correspondent of the Detroit *News:* "How much sillier that round-robin would sound in any other language than French!"

Now that the gargoyle has triumphed not only over France but over all of Europe, I'm not sure it was silly in any language.

John Henry and Lord Peter Wimpole

John Henry Banks, American citizen, had made his pile and was

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now giving Abroad the works. In the Cecil bar he was overheard telling a fellow-countryman how, since retiring, he was taking it easy.

"None of this American rush for me. Speed ain't everything in life. I been looking over this island in a rented car, and so far I held myself down to two hundred miles a day."

One of the overhearers was the enterprising sub-editor of the *Daily Express*, who got up from where he was and quizzed John Henry Banks.

Next day's *Express* carried a big interview story about John Henry's trip: his achievement in holding himself down to two hundred miles a day; his itinerary, with record of mileage to the gallon; and the number of ruins, cathedrals, museums, birth- and death-places he and Mrs. Banks had seen. A photograph showed John Henry standing beside his car, which, as a good-neighborly gesture, he had named Queen Lizzie.

It was a thoroughly English spoof and John Henry muffed it. He bought a dozen copies of the paper for mailing to cronies back home. His wife had doubts, but being a discreet woman said nothing.

John Henry Banks for his part was ribbing the English every chance he had. His attitude toward them was one of humorous affection, an adult humoring a likable but unpredictable child. He was amused and puzzled at the way the English spoke the American language, as a parent is amused and puzzled by the first early experiments in talking by his child.

On the steps of the Tate Gallery John Henry fell into converse with a typical Englishman—meaning a pale blond chap with a walrus mustache and a bit of a drawl.

Having discovered that John Henry was an American on tour, Lord Peter Wimpole (such was the name John Henry playfully assigned him) asked how he was liking it. John Henry allowed he was having one hell of a time. Yesterday he had had a regular jamboree at Winkle.

"Winkle? Don't believe I know the place."

"What, you don't know Winkle?"

"Winkle, eh what? Can't say I do. What sort of place is it?"

"Combination castle and palace down by the Thames. Where they used to chop people's heads off, and so on."

"Castle place, eh? Winkle, eh?"

John Henry felt it was time to get to his climax. "The way it's spelt, why we Americans would call it Windsor Castle—"

"Oh, Windsor, yes—"

"But I guess you British, what with calling Cirencester 'Sister'—"

"Cirencester, yes. Cotswolds. Jolly walking country, rather!"

"—and calling Bonehill 'Bunnel,' why I guess you'd call Windsor Castle 'Winkle.'" And J. H. stepped back to get the right distance on the expected guffaw.

None came. Lord Peter Wimpole turned the matter over in his mind.

Finally he said, "Sorry, old man. Never heard the dashed place called anything but Windsor Cahssle."

John Henry tried this out on a dozen Englishmen and women: on an M. P. to whom he had a letter; on a garage mechanic; on a rich brewer's dowager; on a chimney sweep; on Rose, the maid who *did* for him; on a bishop next to whom he sat at the Oxford-Cambridge cricket match at Lord's. He never failed to get a polite and sympathetic hearing. But he never got a laugh.

He had an alternative spoof. It concerned John Drinkwater, whose comedy, *Bird in Hand*, was then playing. The first time he tried was on his host, very deadpan, between the acts.

"This John Drinketter is sure a playwright!"

"Eh? Drinketter? I beg pardon?"

"Yes, Drinketter, the man who wrote this play."

At this point the Englishman would respond in either of two ways:

1. "Oh, rather. Good old Drinketter." As a matter of courtesy this chap was not going to hurt the American's feelings by pointing out his mistake. Stalemate.

2. "Oh, Drinkwater. Sorry, old chap, I mis-heard you." Ditto, and ditto.

Sometimes J. H. would lose his *sangfroid* and give away his hand. "Look here," he would cry, "you say Beecham for Beauchamps and Chumley for Cholmondeley and Coburn for Cockburn, so why do you say Drinkwater for Drinketter?"

His opposite number would turn it over in his mind dispassionately and say either—

1. "I say, that's rather an idea, what?"

or—

2. "Really, now, I'm sorry, old man, but I never heard him called anything but Drinkwater."

The last I saw of John Henry Banks was in the bar of the Pug and Thistle in Twitchings-over-Ende, at the fag-end of one of his post-*Express* two-hundred-mile stints.

He sat alone before the fireplace in an ancient settle, staring hard at a drawing in a copy of *Punch*. His lips moved soundlessly, and he looked a bit peaked and aging.

I drifted over and he told me his troubles. But before I left he had got the whole business sorted out in his mind, and he looked years younger. "When it comes to kidding," he said, "we Americans and the English just don't seem to click. But if the time comes when we should have something serious to say to each other, like in this European situation shaping up, I guess we'll find out that we talk the same lingo!" ##

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The Sunday of Palms and Prophecy

Continued from page 32

the young girls and children in bondage, shook their chains to add a ringing metallic clank to the din already in the air.

At last the procession reached the outer court of the Great Temple. But the sun was sinking fast in the heaven and the animal vendors were leading away the bulls and sheep which had not been sold that day for sacrifice. And the keepers of birds were stacking up their cages of pigeons for the night. The money changers, fearing that in the falling light a mistake might be made, had already scooped their coins into their bags and were folding up their long tables.

As they stood in this outer court and saw all this activity going on they heard also the sound of drums and the tramp of the feet of the soldiers coming out of the Roman garrison to take their places for the night watch. And so here at last they arrived at the very gates of the temple but it all seemed too late.

Judas left them standing in the open court and went into the temple alone. He wandered about until he happened into a place where a group of men were seated on a long divan.

"Peace be with you," he said.

"And with you be peace," they replied.

"I seek the rabbis and law-givers."

"For a purpose?" asked one.

"Yes, I have a purpose."

"And what may that be?"

"Ah well! It is a long tale. But perhaps they would understand it."

Several laughed at this.

"A long tale he brings them," said one.

"And perhaps they will understand it," said another with an air of sarcasm.

"True, true, my friends," continued Judas. "It may be easy to understand and perhaps not. What is light today may be heavy tomorrow. A little head could contain wisdom and great heads foolishness."

"Do you come to propound riddles?" inquired the one who wore the black and white prayer shawl.

"No, not riddles."

"Then what?"

"Nothing and yet more than everything."

"Your words are filled with contradictions."

"Not for those who could understand."

"Do you mock us?"

"Perhaps," said Judas boldly.

"Tell us. Where do you come from?"

"I come now from the country."

"That we can see. Your dress, your face, the dust on your feet, your very language tells us that a rustic stands before us."

"Yes, a rustic if you will. But I come to you with a warning." He faced them with a bold look and then said very slowly: "You will be destroyed."

"You bring pleasant news," said one, laughing.

"Laugh now while you may."

"What is your name?" asked the one with the prayer shawl.

"Judas. But I am more than a name."

"What more?"

"I am one of the twelve."

"What twelve?"

"Ah! Even that you would not understand."

"What it is you have in your bag?"

"Sometimes a little money that is given us. I am the trusted keeper of the bag. But at the moment the bag is near empty. But soon it will be full for all the gold of Jerusalem will belong to us."

"You come with an army of soldiers?"

"No. Our Master is Himself as powerful as a whole army. And that is why I should like to warn the rabbis and the law-givers. I want to warn them not to molest Him or try to harm Him. It will avail them nothing. He has come to rule over you all and He will be King of Israel."

"He is also, like you, from the country?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is very nice. And you truly believe he will be king of Israel?"

"Yes, truly!"

"How very strange. For years we have waited for a king of our own flesh and blood. And now you say he has arrived. And you are twelve princes who have come with him—from the wilderness."

"Yes, we are come out of the wilderness at last!" These words he shouted.

"And what is this great power which your master can work?"

"He is all powerful. He gives sight to the blind and cures the sick. The lame walk at the touch of His finger and He has even performed the miracle of all miracles."

"And what is that?"

"He has raised one from the tomb."

"Lazarus!" called one.

"Yes, Lazarus. He gave him back his life."

A hush fell over the room. Those seated glanced at each other.

After a short silence one asked in a quiet voice: "What is your master's name?"

"Jesus the Prophet of Nazareth."

"He is here in Jerusalem?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"I left him just a moment ago in the court before the temple."

"Come," said one, rising quickly. "Let us do him homage. Come, lead us to him so we may see him with our own eyes."

They rose and followed Judas through the long temple corridors. But when they reached the outer court there was no one to be seen but a few of the remaining animal vendors leading away their live stock.

"They were here," said Judas.

"In truth, I came with them; but now they must have gone. I wanted only to warn you. Now I must hurry and find them. I cannot remain alone without them."

He did not pause to say goodbye but ran out into the street to inquire the direction they took.

"This way, they went," said one.

He hurried on as fast as he could, inquiring the way of all he passed. The sun had long set in the heaven and the dark of evening was already upon the city. But he found his way through the narrow streets and even out through the gate of the city.

Here and there along his path he saw the palm branches which had been strewn a short while before. But soon he turned into the road which led to Bethany. He hurried on and he breathed with relief when he saw a small fire kindled on a hill and recognized several familiar faces. Above all things he feared to be alone. But now he was back.

As he approached he was prepared to tell where he had been and the object of his mission. The words were ready in his mouth. But coming closer, he heard the Master speak and he took his place silently in the circle.

The words of the Master rang out clearly under the blue of the night.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one to another."

A deep silence fell over all.

It had been a long and wearisome journey. But now the day was ended. From the field in which they rested they could see the lights of the city. The dark towers of Jerusalem were melting slowly into the sky.

They stretched out wearily and drew their cloaks about them. And very soon all were asleep.

Time Out of Mind

Continued from page 46

leave. Nobody ever spoke to him. Louis would pick the egg cup off the bar and let the hysterical flies escape.

Once I watched Anselme Cot as he left the Café d'Aborigines and walked down the street. He walked unsteadily to the middle of the block and turned into the Louis XV, which was the next café in the block.

When I first started to visit the Aborigines I would stand at the bar with the workmen from the Espignard. Then, gradually, I sat down with the book men from the Escargot. There was a great deal of heated political talk. Then, after a week, my attention wandered to the Comte Henri sitting at one of the outside tables.

Of course, I had noticed him before. The grey spade beard and his over-size derby hat made him a man to notice. But I paid no attention to him until I noticed that he always appeared precisely as Louis' old pendulum clock struck half past four. He limped and he carried a heavy cane.

I asked Bernard about him. Bernard shrugged his shoulders. "We know only that his name is Le Comte Henri de Tailles de Berencourt. He gave me his card the very first day he came here. He comes always at half past four, he has a cup of coffee, he leaves at five, he has one bad leg, and he has been coming here a long time."

"How long?"

Bernard shrugged. "Since 1909. Twenty years."

"He has always been alone?"

"He has never had anybody with him. He has never spoken to anyone in the café but me."

"What does he say to you?"

"Always the same thing—'One coffee, please.'"

"Do you think he would talk to me?"

Bernard's eyes opened very wide. "Monsieur," he said, "I should not try it."

The next day, at four, I upset poor Bernard by taking a seat at the Comte Henri's table. "Monsieur knows what he is doing?" he asked, "the old gentleman is very possessive of his table."

"Yes, Bernard. Bring me a cognac."

As a matter of fact I did not know why I was going to thrust myself upon the old man, except that I had a notion of asking him to pose for me. I was making a lithograph of the Chamber of Deputies sitting in session in heaven—I thought it was a highly satirical idea—and the Comte Henri de Tailles de Berencourt would be a perfect model for the president of the chamber. At any rate, this was the reason I gave myself. I suppose that somewhere much deeper I was fascinated by his loneliness. I had read that Picasso was a "solitary." The idea was new to me.

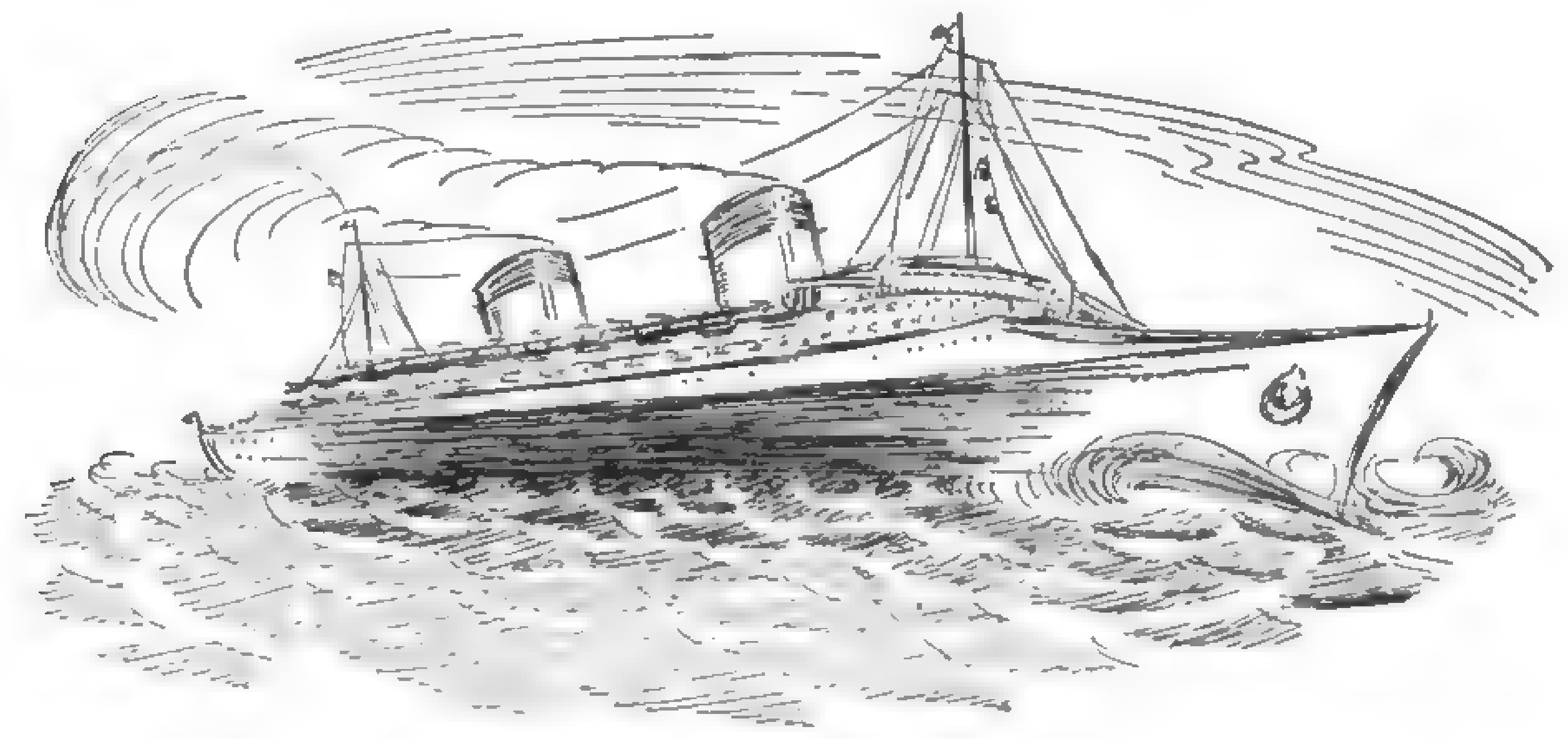
I did take a chair at the Comte's table, but I did not take *his* chair. I meant to be presumptuous but I had a nose for sacrilege. I was a little excited. I suppose I expected to be quickly and completely rebuffed. I nursed my cognac, for I had a few minutes to wait. I glanced indifferently into the interior of the café. All the customers—from the workmen at the bar to the book men from the Escargot—were staring at me.

I had set my wrist watch with Louis' faultless old clock at the bar and I kept glancing at it. At 4:29-30 Bernard planted himself as inconspicuously as he could behind the door post, even holding his white napkin behind his back. His right eye, his good one, was as wide open and as round as a target. I could see the customers behind him in the darkness of the inside of the café, all eyes. I felt I was playing a role.

At 4:30 the Comte appeared. It was all so simple and disappointing. At first I could hear the irregular sound of his cane stab-

Continued on page 152

A BIT OF FRANCE THAT GOT AWAY



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Time Out of Mind

Continued from pages 46-151

bing the sidewalk and the scuffing of his bad foot along the sidewalk, for I kept my back to the direction of his coming. He must have seen me as soon as he turned the corner of the block, but—I could tell from the incessant scuffing sound—he never hesitated. His four o'clock appointment with himself at this table was stronger than any revulsion he might have felt for the stranger at his table. Presently he was standing behind me. I looked over at Bernard. I could swear that the good eye was shivering in its socket. The Comte stooped behind me for just a second. Then he skirted my chair and sat down opposite me.

He straightened his bad leg in front of him and poked his spat

him than anything else. He had to be at his table at 4:30.

And then, on a Saturday, the eighth day of what Bernard was pleased to call my "acquaintanceship" with the Comte, he spoke to me.

When he came that day I thought I saw the suspicion of a smile beneath his beard. It was the first change of expression I had seen on that solemn face. For the first time I became aware of the fact that the Comte had a life beyond that of the café—that somewhere outside the half-hour world of the Aborigines he was bringing the hint of an emotion acquired in some other place. It was surprising to me to see that he had more than one mood. And month after our first long conversation, there came the astonishing fact.

The Comte had paused longer than usual after one of his little panegyrics on Barbizon. I must have been most attentive, for I did enjoy the old, lace-like patterns of his talk. He seemed to pinch his phrases out of an old Empire box, with the precision of a snuff-taker. It was one of his happy days—one of his very happy days. He smiled so broadly I could see his teeth beneath his beard. They were fine white teeth. He sensed how absorbed I had been in everything he said, and he was pleased. He took a sip of his coffee. He toyed with the handle of his cup, and then he looked up at me. What he said was innocuous enough but he weighed each word with great care.

"My good young friend," he said.

"Yes?" I said.

He smiled. "That is all I intended to say," he said. "My good young friend!... that is all!"

"I am flattered."

He paused. He smiled to himself. He looked at me again.

"It will be a hard thing for you to understand," he said, "but you are the first friend I have had in twenty years."

And that was the time I must have made the error of appearing incredulous. My own smile must have been insipid and skeptical. The Comte's mood changed.

"I do not exaggerate," he said, stamping his cane, "I say that you are the first friend I have had in twenty years!"

It took a little time to placate him. I had to order that second cup of coffee, the one which threw the personnel of the Café d'Aborigines into such a flurry. "Monsieur Le Comte flatters and honors me beyond all measure," I said, "I am simply overwhelmed by a great revelation. Monsieur Le Comte *will* admit that what he says must sound incredible to other ears. Twenty years is a long time."

He softened. "It is. I know how my young friend feels. Still," he said, "it is true."

"Believe me, Monsieur, I believe you."

"Then if you do," he said, "it is a good start—a good preparation for an adventure into the unbelievable. I will tell you other astonishing facts. I will tell you that I have lived in the same room around the corner on the Rue Ribault for twenty years and I have left that room but twice every day . . . once for my coffee here at the Café d'Aborigines and once for my dinner at the Café Thiers."

"That is fantastic, Monsieur Le Comte."

"That is but the beginning of a fantasy. Every other minute of my life for the past two decades I have spent in my rooms in the Rue Ribault."

By this time I had decided that the Comte was a little crazy. The decision tempered my awe. Perhaps I was not as amazed at his disclosures as he expected me to be.

"I see, my good young friend, you do not believe me. I will continue to stock your store of disbeliefs. I have cut myself entirely off from the world for all these years. I do not have the fraction of a notion of what has happened to the world for the years that add up to twice ten."

"But the newspapers, Monsieur Le Comte?"

"Long ago I gave up reading the history of things that should not happen."

"The radio, Monsieur?"

"I have heard of such a machine. It means nothing to me."

"Monsieur has heard of the great war?"

"I have heard of it. I know it is over."

He leaned across the table and pointed an elegant finger at me.

"Do you want to know the reason for my seclusion?"

"By all means."

"It is very simple. It is only the chronicle of a devotion to duty. I do not know if young people in the world today can understand such an ideal. Perhaps they can. At any rate, my young friend, twenty years ago I conceived of a device—an invention. I locked myself in my chambers, I cut myself off from the world until I finished this invention. You think I was crazy?"

"No, Monsieur."

"You most certainly do. Perhaps it is only that you do not understand how an idea that comes to one man in the world can fire that man with a zeal like a religious heat. In many ways it has been a religion. You see, my young friend, when an idea comes to one man that man must know it could have come from only one source."

He was very quiet now, almost mumbling to himself. But when he looked up at me again his eyes were mocking me.

"Do you of the world of today," he asked me, "still have the same name for inspiration? Do you still call it God?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Then," he said, "you may have a faint idea of how I felt twenty years ago when this idea was sent to me. I say again, I felt it almost a sacred duty to devote my life to the perfection of this machine. Twenty years it has taken, and I have not once swerved from the path."

What a complex little man this is, I thought. First he seemed obsessed only by food and the forests of Barbizon, then he spoke of God. Now he talks like one of the sainted martyrs.

"And the machine, Monsieur?" I asked, "it progresses?"

This time he sat straight up in his chair and the broad smile came back to his face. "Good," he said, "very good. Today especially. I want you to be the first."

"Monsieur?"

"I want you to be the first to see it. I admit I had an ulterior

Continued on page 154

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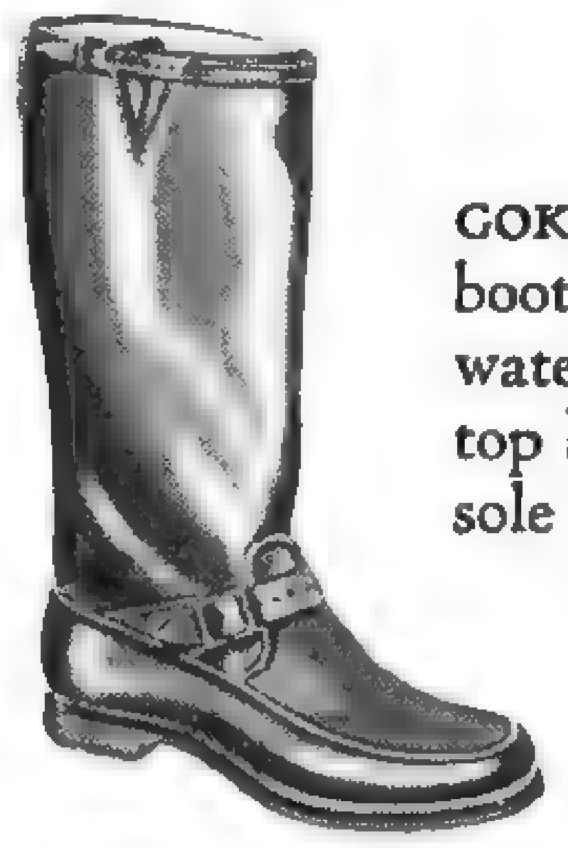
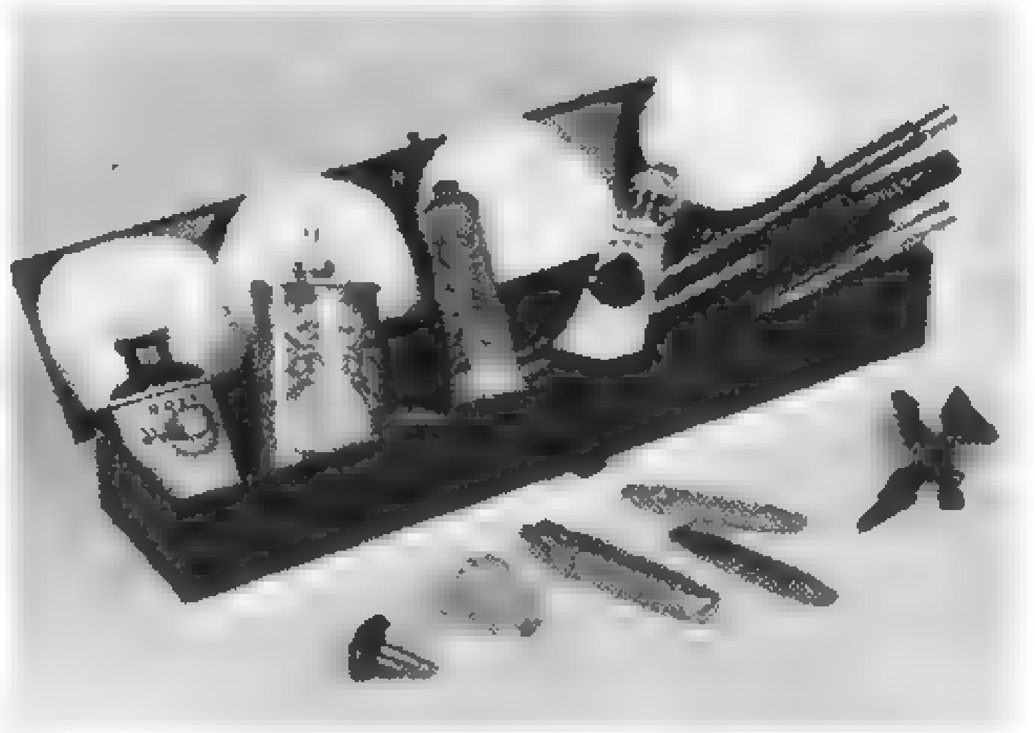


GOKEY BOTTE SAUVAGE—Ideal hunting boot. Full-grain cowhide vamp, waterproof leather upper. Ankle and top boot straps, slip-proof Gro-Cord sole and heel. $29.50.

SHOTGUN CLEANING SET—Metal box with rod, wire brush, wiper, oil, nitro solvent, rust-inhibiting grease. Mention gauge. $4.



STORMWIND HUNTING COAT—A medium weight, water-repellent coat with pivot sleeve, full game and shell pockets. Sand color. $12.50.

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Why does your head often feel hot and stuffy even on cool days? It's because the air inside your hat can't circulate! In the amazing new Wright Air-Flow, however, air circulates constantly, keeping your head *cool* and *comfortable*. Try on the smart, distinctive, *air-conditioned* Wright Air-Flow. Wear it a few minutes . . . notice the difference.

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Patented by the United States Government patent office (patent number 2,218,590) . . . found *exclusively* in the Wright Air-Flow Hat, Air-Flow *air-conditioned* construction is a feature of the Wright Spitfire—a hat offering you an unbeatable combination of style, quality and comfort. 100% waterproofed . . . hand-finished...highly styled.

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The famous Mirakal 100% waterproofing process is known to thousands of men as the waterproofing protection that makes hats last longer...look smarter. The Mirakal process is no ordinary waterproofing treatment, but a unique process in the course of which each hat is submerged in the Mirakal solution . . . and (like the Wright Air-Flow) hand-finished by experts. You'll be proud of your Wright Mirakal Hat.

Craftsmanship...quality...style... longer wear... these are the points that have made Wright Mirakal Hats famous with men who know real hat values.

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Time Out of Mind

Continued from pages 46-151-153

purpose in mind when I addressed you today as 'Friend.' My machine is working splendidly. You will do me the honor of accompanying me to my apartment—now?"

"With boundless pleasure, Monsieur."

We rose from the table. We stepped to the sidewalk and the little limping Comte put his arm through mine. He beamed at me. He had never been in such good spirits.

Our progress was slow because the Comte walked so slowly. He did not live far from the Café—a few steps around the corner over a pastry shop. Our progress up the steps was particularly slow, however.

When he opened the door to his apartment I walked into a room that was the essence of decayed gentility. There was a magnificent rug on the floor, but the only seats in the room were one shabby divan and two kitchen chairs. Over the mantlepiece was a portrait in the Winterhalter style of a beautiful woman of Eugenie's time, but on the mantle itself I saw a cup and a saucer and a ketchup bottle.

And over in the front of the room by the window I saw a workbench. In the center of it was an object about two feet high and a foot wide, covered by a white cloth. On both sides of it were tools, scrupulously laid out like a dinner service. For a moment I had a vision of the Comte sitting down every day at his workbench to a luncheon of scrap metal.

The Comte motioned me to the divan. He took off his hat and coat and laid them carefully on one of the kitchen chairs. "I will not embarrass you with apologies for the appearance of my quarters," he said. "Further, I am an abstainer and I can offer you no alcoholic beverage. Coffee, however. . ."

"Monsieur is kind," I said, "but I have just had two cognacs."

He laughed, "And I have just had two coffees. Dear me . . ." he stroked his hands and laughed again, "Dear me, had you accepted my offer of coffee just now I would have joined you, and for the first time in my life I would have had three cups of coffee in one afternoon! But then, it is an astonishing day, is it not?"

"For me, Monsieur, I assure you—most astonishing."

"And for me, my good young friend, for me too." His cheeks were flushed.

I stood up. He came over to me and put his arm through mine and walked me over to the workbench. He put his hand on the white cloth-covered machine. "This, my good young friend, this is my machine. Or, if you will be so good as to regard it as I do, this is the fulfillment of my pact with the source of all the undivided inspiration."

He must have felt my anxiety, for he was teasing me. He continued to stand there and pat the machine through its white cloth. Then he looked at me. The smile was positively child-like by now. "You want to see it?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Here it is."

He pulled the cover off with a jerk. "What do you think?"

I was looking at a large clock in a heavy wooden frame, a normal, old-fashioned clock. But on top of it was strung a strange array of wires and wheels like a nest of spare parts.

The Comte turned to me. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

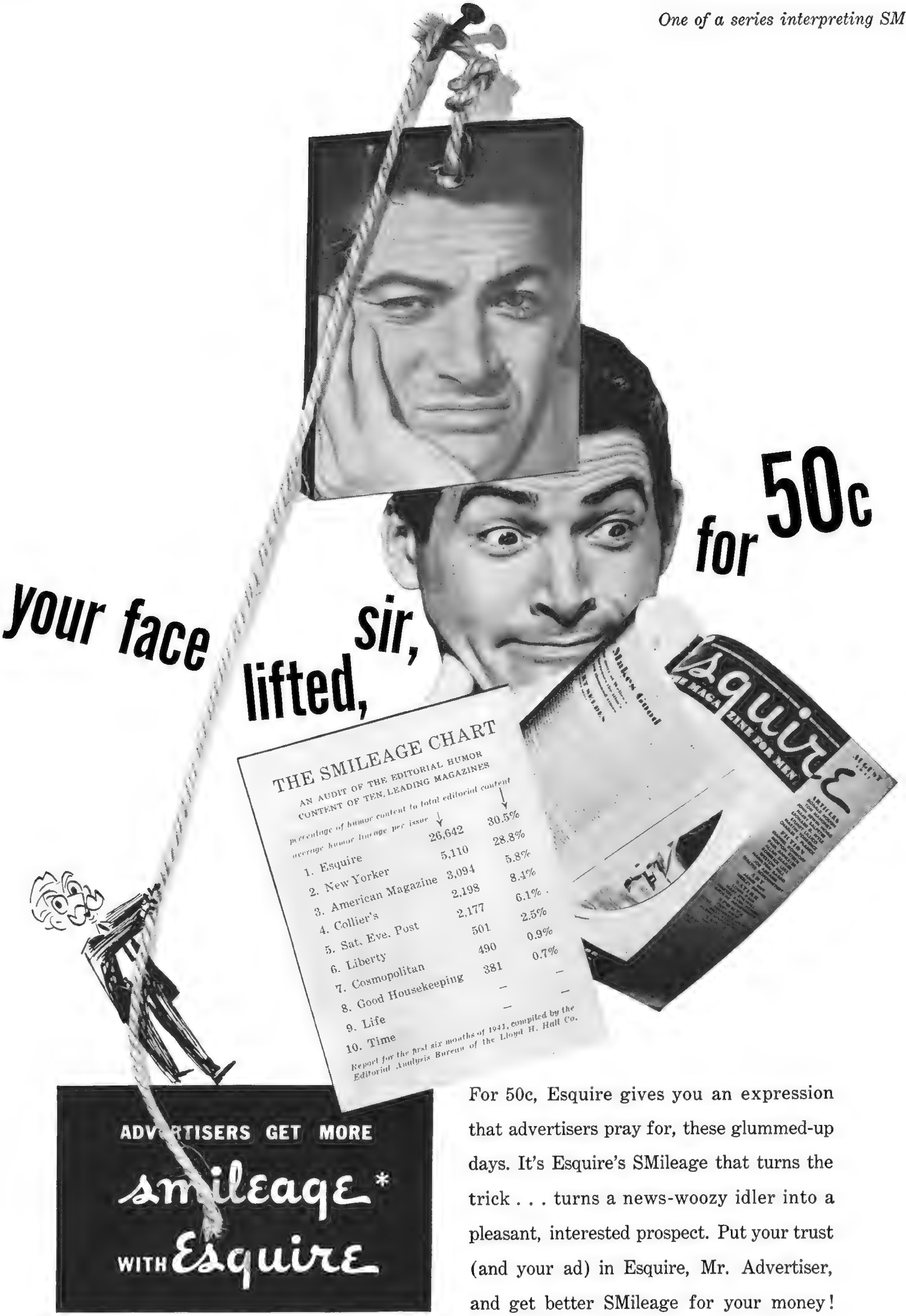
"It is an ingenious construction, Monsieur Le Comte," I said, "but what does it do?"

He was so happy he almost giggled. "But of course, how forgetful of me." His face was red and his eyes were very bright. "It is, as you see, a clock," he said, "but with what a difference from all other clocks! Here, my friend . . . let us assume that you are about to retire at night. You wish to awake at an early hour—an earlier hour than your accustomed one. Let us assume that you wish to arise at six o'clock in the morning. You simply set this dial to point to the number six . . ." He moved a small dial. "And now as you sleep the clock will pursue its normal circular course, hour by hour. But when it reaches the hour of six . . ."

He began to move the hands around the face of the clock. When the small one reached six and the large one reached twelve, the nest of wires above the clock gave forth a melancholy, pleasant tinkling of bells. Ping-ping, ping-ping, ping-ping.

I have not seen the Café d'Aborigines these ten years. I have the suspicion that time and conquest have done very little to alter the face of it, or the habits of its personnel. I am sure that Madeleine still sticks to her coffee—possibly it is only chicory now—and to her stew. I am sure that Louis still sticks to his place behind the bar as though he were planted there, and I know that if Anselme Cot is still alive, he appears every few days and catches the biggest flies at the bar. I like to think of the Aborigines and I like to tell stories about it. I sometimes tell the story of my friend the Comte Henri. My friends always smile, quite tolerantly, at that one, even as I must have smiled at the Comte. My friends are people who live among crowds of people, in a world of subways, and skyscrapers, and parties, and traffic. I have never found one who was willing to believe that a man could shut himself off so completely from all these modern devices that he could spend twenty years of the twentieth century inventing an alarm clock. #

One of a series interpreting SM₁



THE SMILEAGE CHART

AN AUDIT OF THE EDITORIAL HUMOR CONTENT OF TEN LEADING MAGAZINES

	average humor lineage per issue	*percentage of humor content to total editorial content*
1. Esquire	26,642	30.5%
2. New Yorker	5,110	28.8%
3. American Magazine	3,094	5.8%
4. Collier's	2,198	8.4%
5. Sat. Eve. Post	2,177	6.1%
6. Liberty	501	2.5%
7. Cosmopolitan	490	0.9%
8. Good Housekeeping	381	0.7%
9. Life	—	—
10. Time	—	—

Report for the first six months of 1941, compiled by the Editorial Analysis Bureau of the Lloyd H. Hall Co.

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Postscript to Depression

An interpretive report especially addressed to THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

NOT yet has the American business executive forgotten that for a long, unhappy time our nation was afflicted by a mysterious misery called The Depression. It is impossible for the normal adult mind to spend ten years grubbing through a post-graduate course in Slump and then get total amnesia overnight.

Ours is a nation prideful of its passion for knowledge. As The Depression developed into a colossal and complex ailment exceeding the best expectations of the worst pessimist, increasingly we clamored for the low-down. And it was given unto us—big!

What the post-graduate course in Slump turned out to be was really an educational rodeo playing a continuous run of 3650 days, not excluding the Sabbath Day of rest, presenting an all-star galaxy of performers such as

—economists
—wisecrackers and gagmen
—editorial writers
—senators and congressmen
—financial experts
—industrialists
—professors of one thing or another
—assorted air-wave forum talkers
—and last, but not least, the free-roving publicists otherwise known as columnists.

Therefore, it is not strange that the memory lingers on.

It is strange, however, that one aspect of The Depression—and a grave and nasty aspect—was almost entirely neglected by the aforementioned brilliant bevy of analysts, opinionists and impressionists. Scant, indeed, was the attention they paid to what The Depression was doing to our national *behavior*. And that is the theme of this message.

THE NEW AMERICAN FRONT

DURING our bogged-down decade our country created for itself what might be labeled The New American Front. Insidiously it grew. Insidiously, fungus-like, it fastened itself upon us as it became progressively the fashion to get sore about something.

Rich people got sore.
Poor people got sore.
Middle-class people got sore.

Everybody didn't get sore about the same thing at the same time; but The Depression offered such a variety of things to get sore about that nobody dared *not* get sore about something for fear if you didn't get sore folks would think you were quaint and half-witted.

So all God's chillun got sore.

Thus it became the dictate *a la mode* to ejaculate "Aw, nuts!" instead of "Oh, it's wonderful!"

To blurt "Boloney!" rather than to utter the praiseful phrase "This is all to the good!"

To yawp "It stinks!" in preference to "How lovely!"

Vocalizing in this manner the mucky attitude spread from coast to coast. Less and less in our land was heard the wholesome and buoyant belly-laugh of a traditionally humor-loving and give-and-take people.

The sneering snicker took over.

Obviously if a country keeps on repeating "Nuts!" "Boloney!" and "Stink!" enough billion times the repetition is bound to produce some sort of result.

THE PUNK PAY-OFF

WHILE The New American Front was sneaking up on us hardly anyone was aware of its gathering power of subtle devastation.

But now we know.

Now we know that The New American Front was, after all, nothing peculiar and original, but only a recurrence of an ancient behavior pattern on a larger scale and done with modern trimmings.

Throughout the ages its real name has never been any other than *Cynicism*.

Operating under the guise of The New American Front it ran absolutely true to form. Any time, any place, cynicism is always the one-eyed slicker. Always the one eye peers and prys around squinting for the dirt and the despair. Always the other eye wears a blinker to shut out the sight of commendable and inspiring human endeavor.

Always cynicism is both manufacturer and wholesaler, producing and distributing the latest models of distrust, envy and prejudice. Always cynicism deals in propagandized half-truths and innuendo. All slander is good slander as long as you can get away with it—that's the cynicism motto.

Now we know.

We know because events have made this our hour of disclosure. This is the hour when the America of tomorrow is veiled in uncertainty, the suspenseful hour of urgent desire and need for unity. And seeking unity we encounter disunion—the inevitable cash-in of cynicism, alias The New American Front.

Now we know that the state of a nation is related not alone to the state of its bank-roll but is as vitally related to its state of mind.

In a human world who can live in peace and security if deprived of faith in men and their institutions? All bankruptcies that dismay us are not caused by loss of money. More tragic even than financial disaster may be the destruction of what we believe in. Beliefs, too, are property. They are a man's moral capital, his sustaining moral reserve.

Cynicism is the saboteur of faith. Give it enough time and opportunity and it will make a Humpty-Dumpty out of any nation, whether that nation be small or large.

But now cynicism's time is up—hallelujah!—and its trade franchise shrinking every day.

Something is happening in America and The New American Front is crumbling and retreating before it.

AMERICA REDISCOVERS

AS PUBLISHERS of *The Chicago Daily News* we believe that we report truly in saying that a change in the American mood is profoundly developing. We believe that we report responsibly and sensitively concerning this change of mood as manifested by 1,250,000 readers, constituting one of the most distinct and characteristic middle-class groups in the United States.

For at least 18 months the evidence has been coming to the editors and the management of our newspaper. By mail. By phone. And through the medium of personal talks.

Mounting every hour—working hours and after-work hours as well—the documentation of this change has been ours to witness. And to witness with ever deepening respect.

What has been impressed upon us is America rediscovering its Soul.

And Soul is, of course, very, very bad for cynicism.

But Soul is very, very good for a nation.

THE MAGIC OF COMPASSION

WHEN the World War (Second Edition) started it seemed far away. We over here were grandstand spectators seeing the show through the eyes of the war-correspondents.

But with the passing of the months the War came closer! It did not come any closer to our native shores in the form of enemy action, but it kept drawing *closer to our hearts.*

Pictures began to appear in the movie news-reels, in magazines, in newspapers. The pictures of dead soldiers were saddening; the pictures of bombed and burning towns and cities were terrifying. But there were other pictures—and these were the most appalling of all.

They were pictures of men, women and children; innocent and peaceful human beings, condemned by War to go on living, yet forbidden by War a place to live in and a means of livelihood.

Refugees all. The home-loving suddenly stricken and made homeless. The legion of the dispossessed. The legion of the walking dead.

Looking at the camera portrayals America saw them trudging and stumbling along the roads. Roads to where? They did not know. Just going.

Going with the pathetic salvage of their household furnishings and supplies piled in hand-carts and horse-wagons or basketed on the handlebars of a bicycle. Some with meager hand baggage. Some carrying only parcels hastily and desperately wrapped with paper and string. Some with a fear inscribed upon their faces which even imperfect photography could not conceal. Some so sick and weary that they had no longer enough strength to be afraid.

And, along with seeing, America heard. By turning a radio dial eager voices of the sacrificial mothers of beleaguered Britain came to our ears, speaking to their children sent thousands of miles away—away to safety.

"How are you, darling" . . . "I'm fine, mummie" . . . "How are your lessons?" . . . "Oh, they are quite good, I think" . . . "Father is not here but he sends his love" . . . "Give my love to him, too" . . . "Keep well" . . . "Yes, I shall" . . . "Good-bye, darling" . . . "Good-bye, mummie."

So was compassion stirred in millions of our hearts until all the stirrings became one single pulse, beating in a unison of pity.

And in the unselfish outgiving of our hearts we found something for ourselves.

From our vast sorrow for the homeless of the world the meaning of our own homes, *our own American homes,* has grown in stature and deepened in tenderness.

WHERE UNITY BEGINS

IN THIS renaissance of home-devotion we are doing another kind of bookkeeping. No longer are the habitations to which we hold title merely a list of physical assets. Today we are taking *spiritual* inventory of our home-life.

Vital and precious to us now is our regard for our home-blessings here in this land. We see them through a clearing vision and feel them with a cleansed and intensified emotion.

Revealed to us is the American home as the nesting-ground existing not alone for the rearing of the newborn, but dedicated also to the nurture of decency and gentleness of manner; to the fostering of the dignity of the human individual; to the inspiration of idealisms and patriotism.

Thus, in our love of home, has our nation found common agreement, a hearthstone of understanding that all may share. Are there conflicts between Capital and Labor? Are there disputes between Republicans and Democrats? Are there separations between Catholic, Jew and Protestant?

No, not on this one issue, not on this matter of love of home. Before this love all stand equal, and expressing this love all are equally eloquent. For this love of home all pledge themselves to the homeland of America in the larger and all-embracing loyalty.

Here is unity. And it is sweet and beautiful and strong. And it is grim and solemn, too, in its resolution to defend its priceless order and privileges against any attacking hand.

THE DAYS AHEAD FOR THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

THE days ahead for the business executive will be nagging days, bewildering days and days that will take exorbitant toll of a man's energies.

Converting the U.S.A. from a peace-time going concern to a war-time going concern cannot be other than a painful operation. The U.S.A. is too big and too varied in its activities and interests to make massive and complicated adjustments with the greatest of ease like the man on the flying trapeze.

But the business executive will accomplish the job, despite the terrific brain-strain he will suffer and the ravages to his nervous system—and maybe stomach ulcers into the bargain.

We make this assertion confidently because we have seen him do it before.

The Chicago Daily News is now in its 65th year of continuous publication, a span that has lived through other depressions and other wars. And always, enduring these adversities, private business ownership and private business management has shouldered new responsibilities, faced new problems realistically, developed new solutions—and progressed.

On the record of the past we have faith, with no reservation whatever, that the business executive will carry on that courageous record, writing still another chapter of competence, imagination, resourcefulness, bold heroic achievement.

Unquestionably every day of the days ahead will bring some sort of crisis to the business executive's desk. Some of these crises will be pee-wee; others will be of more bothersome dimension; still others will be A1 tough—when the entire brain-crew of a Company can't seem to scratch up any answers in the first huddle.

But no matter how giddy and scrambled the American business scene may appear there will remain some *fixed factors* to depend upon.

In Chicago particularly, *The Chicago Daily News* is a fixed factor producing maximum results for advertisers per dollar of expenditure. For three generations, *The Chicago Daily News* has been examined, accepted, approved and selected by the *same character of families* representing a *home-reading community* without duplicate in the Chicago metropolitan market area. No duplicate either in any other Chicago newspaper or any combination of Chicago newspapers.

For 65 years the clean and decent and independent editorial policy of the *Daily News* has not changed. For 65 years the typical *Daily News* audience has not changed.

Stability—substantiality—confidence—these are the elements and qualities which establish and perpetuate the *fixed factor value.*

The Chicago Daily News now has the highest circulation in its history. *Home and family* circulation. *Evening* circulation. *Preferred* circulation for the advertiser because the *Daily News* readers possess the *eagerness* to buy, the *means* to buy and the *need* to buy to maintain their superior standard of living.

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And whistle while you walk! You're off to see the newest, *quality* rayon togs at your favorite Men's Shop.

What's slated to make the fashion spot-light this Fall? You can spot the winners, right-off, by the Crown Tested Tag. That same famous Tag that has all the answers to your "Will it *wear*?". . . "Will it *clean*?". . . "Will its colors *resist* fading?"

So come along and spruce up. But don't forget your cue: Keep your eye peeled for that Crown Tested Tag! And that's easy . . . because so many of your favorite makers are *confining* their rayon purchases to Crown Tested fabrics and identifying them as such. They *know* that Crown Tested Rayon fabrics make *good* clothes . . . *better!*

Crown Tested Rayon Fabrics

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What does Crown Tested mean? It means that fabrics containing Crown Rayon and identified as Crown Tested have been constructed and finished according to standards for consumers' satisfaction. Samples of the fabric have been tested and approved by the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc., official laboratory of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, for fabric strength, seam strength, color fastness, and dry cleanability or washability as the case may be.

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The Superman of Baseball

Continued from page 53

to find out what sort of giants were playing on its teams—and then the truth came out. It seems that the statistician was more familiar with bookkeeping than with baseball. In his innocent simplicity he thought that a one-base hit was one hit, a double was two hits, a triple three hits and a home run four hits. Thus, a batter who went to the plate twice and slammed out a pair of homers was credited with eight hits in two times at bat—an average of 4.000, which is a little extreme, even in these days of the lively ball.

As a usual thing, though, the compilation of averages is more or less of a monopoly. The Howe News Bureau in Chicago does the job for the American League, the American Association, the Southern Association and a score of other leagues in various parts of the country. Al Monroe Elias Associates in New York do that work for the National League, the International League and various others. The leagues pay for the service—the sum ranging from a modest $100 or $125 from a Class D outfit to really important money from the majors.

Since these organizations also sell their figures to newspapers weekly and daily during the season, it is seldom that the final averages show much difference from the "unofficial" statistics published before the close of the season. It has been many years since the fans awaited with bated breath the "official" averages to see which of their favorites had won the batting crown—almost thirty years, to be exact.

That was the season of 1910, when the taint of scandal came about as close to rearing its ugly head as it ever has done among the ranks of official scorers. The American League batting race was being fought down the stretch by two of its greatest hitters—Ty Cobb and Napoleon Lajoie. Cobb was extremely unpopular among other players. Lajoie was one of the game's best-loved figures, nearing the end of his career and everyone was pulling for him to beat out the fiery Detroiter.

The batting championship carried with it the award of an automobile by Hugh Chalmers, which in those days was quite a prize. The last day of the season Cobb, apparently holding a safe lead, sustained a convenient injury and stayed out of the game. Lajoie's Cleveland club wound up with a double-header at St. Louis.

Then came the most amazing feat in baseball history—a performance that sidetracked interest in the impending world series between the Athletics and the Cubs. In nine times at bat during those two games, Lajoie made eight hits. One was a triple. The other seven were infield grounders—six of them to Johnny Corriden, who last year was one of the Cub coaches. Those eight hits gave this as the "unofficial" finish:

	At Bat	Hits	Pct.
Lajoie	592	228	.385
Cobb	508	194	.382

Were Lajoie's hits legitimate or the result of collusion? For a week the baseball world was rocked by the discussion. President Ban Johnson called in the rival managers, Lajoie, Umpire Billy Evans, sports writers and scorers. Fuel was added to the flames when the St. Louis sports writer who scored the game charged that a scout for the team had offered him a forty-dollar suit of clothes if he would give Lajoie a ninth hit on his other time at bat, in which he had reached base safely on what was called an error.

Finally, Ban made his decision. He ruled that he could find no basis for questioning the accuracy of any of the hits, and added:

"Before reaching this conclusion, I considered the detailed statements of Umpire Evans, who officiated in these games, as well as a special report from Mr. Collins, the official scorer, who saw the games and endorsed the correctness of the scoring of Mr. Parrish, his assistant. I also discussed with Manager O'Connor and Third Baseman Corriden the incidents which were the foundation of the newspaper charges of collusion between the St. Louis team and player Lajoie.

"Manager O'Connor attributes Lajoie's success in making infield hits to his shrewdness in switching from the driving system he usually employs to bunting, thereby springing the unexpected on Corriden, whose major league experience is limited.

"I also desire to call attention to a declaration by Mr. Evans in his report that in his judgment, Lajoie was entitled to nine hits instead of eight. This is corroborated by the fact that in his report of the games in St. Louis, Mr. Lanigan (a noted sports writer of that period) gave nine hits to Lajoie."

Ban, however, didn't follow the course which he pursued a dozen years later and Lajoie therefore was credited with only the eight official hits. But alas! They were not enough. When the official figures were released immediately after Johnson's ruling, they showed that the finish had been:

	At Bat	Hits	Pct.
Cobb	509	196	.384944
Lajoie	591	227	.384084

Hugh Chalmers generously gave each of them an auto—but the majors made him discontinue his prizes after that season.

The toughest spot for an official scorer to be in is when a pitcher is approaching baseball's hall of fame with a no-hit game. It's an even tougher spot when something that could have been called an error in the early innings begins to look like the only safe hit of the afternoon. Nowadays it has to remain that way, but it wasn't always.

There are at least two no-hit contests in the record books that weren't regarded as such when the final out was made. The most historic occurred in 1912, when big Jeff Tesreau of the Giants hurled a magnificent game against the Phillies. The only hit was made in the second inning by Sherry Magee, the ball zipping past Fred Merkle at first. After the contest, the New York writers persuaded the Philadelphia scorer to come under the grandstand and talk it over with Merkle. Fred readily accepted the misplay.

"Sure it was an error," he told the Philadelphia scribe. "It came to me on a good hop, but the ball just got away."

Accordingly it was erased as a hit and credited as an error, and Tesreau had his no-hitter.

The other instance took place in St. Louis in May, 1917. Ernie Koob, just out of Kalamazoo College, was hurling for the Browns, with the White Sox as his opponents. Buck Weaver hit a hard bounder past first base which second baseman Ernie Johnson knocked down, but couldn't recover in time to make the throw. It was recorded as a hit—the only one of the game.

It was duly reported as a one-hit game, too, by the writers present. To their amazement they discovered later that the official scorer had changed his mind, and Koob's no-hitter went into the book.

Oddly enough, the next afternoon in the second game of a double-header, Bob Groom of the Browns also pitched a no-hit game against the White Sox. "It was a real no-hit game," wrote Si Sanborn bitterly in the *Chicago Tribune* the next day. "No one had to use an eraser to make it one."

The Koob incident was the last time a switch of that kind has ever been made. The Baseball Writers' Association quite emphatically informed its members that what was a hit in the first or second inning was still a hit in the ninth, and the boys have operated on that principle ever since.

It is possible that in a more liberal era the distinction of pitching two successive no-hit games would have gone to Howard Ehmke, rather than to Johnny Vander Meer. In 1923, Howard hurled a no-hitter against Philadelphia. His next start was in New York against the Yankees, then in the midst of winning their third straight pennant.

New York's lead-off man was Whitey Witt. He opened the Yankee half of the first inning with a grounder down the third base line. The ball took a bad bounce and struck third baseman Howard Shanks of the Red Sox in the chest. Fred Lieb, the official scorer, ruled that Witt was speedy enough to have beaten the ball out even if it had been handled perfectly and a good throw made to first base Accordingly he called it a hit. Ironically enough, Ehmke retired the next twenty-seven batters in order. Despite petitions by fans and team mates and the declaration by Shanks himself that he felt it was an error, the game stood as called—a one-hitter. That's how close Ehmke came to preceding Vander Meer by more than a decade in the startling performance of two successive no-hit games.

But there's the other side of it, too. It has been said, and said truly, that the average baseball player would rather make a base hit than eat. To deprive a player of a hit is like cutting off an arm—which is one reason why more parks don't display the symbol "H" or "E" on their scoreboards after a doubtful play to tell fans (and players) whether it has been ruled a hit or an error. More than once a player has shaken a fist at the press-box when the "E" flashed on the board when he thought he had made a hit. For a time league rules prohibited giving this information during a game.

Apropos of ball players and their base hits, "Rabbit" Maranville tells of the minor leaguer who was particularly hit-conscious (as what player isn't?). Anyhow, this chap had an unusually good afternoon in which he made three hits. The next morning his wife rushed to him with the newspaper. She pointed excitedly to the box-score, which showed only one hit to his credit.

Naturally the player was burned up. He was still simmering when he hit the ball park. At the gate he encountered the baseball writer in whose newspaper had appeared the box score.

"Hey, what's the big idea?" demanded the irate athlete. "I shoulda got three hits yesterday and you only gimme one. What does a guy have to do in this league to get a hit, anyhow? I—"

"Just a minute, keep your shirt on," said the author. "Those were typographical errors."

"Typographical errors nothing!" exploded the player. "I hit that first one through short like a bullet and the second baseman didn't even get a glove on that one that went past him."

Baseball scoring is as old as the game itself. The first score ever kept was for a game between the Knickerbocker Club and the New York Club at Hoboken, New Jersey, June 19, 1846. It was a simple thing that merely showed: "Turney 1 run, 1 out; Williams, 2 runs, 0 outs, etc." Compare this with a modern official score blank, which by actual measurement is nine and a half inches wide and twenty-three inches long. Where the old-timer was content merely to show runs and outs, the 1941 blank has eighteen spaces after each man's name to be filled out, including the condition of the weather and the grounds.

In the century or so since the first official scorer took pencil in hand and proceeded to make runs and outs the effortless way, numerous ticklish situations have come up that required quick thinking. For instance, did you ever hear of the triple play in which not a fielder touched the ball? Max Carey, former Pittsburgh and Brooklyn manager, says that this

Continued at top of page 160

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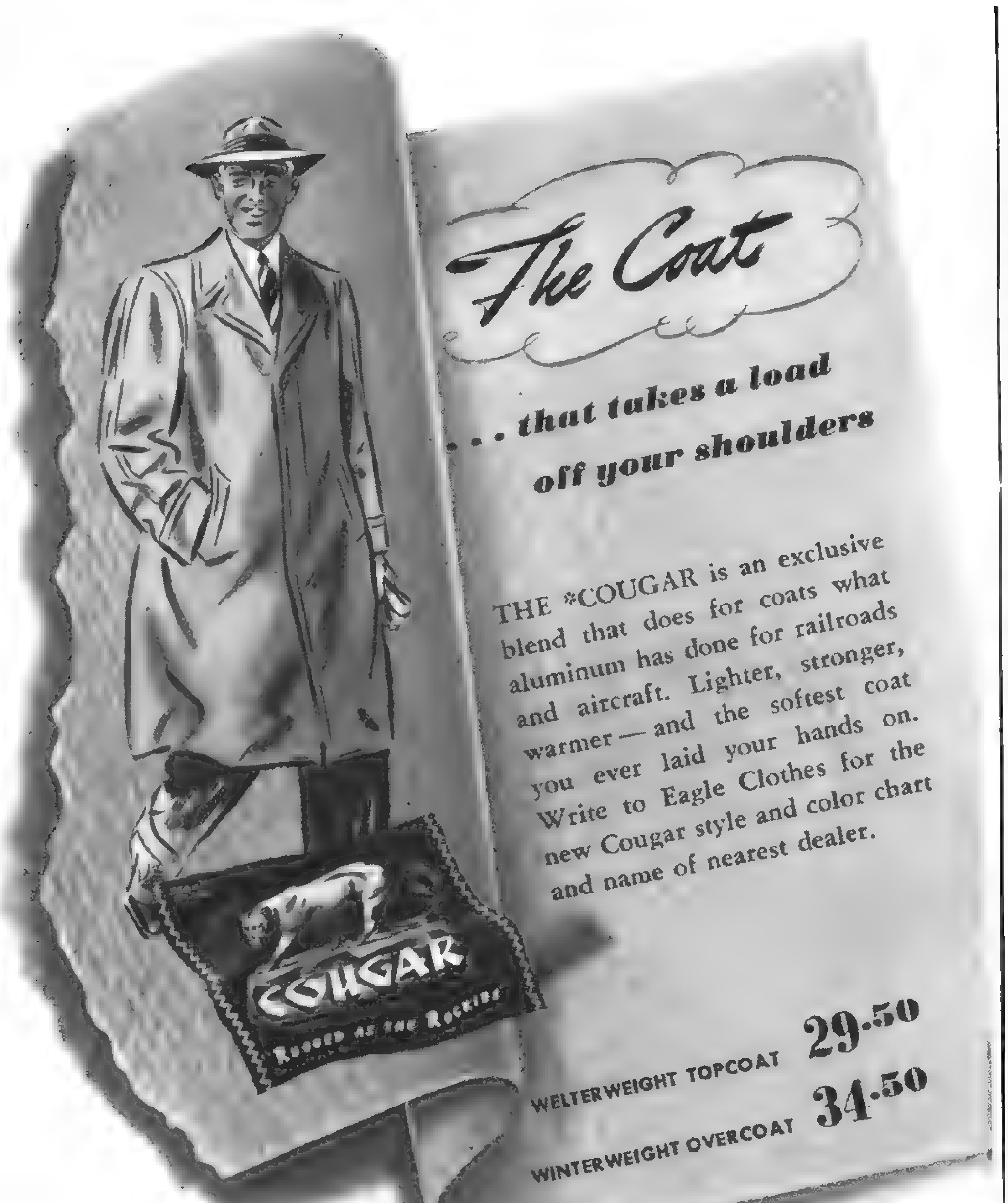

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STYLE WITH THE BIG-TOWN TOUCH

The Superman of Baseball

Continued from pages 53-159

unusual event happened like this:

"The bases were filled. The hitter popped up to the infield, and was out on the infield fly rule. The man on second lost the ball in the sun and it hit him on the shoulder as it descended. He was out for being hit by a batted ball. The ball, in the meantime, rolled over towards first. The runner on that base, disgusted by what had happened, took a lusty kick and booted the ball into the outfield. He was called out for interference. There you have it—three outs, a triple play, and not a fielder touched the ball!"

Think that's a tough one? Then listen to this.

In August, 1937, the town teams of Cascade and Buckhorn, Missouri, were engaged in a bitter battle on the latter's home field. Came the last of the ninth, and Cascade was leading, 1 to 0. The first two batters were retired. The third man smashed a terrific liner that headed direct for the fence.

With the crack of the bat the left-fielder started in pursuit of the ball. It looked like a certain home run, but to his startled amazement, the ball split into two pieces as he leaped high in the air to make the catch. He made a brilliant play to clutch the cover in his gloved hand, but the "innards" continued over the fence.

Finally, the man with the score book made his official pronouncement:

"Final score: Cascade, 1; Buckhorn, ½!"

Even Solomon in all his glory couldn't call 'em any finer than that! ⧺

This Can't Be Corn . . .

Continued from page 51

long as you care for it. As for Rodgers and Hart, they aren't laying any bets with posterity; they are rated double A with ASCAP and probably the same in Bradstreet—and that's plenty.

Have they a distinctive style? Yes? But don't throw me into a dark room, play a record, and ask me is this Rodgers and Hart, or the two Gershwins, or Schwartz and Dorothy Fields, or Kern and a better lyricist than he usually gets. The truth is that every one who composes for musical shows, on stage or screen, has to satisfy a few requirements; and a hundred and one composers do that part of the work in about the same way. In each show, however, a good number will always be found which represents its writers at their top of skill and, usually, at the top moment of intelligence. That song no one else could have written and usually you know it. Among such are Arthur Schwartz' *Louisiana Hayride*, Kern's *The Way You Look Tonight*, Gershwin's *Swanee*, in his early days, Berlin's *Heat, Wave* or *Always*, Porter's *I Get A Kick Out Of You*, and Rodger's *This Can't Be Love*. I've mentioned the composers only, but in each case the lyrics run sweetly with the melodies, giving a happy feeling all around. Run through the words in your head and you will see how different the styles are—and the musical setting differs as much.

I am a little afraid to talk about differences because I have just read, by the courtesy of Virgil Thomson in the *New York Herald Tribune*, a series of quotations about popular music which startle and intimidate me. They come from an article on popular music by T. W. Adorno (with the assistance of George Simpson), in *Studies in Philosophy and Social Science*, a publication of the Institute of Social Research in New York. Here is the major quotation—

"The whole structure of popular music is standardized. . . . Best known is the rule that the chorus consists of thirty-two bars and that the range is limited to one octave and one note. The general types of hits are also standardized; not only the dance types, the rigidity of whose pattern is understood, but also the 'characters,' such as mother songs, home songs, nonsense or novelty songs, pseudo-nursery rhymes, laments for a lost girl. Most important of all, the harmonic cornerstones of each hit—the beginning and the end of each part—must beat out the standard scheme. This scheme emphasizes the most primitive harmonic facts no matter what has harmonically intervened. Complications have no consequence. This inexorable device guarantees that regardless of what aberrations occur, the hit will lead back to the same familiar experience, and nothing fundamentally novel will be introduced . . . The primary effect of this relation between the framework and the detail is that the listener becomes prone to evince stronger relations to the part than to the whole."

Well, yes, and I recommend the whole article on the strength of parts I've seen. But I *do* feel originality within the standard patterns; melodies run in one way for Porter, in another for Kern. And in Rodgers and Hart—assuming that the writer of words helps to mold the line of music, I almost never feel the stale pattern—maybe it isn't there.

It wasn't there, anyhow, in the terrific finale of *On Your Toes;* a masterly combination of comedy and melodrama, of hoofing and ballet, of spoofing and genuine excitement. And if the pattern persists in *This Can't Be Love*, then it is the kind of pattern which makes us say "good morning" and "thank you"—because the pattern is the simplest, truest, most direct way of saying what we mean.

Which is about the best one can say about words and music. ⧺

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 95

the wife and children were the chief support of the family, he was its head, spokesman for them all, which is, of course, as it should be.

Young children from their earliest years were made aware of the great natural forces moving in color and rhythm about them. The tribal customs were rigidly prescribed and elaborate ceremonies surrounded all the natural changes of life. One of the most interesting is the Girl's *Coming of Age* Song, during which the medicine man sings all night for four nights. Part of this can be heard on Record 94-A of *Indian Music of the Southwest* (Victor Album P-49). The ceremony is described as follows: "On the first day neighbors and relatives, both men and women, arrive with a medicine man. The girl is dressed handsomely, and the family put all their jewelry on her. Her hair is left loose, tied in the middle with a string from a sacred buckskin. Her mother puts her to work and she must grind all the corn meal that is used during four days. While she is doing this, all the people and her mother give her orders: tell her to go and get wood, bring in a goat, or wait on somebody. This is so she will not be lazy and will work like that all her life. Early in the morning of each day, she is made to run a race, east, south, west, and north—to make her a good runner.

"During these days she cannot eat sweet things nor anything with salt in it; she cannot drink water; she must not scratch herself and she must sleep as little as possible. All these taboos were to make her beautiful and industrious.

"The fourth morning her men relatives dig a large hole in front of the hut and keep a fire in it all day. Toward night when the fire dies down to coals, the women line the hole with corn-husks, pour in a lot of mush and cover it over with more husks. The girl puts the first mush in the center and this heart is later given to the medicine man. All night lucky songs are sung inside the house about the increase of horses, of sheep, of jewelry and of flexible goods, and the girl must keep awake to avoid bad luck. Early the next morning her mother gives her a ceremonial basket, with water and a yucca root in it and helps her wash her hair. At daylight she rushes out of the house to the east with the boys following after her. They let her win the race because, if any one went ahead of her, he would become old before she did. . . . This ceremony with further elaboration should properly be given over again one lunar month later, but it is not necessary."

The "squaw" dance (Record 91-A) was formerly a War Dance, but is now the ceremony where Indian Brenda Fraziers make their debut. On the day before, there is a run on traders' tills by young men for dimes; because when the girls summon a man by a tug at his blanket he must dance with them or pay a forfeit. The dance goes on for three nights, and there are many shy glances as the maiden leads out before the whole tribe the boy of her choice. She takes him by the elbow and whirls him slowly backwards while she crow-hops beside him. If he loves her, he will dance a long time before he gives up his dime.

The poor boys who have no dime, or do not wish to get married, sit on their horses, a solid phalanx about the fire, along with the careful husbands who already have one wife and who do not want any more. When some wary maiden spies a man of her choice on a horse, he usually puts spurs to the animal and tries to escape. But at her first shrill s.o.s. all the maidens, their mothers and chaperons, rush out and pull him down.

Sometimes he is not as reluctant as he pretends, but often he jerks away, leaving the poor girl scorned and humiliated, or he pays what he must to be released. This is the gentlemanly thing to do, pleading a dislike for dancing or that the whirling backwards makes him dizzy. But all in all the unmarried maidens—for only they can dance—have a gay and festive time. Each wrapped in a gaudy blanket with her black hair clean and shining makes a brilliant figure around the fire, and everyone gets a husband. There are no old maids or bachelors and the stigma of illegitimacy does not exist.

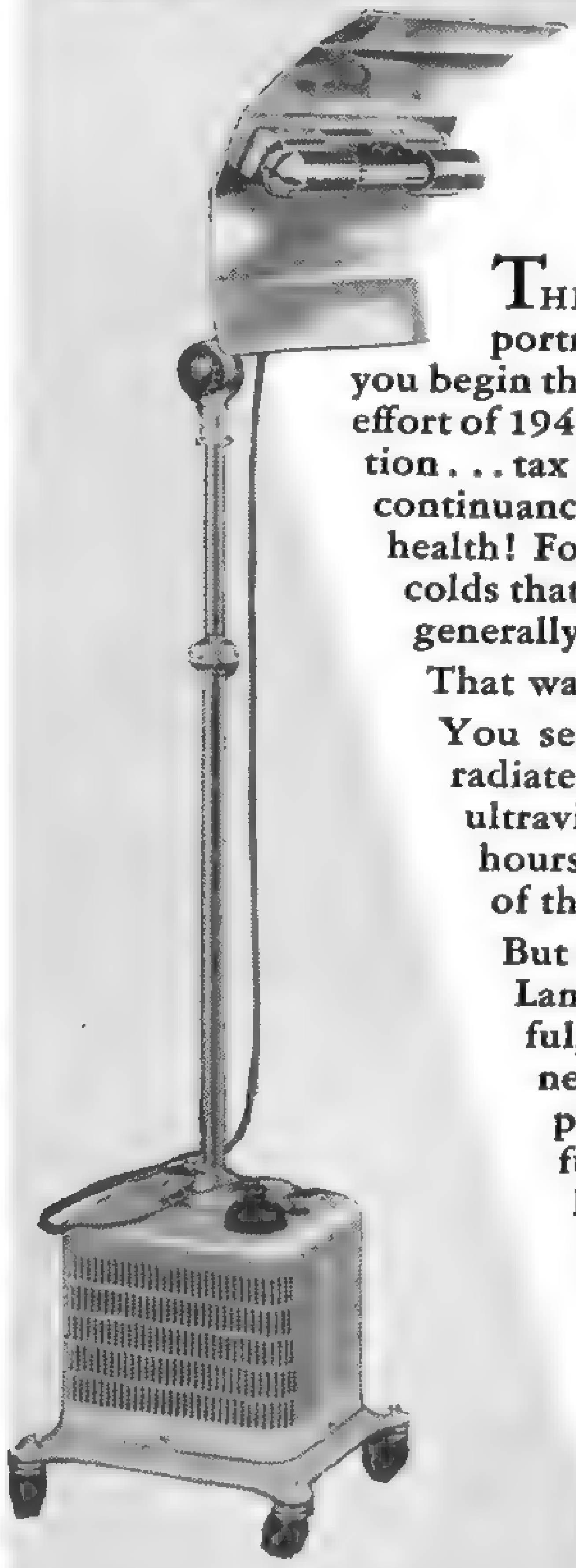
Victor's *Music of the Southwest* albums are full of ceremonial and sacred chants, including Harvest Songs of the Zuni, Corn Dances, Drum Dances, Horse Stealing Songs from the Rio Grande pueblos. Laura Boulton, who recorded them, says: "All Indian music is a communal, tribal outpouring. Even when a soloist performs, it is not because he has a beautiful voice and wants to give aesthetic pleasure but because he has a song which has particular value or power. He may have bought it from someone or 'received' it in a dream, as the Plains Indians do. But it is not the individual that counts in the singing or even in the composing, it is the tribe."

The Indians, like most primitive people, ascribe human qualities to animals, plants, clouds, mountains, even the snow. They have songs for everything, including a *Making-More-People* Song.

Among themselves, they exhibit a sly humor and a rare tolerance for the vagaries of white people and their governments..They were the original dry farmers, knew potatoes, Irish and sweet, turkey, kidney beans, chocolate, corn fritters, tapioca, salted peanuts, before Columbus arrived. And they had no dietary clinics. Insanity and nervous disease are unknown among them. And they appreciate beauty and are artists in living. Had they been allowed to work

Continued on page 162

THE CASE OF THE
Sun-Starved Executive



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THIS could easily be your own portrait, taken a few minutes before you begin the biggest job in your life—the "all out" effort of 1941-42! You're thinking about defense production . . . tax problems . . . but most important, about the continuance of your own efficiency, energy and good health! For last winter, remember, you had a series of colds that shattered your resistance and made you feel generally "low" for months on end.

That was because you were *sun-starved!*

You see, from now till the end of winter, the sun radiates only about 1/12 as much vital health-giving ultraviolet rays as in summer. And busy offices, late hours with little time off, even rob you of most of this. You become *unavoidably sun-starved!*

But don't worry! For with a Hanovia Alpine Sun Lamp at home you can get ALL of the healthful, invigorating sunshine your run-down body needs. You can fortify yourself with needed pep and vigor. Each day as you bask a few blissful moments under its tonic-like rays you can let your body drink up quantities of healthfulness. Yes! A Hanovia Home Sun Lamp is the *modern* way to insure salubrity and help avoid "winter-weakened" resistance.

Remember though, *no other lamp* is as effective as a Hanovia, for Hanovia Alpine Lamps, with their patented quartz mercury tubes are the only lamps that bring you *all 12 bands of ultraviolet*—substantially more *effective* rays than any other make!

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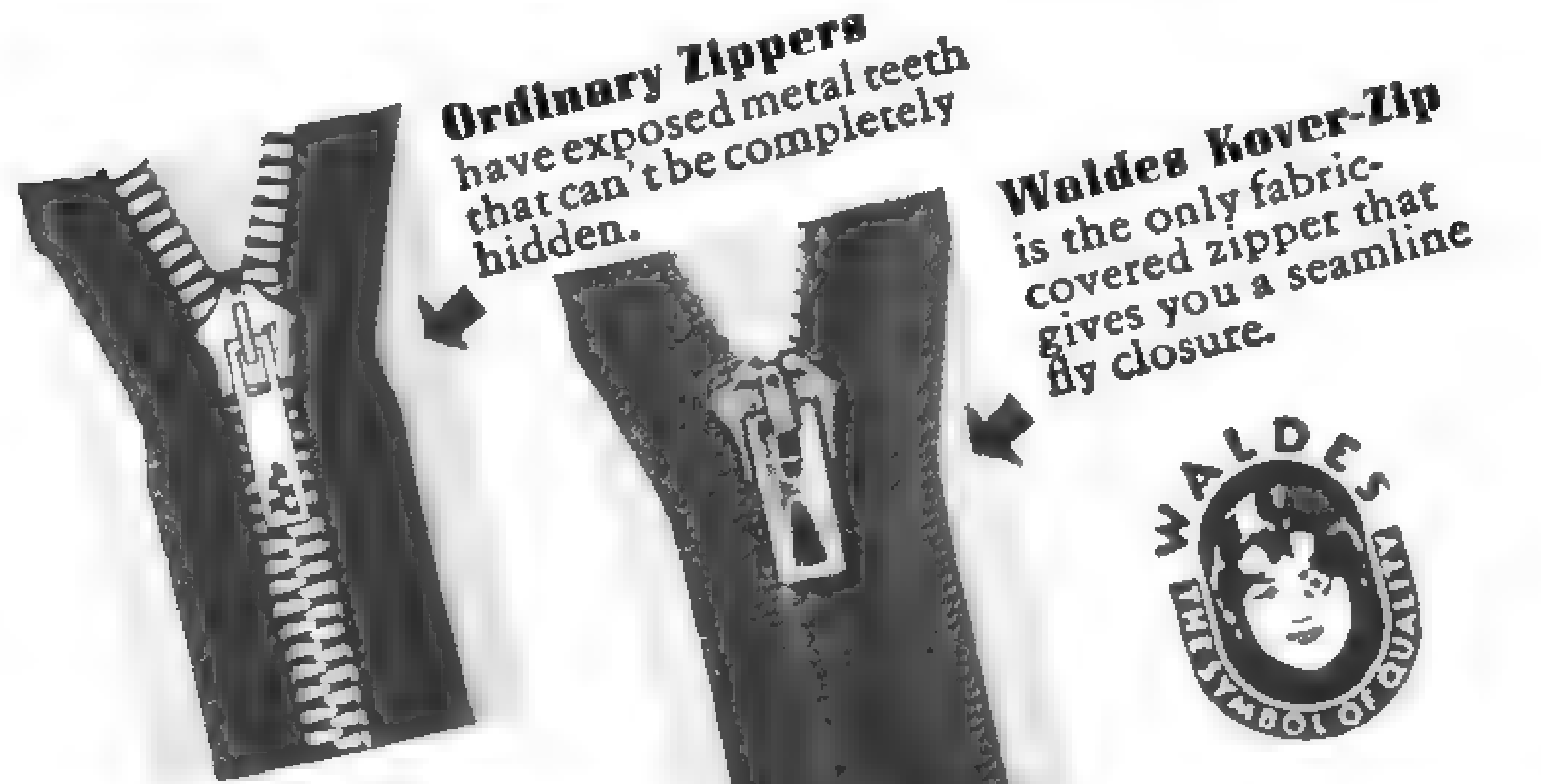
One zipper keeps its "teeth" invisible—Waldes Kover-Zip. This *modern* zipper has an exclusive fabric-cover that forms an integral part of the zipper itself. It blends with your suit's material . . . "seals" the trouser-fly with a smooth, "custom-tailored" seam that remains invisible whether the fly gapes or not! You enjoy all the modern convenience of a zipper—plus the advantage of knowing your zipper is secret!

One more thing: there's a lot of satisfaction in the name, Waldes Kover-Zip. For every Waldes Kover-Zip is guaranteed to outlast the life of the garment!

Manufactured exclusively by Waldes Koh-I-Noor, Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.



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Waldes Kover-Zip for home sewing, too . . . . at your favorite notions counter in all leading shades and sizes; for every purpose.

Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 95-161

out their own salvation, they would eventually have overcome all difficulties and might well have built up a civilization not attempted by any other race of men. It is the tragedy of American history as of that of the world that so much human effort has come to nought, and that so many hopeful experiments in life and living were cut short by the devastating blight of a "superior" civilization.

Sales Blurb: Love-Music

Leopold Stokowski expresses himself better in the English language than most people. Recently, he penned the best sales blurb ever written. On the cover of his recording of the *Love Music* from *Tristan und Isolde* (Columbia Album M-427), he writes: "All of the arts have painted the passion and ecstasy and despair of love. Poetry, painting, dance, drama, sculpture have all given us wonderful examples of their eloquence to portray love. Even architecture, which at first would seem to be remote from this form of expression, has given us abiding creations such as the Taj Mahal and the Marble Pavilion at Fathepur Sikri. But the perfect expression of love among the arts is music. And probably the most intense and deeply felt of all is the love music in *Tristan und Isolde.*

"All through the three acts of this music-drama is sounding the despair and ecstasy of love...The voices of the instruments in the orchestra glide over each other voluptuously, or spring upwards with abandon, and the whole tonal design of the orchestra is seething unendingly as the creative energy of love pours itself into life-expression. . . . This love-music continues its overpowering eloquence when words can not continue, when even life cannot further express itself. It is the supreme and ultimate of the poetry of love."

Fortunately, it is the least distorted of Stokowski's interpretations with The All-American Youth Orchestra, most of which have been uneven and full of vagaries. In Los Angeles last July Stokowski spent two weeks making discs with most of the members of the second edition of his Youth Orchestra plus a few professionals. Though he is no longer with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski still competes with himself on records. Columbia is issuing the *Youth* records and Victor puts out those he made before resigning in Philadelphia. His latest Victor Album, Saint-Saens' *Carnival of the Animals* (Album M-785) is exciting and vibrant and considerably better tonally than his Youth-Orchestra releases.

For the Connoisseur:

Povla Frijsh's Art Songs (Victor Album M-789): "A song, rightly sung, is a part of life's sustenance: it is a realization and a deep experience," claims Madame Frijsh, and proceeds to prove it. She was not endowed with the voice of Melba, or Tetrazzini, or Flagstad, though on these records her voice is surprisingly fresh and beautiful, and she has talents all her own. She sings four Gypsy Melodies by Dvorak and other "bits of life" by the American Maginski, the English Rebecca Clarke, and Hahn, Dupont, Chausson, Duparc, Ravel, Fauré, and Debussy.

Songs of the Bach Family: Ernst Wolff accompanying himself at the piano (Columbia Album M-457). A collection to prove "like father, like son," it is full of small gems by three of the fifty-three musical Bachs.

Mozart: Sonata No. 34, in F major (K376). Yehudi and Hepzibah Menuhin. (Victor Album M791.) Recorded several years ago by the famous Menuhins, this sonata is full of joy, lightness, youthful animation, and is a never-ending cause of wonder to all who know the surpassing art of music's purest genius.

J. S. Bach: The Little Organ Book. Played by E. Power Biggs on the organ of the Germanic Museum in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Volume I, Chorales from New Years' Day through the Ascension (Victor Album M-652). Volume II, Chorales from Whitsunday through Advent (Victor Album M-697). So that music lovers could hear the chorales of Bach approximately as he heard them with a clear, transparent organ tone, the instrument used for these discs was especially constructed. A *must* for every library.

Add:

A new Linguaphone catalogue came in the mail last week. There is something reassuring, if a bit nostalgic, about hearing P. T. Barnum proclaim his philosophy . . . about listening to Florence Nightingale greet her "Comrades of Balaklava" fifty years ago . . . about the chap who blew the bugle at the Charge of the Light Brigade blowing it again . . . about Nellie Melba and Ernestine Schumann-Heink bidding farewell to Covent Garden. William Jennings Bryan speaks his *Cross of Gold*; Edison tells humorous stories; Sherlock Holmes is explained by his creator; Mahatma Gandhi . . . well, the surprises are endless.

. . . *The* war song is yet to come. *Arms for the Love of America* isn't it. Nor *There'll Always Be an England* nor *God Bless America.* When are we going to have an *Over There?* And *A Long, Long Trail A-Windin'?*

. . . To add spice to your collection, to make you a Ripley, write to Melotone Recording Studios, 25 Central Park West, New York, for Florence Foster Jones's singing of the dramatic aria of the Queen of the Night from Mozart's *Magic Flute.* What I might say about it would be libelous, so I won't. You buy it and, if it isn't worth the price of admission, I'll refund your money. ⧻

BEST SELLERS

Permanent — *Transient*

Columbia Recording Corp., Bridgeport, Conn.

Rhapsody in Blue (Gershwin); André Kostelanetz & his orchestra featuring Alec Templeton at the piano. Set X-196

Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat—"Eroica" (Beethoven); Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of N. Y. Set M-449

Firebird Suite (Stravinsky); Leopold Stokowski conducting the All-American Youth Orchestra. Set M-446

Invitation to the Dance (Weber-Stokowski); Leopold Stokowski and the All-American Youth Orchestra. 11481-D

A Brahms Recital; Lotte Lehmann accompanied by Paul Ulanowsky at the piano. Set M-453

Peer Gynt Suite No. 1 (Grieg); Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Set X-180

Concerto No. 1 in B-Flat Minor (Tschaikowsky); Egon Petri and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. Set M-318

The Hut Sut Song; The Way You Look at Me; Horace Heidt. Columbia 36138

Aurora; Daddy; Harry James. Columbia 36171

Maria Elena; Time and Time Again; Eddy Duchin. Columbia 36089

'Til Reveille; Say When; Kay Kyser. Columbia 36137

Let's Get Away from It All; Just a Little Bit South of North Carolina; Gene Krupa. Okeh 6130

Intermezzo; Simpatica; Charlie Spivak. Okeh 6120

I'll Be Back in a Year; Old Mississippi Moon; The Prairie Ramblers. Okeh 06053

Be Honest With Me; What's Gonna Happen to Me; Gene Autry. Okeh 05980

Answer to You Are My Sunshine; You'll Always Have My Heart; Bob Atcher & Bonnie Blue Eyes. Okeh 06090

The Guy Who Stole My Wife; St. Louis Blues; Hoosier Hot Shots. Okeh 06217

Jenkins Music Company, 1217-23 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Heart of the Symphony; Charles O'Connell Victor Symphony Orchestra. Victor G-15

Paderewski Golden Anniversary Album (Paderewski); Victor M-748

Symphony No. 6 in B Minor—Pathetique (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski and the All-American Youth group. Columbia M-432

Blue Danube Waltz; Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor No. 15425

Blues Pt. 1 & 2; Artie Shaw. Victor 27411

Daddy; Two Hearts that Pass in the Night; Sammy Kaye. Victor No. 27391

The Hut Sut Song; Music Makers; Four King Sisters. Bluebird No. 1154

Maria Elena; Green Eyes; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca No. 3698

Intermezzo; Because; Wayne King. Victor 26659

Deland's Music Store, 27 Chapman St., Greenfield, Mass.

Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-265

Rhapsody in Blue (Gershwin); Boston Pops Orchestra. Victor M-358

Beethoven Symphony No. 5; Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra. Victor M-640

Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven); Paderewski. Victor M-349

Peter and the Wolf (Prokofieff); Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-566

Maria Elena; Green Eyes; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3698

The Hut Sut Song; The Way You Look At Me; Horace Heidt. Columbia 36138

Daddy; Two Hearts that Pass in the Night; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27391

Amapola; Intermezzo; Benny Goodman. Columbia 36050

My Sister and I; In the Hush of the Night; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3710

Haddorff's, 108 W. State St., Rockford, Illinois

Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat Major (Vladimir Horowitz); Arturo Toscanini & NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-740

Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-265

Gaité Parisienne (Offenbach); Efrem Kurtz and London Philharmonic Symphony. Columbia X-115

Let's Get Away from It All; Pts. 1 & 2; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27377

Stardust; Swannee River; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27233

Smooth One; Good Enough To Keep; Benny Goodman. Columbia 36099

Green Eyes; Adios; Xavier Cugat. Victor 26794

Dolores; Walking by the River; Harry James. Columbia 36069

Rutz Music Company, 259 Dauphin Street, Mobile, Alabama

Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski. Victor M-265

Symphony in D Minor (César Franck); Dmitri Mitropoulos & Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Columbia M-436

Symphony No. 4 in E Minor (Brahms); Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-730

Concerto No. 1 in B-Flat Minor; London Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-180

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2; Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 14422

Yours; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3657

My Sister and I; King Sisters. Bluebird 11122

Yes Indeed; Bing Crosby. Decca 3689

You Won't Let Me Go; Southern Echoes; Buddy Johnson. Decca 8518

I Cared for You More Than I Knew; Ernst Tubb. Decca 5938

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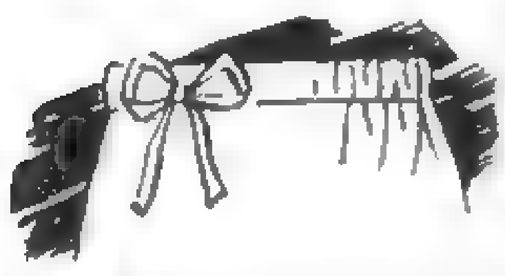

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PAJAMAS
made with
DOT SNAPPERS
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UNITED-CARR FASTENER CORP.
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Makers of *Dot Snappers*—the laundry-proof fasteners that replace old-fashioned buttons.

Plastically Speaking

Continued from page 63

medium of plastic. George acquired his knowledge the hard way. As a professional football player he financed his art studies on the West Coast and continues to carry football as his principal hobby after plastic design. Working in plastics for the last ten years, Walker has styled a conservative $500,000,000 worth of industrial products from his studios in Detroit's New Center Building. More than two thousand products have been designed under the Walker name including everything from radios, airplanes, clocks and vacuum sweepers to a dozen revolutionary designs for American automobile manufacturers. Walker began his plastic work in 1935, and 1941 finds him an outstanding authority on the threshold of plastic's greatest era.

Walker's ideal of the car of the future is ultra-streamlined, resembling a huge Disney beetle. It carries its engine in the rear, where, the designer contends, it has belonged all the time. Under the present day hood there is a great deal of waste space . . . space which the very design of the car prevents putting to good use in the passenger compartment. Just as the elimination of the running boards has provided more space "inside" the car, so will future plastic models with rear-end engines offer twenty-five to thirty-five per cent more room than current cars. The rear engine, in turn, makes possible an interesting variety of "living room" arrangements for seating passengers. One such consists of a fixed seat for the driver, with movable divans and easy chairs for passengers. So arranged, passengers will be able to face to the front, to the sides, or to the rear.

With all-around air conditioning, the car of the future will not utilize windows of the conventional type, with levers and cranks to raise and lower them. Rather, as shown in Walker's renderings, windows of "plastic glass" will be permanently set in place. Of substance thicker than ordinary plate glass, but without its weight, they will not fog or freeze or collect bothersome condensation.

Walker waxes enthusiastic over the color possibilities of plastic. "Materials may be obtained in transparent, translucent and opaque colors in all shades of the spectrum. By the mixing of colors during the molding process, all sorts of configurations are possible, many in the near perfect imitation of nature. Mother-of-pearl, tortoise shell and onyx, to name just a few, can be easily simulated."

The plastic car of the future . . . the near future . . . will offer a number of outstanding advantages, thinks Walker.

It will be much lighter than the steel-bodied car and hence economical in fuel consumption.

It will be quieter. A plastic substance, being "dead" material, will insulate against noise far better than steel.

Further, the car will be more comfortable, for plastics have heat insulating properties. They will keep heat either in or out of a car body. This leads the imagination to conceive truly air conditioned automobile interiors, automatically cooled in summer and heated in winter.

"Fast" colors, molded into the plastic at time of manufacture, will eliminate painting, chipping and rusting and so reduce initial cost.

Most fascinating of all is the idea of "plastic glass." This intrigues Walker no end. For a long time, says he, he has had an overwhelming ambition to do something about the glass in automobiles. He wants to replace it completely with a crystal clear, transparent substance that has strength and that can be molded to "flow-in" with the body lines of the car.

Today, he says, such synthetic "glass" is arrived at a high degree of perfection. As clear as real glass, it will do what few forms of special glass can do . . . admit health-giving ultra-violet rays of sunlight, exclude the harmful infra-red.

"Plastic glass" is now worn in the goggles of workmen whose eyes would otherwise be endangered by flying particles of metal. Even spectacles are made of it, their lenses ground to prescription like those of ordinary eye glasses.

"Last year, clear and practically unbreakable sheets of an acrylic resin substance were successfully incorporated into the cockpit and nose of the huge four-engined Consolidated Aircraft Model 29-4 flying boat. Pilots and observers aboard modern military aircraft are protected from wind and weather by 'houses' of crystal-clear plastic which gives them unlimited visibility while flying."

Taking his cue from aircraft builders, Walker has evolved a "car of tomorrow" design that utilizes pleasingly curved windshields and windows of plastic. One series of Walker sketches highlights the idea of a clear, transparent roof, which gives the occupant complete convertible visibility. Some of his models have roofs that are part transparent and part translucent plastic.

Plastic progress already permits shaping of sheets and bars and rods of the substance to specifications at temperatures ranging from 180 to 250 degrees Fahrenheit, using simple forms.

Not all the plastic progress is represented on Walker's drawing boards.

Designer Edward Macauley of Packard has delved deeply into the subject of plastics. He took his vacation this year in a car whose roof was made of transparent plastic permitting all the advantages of convertible operation without the discomforts of

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This SPORTJACK is designed by Gantner stylists in two-tone, diagonal patterns in black, oxford or seal and natural, solid guardsman, Glengarry and ceramic, solid seal brown.

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ARLINGTON MILLS
Lawrence, Mass.

rain and wind. He came home with a tremendous tan acquired through the roof of his transparent car.

Henry Ford recently came forth with the assurance that plastic automobile bodies are not only possible but practicable. A few months ago he let it be known that his Dearborn laboratories had turned the trick. Robert Boyer, his thirty-one-year-old plastic researcher, had gone far enough with his experiments to justify the prediction that the public would see mass production of plastic bodies within three years at the outside. He hinted at one year.

Ford delights to confound the skeptical. There were some. Ford invited them out to see a body built of plastics. Dramatically he answered the question, "Is it strong?" by seizing a long handled axe and swinging it full and lustily on the rear deck panel of the plastic body. The axe bounced off the elastic surface leaving the smallest blemish. Then he proceeded, by the same means, to inflict serious damage on the steel fender of a conventional car.

Walker points to other signs to strengthen his conviction as a prophet of plastics. On the West Coast a trainer plane has been successfully built entirely of plastic plywoods. The Army Air Corps has also evolved a "plastic" plane that lends itself to mass production. Glenn L. Martin is successfully at work on the problem of molding airplane fuselages and wings out of plastics.

The present decade, Walker believes, will go down in history as a magic era in which entirely new materials from the chemical laboratory will give workaday objects increased durability and lessened weight while adding brand new colors, shapes and forms.

"The day of the plastic car is almost here," says Walker with convincing enthusiasm. Even before dive bombers began blasting Europe there was talk here of building car bodies of plastics. The events of 1941 have merely served to step up the program and force us on a search for new and better materials to replace the ones denied us."

Listening to the woeful tale of vital metal shortages from George Walker's lips, one would almost suspect him of crocodile tears. He points out that the greater share of the zinc that normally went into the construction of die-cast radiator grilles, is now pouring into the melting pots of defense industry. Walker seems strangely undismayed by the lack of this seemingly essential metal. He hints that even in the 1942 models motorists will see the beginning of a trend toward cars that are completely without die-cast radiator grilles as the public now knows them. Conventional grilles will have been eliminated and air for engine cooling will be scooped into the front end of the car in a new way. With the disappearance of the die-cast grille will come beautiful new front-end treatments featuring plastics now well past the drawing board stage.

The automobile industry has long cherished chrome as one of its most effective plating and decorating materials. Its value stems from extreme hardness and its resistance to high temperatures, wind and weather. Number four in the O.P.M. priority list, it is equally valuable in the manufacture of airplane engines, guns, armor plate and high-speed tools. A sharp curtailment of this working metal is almost inevitable.

"But even so, the automobile men will be equal to the chrome crisis," insists Walker. "At this very moment we are developing new lines, new treatments, that will carry all the sparkle and eye-appeal of chrome. We are creating a new standard of working substances for industry, and plastics are the basis of the whole plan."

Though the magical plastics have but recently burst upon the public consciousness, their use has been known within the automobile industry for almost twenty years. Manufacturers have been using a phenolic substance in the making of distributer heads. More than ten years ago Walker was called upon to design plastic hardware trimmings for automobiles . . . knobs for instrument controls, for gearshift levers and for door and window handles. One such substance carried the intriguing trade name of lumarith.

Today automotive manufacturers use plastics in considerable variety. More than 160,000,000 pounds of plastic materials are used annually in the production of commercial items molded from thirteen different types of plastic. The motor industry is the largest consumer. Radio grilles, instrument panels, steering wheels, radiator ornaments, door and window embellishments are a few that find their way into automobiles. Color inlays for instrument panels are increasingly popular by reason of plastic's uncanny ability to "pipe" light from concealed sources to the dials and needles on the dash.

Walker cites innumerable everyday uses of plastics as proof that the motor industry will adopt them in increasing degree.

His list of current uses includes such intriguing articles as: furniture, apple corers, hair brushes, poker chips, dice, costume jewelry, and lampstands.

Widely used in tropical climes are plastic-handled machetes, primitive tool of the natives used in hewing sugar and cutting jungle paths and belligerent throats. Delight of the fishermen this year is a plastic fish lure into which has been molded a luminous pigment . . . an innovation that puts the Izaak Walton art on a twenty-four hour basis.

Accepted by the ladies, plastic now sees common use as material for stockings, waterproof garments, garters, shoes, and corset stays with plastic tips.

At the other end of the plastic pole one finds helmets, capable

Continued at top of page 166

Your WORSTED-TEX Standard

Medium Weight for Fall and Winter

is made from 100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

You men who know the comfort, the genuine, lasting satisfaction of a Tropi-tex suit, will welcome the new, medium weight worsted. If you haven't worn a Tropi-tex, start in this season with the Worsted-tex Standard.

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Plastically Speaking

Continued from pages 63-165

of sustaining terrific impacts, used by steel workers and sand hogs.

For the music minded, there's the molded ocarina and to delight the youngsters, a cap pistol and toy bugle of the same material. Radio long ago adopted it and word comes by Pony Express that even the lowly kitchen broom now jauntily boasts of plastic "shoulders."

Pioneered by housewives, stimulated by the O.P.M. and adopted by industry, Walker sees a great industrial future for his happy plastics. He had for us an inevitable last word: "Defense priorities may be imposed, overseas sources of raw materials may be cut off . . . but never has America been better prepared to go forward producing new and superior materials to take the place of the old."

As for us, we suspect that the Office of Production Management will be increasingly demanding in the lion's share of the critical metals. So does our secretary.

We were talking about it the other day. She said. "Remember that old World War song—*Keep The Home Fires Burning*?"

"Sure," we hummed reflectively. "Went something like this, did it not?"

"There's a silver lining, through the clouds still shining.
Turn the dark clouds inside out, till the boys come home."

We felt pretty good about remembering.

"Yes," agreed our secretary, "but I mean that particular line about the clouds with the silver lining. Tin Pan Alley did not have to face the O.P.M. in those days. If the tune smiths have to do a sequel in 1942, that line about the 'silver lining' will carry a footnote like this:"

Note

CLOUDS RELINED WITH PLASTIC
By order of the O.P.M. ⧺

For the Esprit de Corps

Continued from page 77

supper for individual instruction.

"Look, Wagnalls. Outside of Corky Smith, who is the dumbest man in the whole U. S. of America, and besides he ain't in our patoon anyway, I figure I am about as dumb as they come. And yet it took me ony a week to learnt the manual of arms. If I can learnt the manual of arms anybody can."

"The thing is this," said Corporal Hyler. "What they are trying to do is to implant in us a sense of inferiority. We're the black sheep of the regiment. Because we're slow to learn these unaccustomed drills they've transferred us all into the Fourth Platoon on the theory that we're somehow lacking in basic intelligence. I'm only a rookie myself, but I don't see it that way. Awkwardness may very well be the sign of superior mental processes. It is not intelligence we lack, but esprit de corps, that peculiar pride in ourselves that makes supermen out of simple mortals. I think it would be a magnificent thing if we went out on the field and demonstrated how wrong they are, if we came back covered with glory and honors."

The great camp sprang into excited activity the day of the big war games. Tanks, artillery, infantry battalions took their positions in the field, each unit co-operating through signal corps communications. Fast-moving reconnaissance trucks wheeled them into battle line. Engineers threw pontoon bridges swiftly over streams, while columns of troops, narrowed to the wedge shape of a human battering ram, thrust a mechanized spearhead into the so-called "red" army. Mortars and tanks sped by, kicking up heavy clouds of dust, while machine-gun units sought and resought protected emplacements, attained fire superiority, and advanced again with amazing mobility. Where was L Company's Fourth Platoon during all this?

General Bartlett, with his aide de camp, spied them strung out in a patch of woods, separated from their battalion, spread out in disordered array, facing into the flank of the theoretical enemy's retreating line.

"What the hell are you doing with your men over there, sergeant?" the general bellowed.

Corporal Hyler stepped forward. "We were detached from our company by accident, sir. Instead of getting in the way the sergeant thought it would be wiser to take up a position here where we could subject the enemy's retreating line to a cross fire."

The general scratched his head. "Good. Remain in your position, sergeant, but despatch a runner to keep you in communication with your company headquarters. The operation should have called for cross fire at this point."

When the war games were over the Fourth Platoon of L Company was specifically mentioned in the general's resumé. Captain Hitchcock was complimented on the initiative of his platoon sergeant. He called Smoot into the orderly room office. First Sergeant Edwards stood by during the interview.

"Congratulations on the conduct of your platoon during the maneuvers, sergeant," said the company commander. "I'm making out twenty-four hour passes for all your men."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Smoot.

The captain leaned back in his chair and rubbed his dark chin. "I, ah—Well, never mind. All's well, I suppose, that end's well."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Smoot. "Especially when a patoon like ours is got esprit de corps." ⧺

2

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 80

a dull page; and it is apparent that one of the most appealing features of communism—both to male and female—is that there is no private property in women.

In these Dark Ages of the twentieth century, it is pleasant occasionally to turn back to books written in the sunshine of happier days. Let me remind my readers once more of a small volume by the late H. W. Fowler; it is the most wise and witty Dictionary of the English language ever written—I wonder what Dr. Johnson would have thought of it. I mean of course *Modern English Usage.* Every subscriber to this magazine should own a copy of this book; it will increase his learning, improve his manners, and add to his delight in entertainment. I have just been reading Professor G. C. Coulton's brief biography of Fowler (Tract No. 43 in the series issued by the Society for Pure English). Subscribers who send $2.50 to Dr. Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, will receive all the publications of the Society for that year. Well, in this brilliant biography by Professor Coulton, we find that Fowler, like Browning's Grammarian, was a true hero; I knew that, for I had an interesting correspondence with him. But I was particularly impressed by the quotation from Plato's *Republic* on the last page of this tract, p. 158. For I believe the worst enemy Germany has ever had is Adolph Hitler.

Dr. Coulton describes Socrates' saying at the end of the *Republic.* "The souls stand waiting for their next life; they draw lots for the order of choice; the first lucky winner pounces greedily upon a brilliant despot's lot; 'his mind having been darkened by folly and sensuality, he did not well consider, and therefore did not see at first that he was fated, among other evils, to devour his own children . . .' But at last 'there came also the soul of Odysseus having yet to make a choice, and his lot happened to be the last of them all. Now the recollection of former toils had disenchanted him of ambition, and he went about for a considerable time in search of the life of a private man who had nothing to do; he had some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by everybody else; and when he saw it, he said that he would have done the same had he been first instead of last, and that he was delighted at his choice.'"

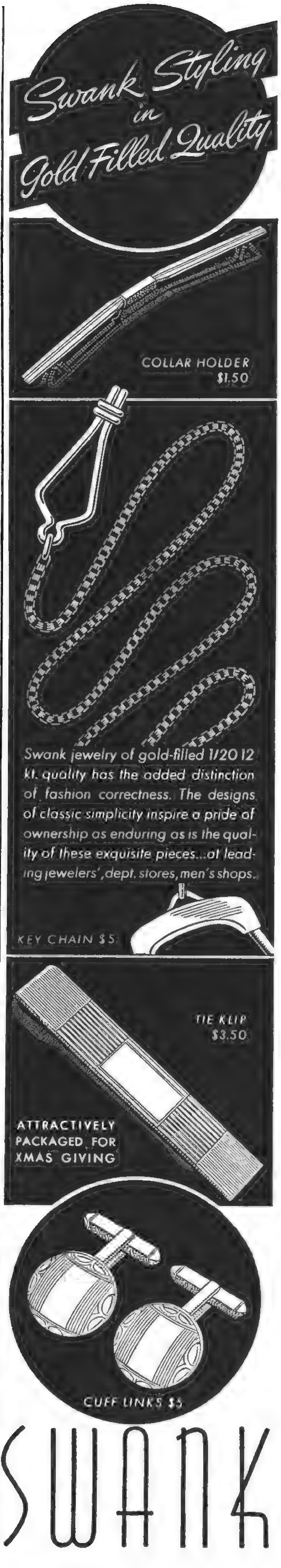
The Greeks not only had a word for it, but a word for everything else. And as the ancient Greeks had a passion for athletic sports as well as for intellectual pursuits, I should like to consider for a few moments some athletic events of 1941. Although I am not well qualified to express an opinion on boxing, I will say that after seeing the motion pictures of the Conn-Louis fight, I got a different opinion of the contest from what I received over the radio and from the professional sports writers. Conn's superiority did not seem nearly so clear, although I wanted him to win. It looked to me as if Joe Louis were permitting the fight to last a sufficient number of rounds not only to give the spectators their money's worth, but to make sure that the next encounter would draw even more money. Whether he did this from his own initiative or from instructions by his manager, I could not say. But it seemed to me clear that at no time was Louis really in danger and that he could have shortened the fight had he chosen to do so. Conn's courage and agility on his feet were of course remarkable. I was glad to see in the admirable John Kieran's review, a reference to the abominable treatment Schmeling received after he had beaten Louis and signed a contract to fight Braddock. I am no more pro-German than Mr. Churchill; but at that broken contract American boxing received an indelible stain. I have never taken the interest in it that I used to before that thing happened. Schmeling behaved admirably; and a very fine account not only of his prowess but of his character occupied a whole column of Frank Graham's excellent writing in the New York *Sun.*

With reference to the golf matches between Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb, I myself not only had the pleasure of being beaten at golf by Ty Cobb in Augusta, but I tied (no pun intended) him in an *aerial* game of golf in the same city. Each of us had a partner driving an airplane over a golf course; the planes flew low, and the airmen endeavored to drop a golf ball as near as possible to each one of the nine greens in succession. Ty and I had to go to the ball and then see which of us could get it in the hole in the least number of strokes. We were all even at the ninth but I had a long putt to make in the presence of the crowd; I admit I was nervous and that I was very glad when I sank the ball for a tie.

I have always liked Ty Cobb, because in every ball game in every year he did his best. I think he was the greatest all-round ball player in history. In the September of his last year I happened to be in Detroit when Cleveland was the opponent. Cleveland had a man on third when a fly was knocked out to center field. Ty caught it and knowing that the usual throw from center to the plate on the bound would be too late, he threw a *liner* straight into the catcher's hands, completing the double play.

Chess is certainly an intellectual game and one of the few games where luck is not a factor. (There is an enormous element of luck in golf, so much so that George Ade has said [jokingly of course] that golf is seven-tenths

Continued on page 168



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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 80-167

roulette.) But considering the tremendous intellectual concentration required in chess championships, why is it that chess champions have never contributed valuable ideas to the world of thought? One would suppose they would all be profound thinkers; that they must possess mighty intellects. There are many amateurs with powerful minds who have played good games of chess, but any professional would easily beat them. And why is it true, when men become famous for some special thing, like Edison, Burbank, Lindbergh, that they are asked by reporters for their views on religion, immortality, and statesmanship; for their opinions are of no more value than those of any man in the street. Why don't the newspapers interview Dr. Alekhine, Casablanca and other chess champions on philosophical or on other profound subjects? It would seem as if these men must have profound minds and be able to contribute something to the general stock of ideas. Is eminence in the intellectual game of chess due to some kink in the mind, some ability to foresee moves on the board? Possibly; because occasionally a child-wonder appears, who can beat the local champions.

Professor Frank Tarbell, scholar in Greek archaeology at the University of Chicago, used to carry a folding chessboard with him on trains, and practice in solitude various moves; and many years ago Mr. Santayana gave my wife and me a beautiful little chessboard where every space had a tiny hole and every figure a spike so that one could play chess on a shaking train or on a ship in a storm. But neither Tarbell or Santayana were chess champions.

Three new murder stories arrived almost by the same post. I am glad that Frank Gruber, who began writing them only two years ago, is so prolific, for he has produced five murder novels, and every one of them is good. As I have said before, I like crooks or detectives that hunt in couples. Well, Frank Gruber, with his precious pair, Johnny Fletcher (brains) and Sam Cragg (brawn) has added much to my entertainment. One reason why most of us like murder stories is because they are pure romance, entirely outside the circle of our daily experience. Thus what would be tragic in actuality becomes funny, even as we roar with laughter at things in the movies that would be frightful if the events were real. In his latest novel, *The Hungry Dog,* Mr. Gruber once more supplies us with the right combination of mirth and murder. In the majority of detective novels, it takes the author so long before any excitement comes that I feel like saying with Hamlet, "Leave thy damnable faces and begin." With Mr. Gruber the excitement begins with the first sentence and continues. Here we go with the opening sentence: "A little man got up on a box one day at the corner of Broadway and 44th Street and tried to sell dollar bills for seventy-five cents." I think everyone who reads that sentence will read the next one. And if only preachers, lecturers, orators would begin their speeches with a concrete statement instead of a formal abstract platitude!

It is also amusing in murder stories and in the movies to see a rough-house, with flying fists. Sam Cragg enjoys rough and tumble mixups so gloriously that I enjoy them, too. This book ends with a terrific scrap. Sam's technique when he has two big fellows to fight is to get a headlock on both his opponents at the same moment and then knock them both out by the simple process of banging their heads together. I like this.

As I have said before and elsewhere and whenever I get the chance, I welcome the latest murder story from Erle Stanley Gardner. This new one, the twenty-fourth, is called *The Case of the Turning Tide,* and the author's brief preface interests me greatly; because I have thought a good deal about the charm of murder mysteries, and here is an explanation of his own work by a master-hand. Mr. Gardner "has had intimate contact with several murders," which could not be said of the vast majority of his readers. He says that "truth is not only stranger than fiction, but is much more exciting . . . I tried to find out just why this was so. . . . It is the difference between milk and meat." And how heartily I agree with his next statement. "Our so-called 'murder mysteries' are escape fiction, and have become highly standardized through too much usage. Attempts to 'create suspense,' 'plant' clews, and above all, to 'surprise the reader,' have robbed the reader of far more than they have given him in return."

Now that is an accurate diagnosis of what is wrong with most murder mysteries; it is the best explanation I have seen why most of them are so dull. He continues: "In this book events are permitted to stream across the page in just about the way they would have happened in real life." Events, and not clews, are what I want.

I agree with Mr. Gardner that truth usually is stranger than fiction; but I recall one exception given to me orally by Edith Wharton. At a dinner party where she was hostess, a reporter sent in a note asking if it were true that she was engaged to Henry James. She read the message aloud, and Henry James quietly remarked "And yet they say that truth is stranger than fiction!"

Another thing that interests me in Mr. Gardner's new novel. He knows that I like his stories where the title begins with the three

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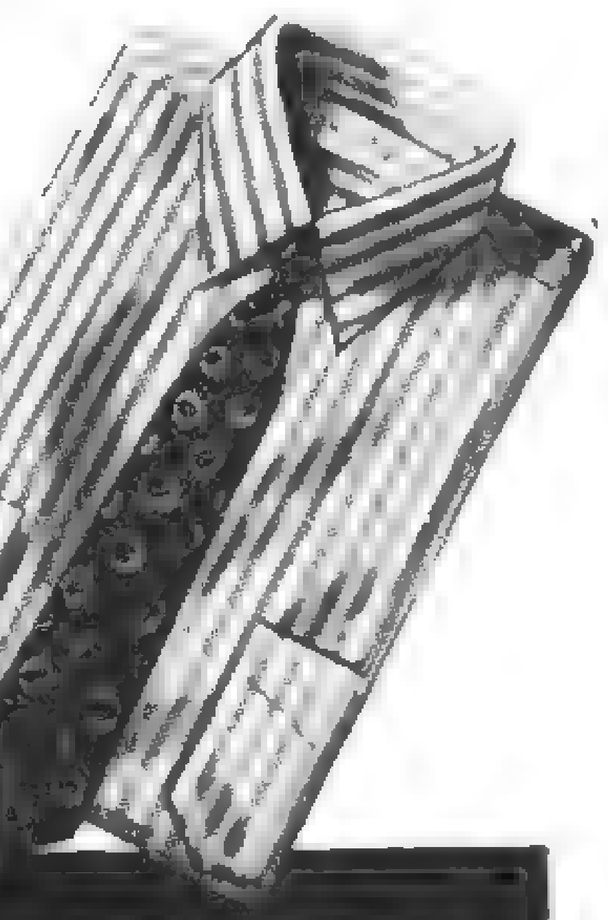

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words "The Case of" and where the two principals are Perry Mason and Della Street; and that I dislike his novels that begin with the three words "The D. A." Now in this new book he gives me a surprise. The title begins with "The Case of" but Perry Mason and Della Street do not appear. It is, however, a very exciting novel and I heartily recommend it. I hope Mr. Gardner will not think me too pedantic when I suggest that the last sentence of his interesting Foreword "I will be amply rewarded for the extra effort this book has cost" ought to read "I shall be," etc.

I must add a word about a new character. Although I miss that wonderful pair of collaborators, Perry Mason and Della Street, Mr. Gardner brings in a new and delightful old man, Grandpa Wiggins—who is more than equal to any and every situation. The D.A. and his wife entertain an angel unawares. Incidentally, do you know why it is that some octogenarians can drink whisky and brandy to an unlimited amount? It is for the same reason that Scots are so healthy. All the others are dead.

I am not devoting too much space to murder books or to the analysis of their qualities. Hundreds of thousands of readers are searching for novels that will contain so much excitement that their minds will be diverted from their own worries and from the vast world tragedy. Those who are able to write stories that are good medicine for the nerves are public benefactors; and I am glad to include them in the many prescriptions I put up every day.

I am sorry I cannot agree with my friends the publishers about another new murder story called *I'll Eat You Last*, by H. C. Branson. It is dull; and for the reasons given in Mr. Gardner's Foreword to his own book. Plenty of clews, plenty of guessing for the readers who prefer guessing to excitement. It is a good puzzle, but lacking in action.

Two of the most interesting places in the world are Oxford and Cambridge. I hope their beautiful buildings will survive the war. Being a university man myself, I am always interested in books about academic life. American students, after getting their bachelor's degree, were fortunate if they could continue their college life at Oxford or Cambridge; and when the present war ends, I hope many Americans will do advanced work at one of the English universities. The Rhodes scholarships made it possible for students from many foreign countries to go to Oxford; but for Americans with independent incomes, it might be better to go to Cambridge, in order to avoid their own countrymen. Cambridge is almost exclusively British; and when one visits another country, one gains most by association with the natives. Furthermore, Cambridge was the academic home of the majority of the great English poets—Marlowe, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Tennyson were Cambridge undergraduates. But thousands of Americans who are not college men are interested in Oxford and Cambridge; every summer day before the war American pilgrims visited those academic shades. I therefore have no hesitation in recommending to my readers a new book on Cambridge which answers most of the questions Americans ask. The author is John Steegmann, and the book is called *Cambridge; As It Was and As It Is Today*: published in December, 1940. It contains only 120 pages and has 130 illustrations. It gives the history of Cambridge from its origins in the misty past, and it describes the separate colleges and their customs; it points out to the tourist the main places of interest, it gives anecdotes of the men of genius who once were undergraduates, and the whole book is written with such skill and with such wit that one can use it as a guidebook, or a manual, or a continuously entertaining narrative. The age of buildings in England always thrills me; I never get used to it. "Peterhouse was founded in 1281. Clare in 1338, Pembroke in 1346," etc. I have never known an American student who spent a year at either Oxford or Cambridge who was not full of enthusiasm; although compared with the physical comforts and luxuries of American colleges, the contrast is tremendous. The most splendid single building in either Oxford or Cambridge is King's College Chapel; and although Mr. Steegmann is usually economical with adjectival praise, he lets himself go on this architectural masterpiece.

"It has been called, and indeed is, the finest flower of late Gothic in Europe. It is one of England's most precious possessions. Its roof is the only complete and perfect example of fan-vaulting on a large scale in existence, and it shares with York Minster the distinction of being the only major mediaeval church in England that retains intact its original windows. At every season, by every light and in every mood, the chapel is 'sublime'; it makes even the most carefully reasoned criticism seem querulous and pert, and goes on calmly and serenely reducing generation after generation to helpless surrender in face of its overwhelming beauty."

Gray spent nearly his whole life in residence at Cambridge, but he produced so little verse that our author says "He must be the laziest as well as the most fastidious of major poets." Fastidious, yes; but not lazy. He was the greatest scholar among all English poets; he was a first-rate amateur botanist; he was one of the best letter writers who ever lived, and we now have the proof of it in three volumes; and he had a genius for friendship.

Although the 18th century saw many men of genius at Cambridge, both faculty and students were

Continued at top of page 170

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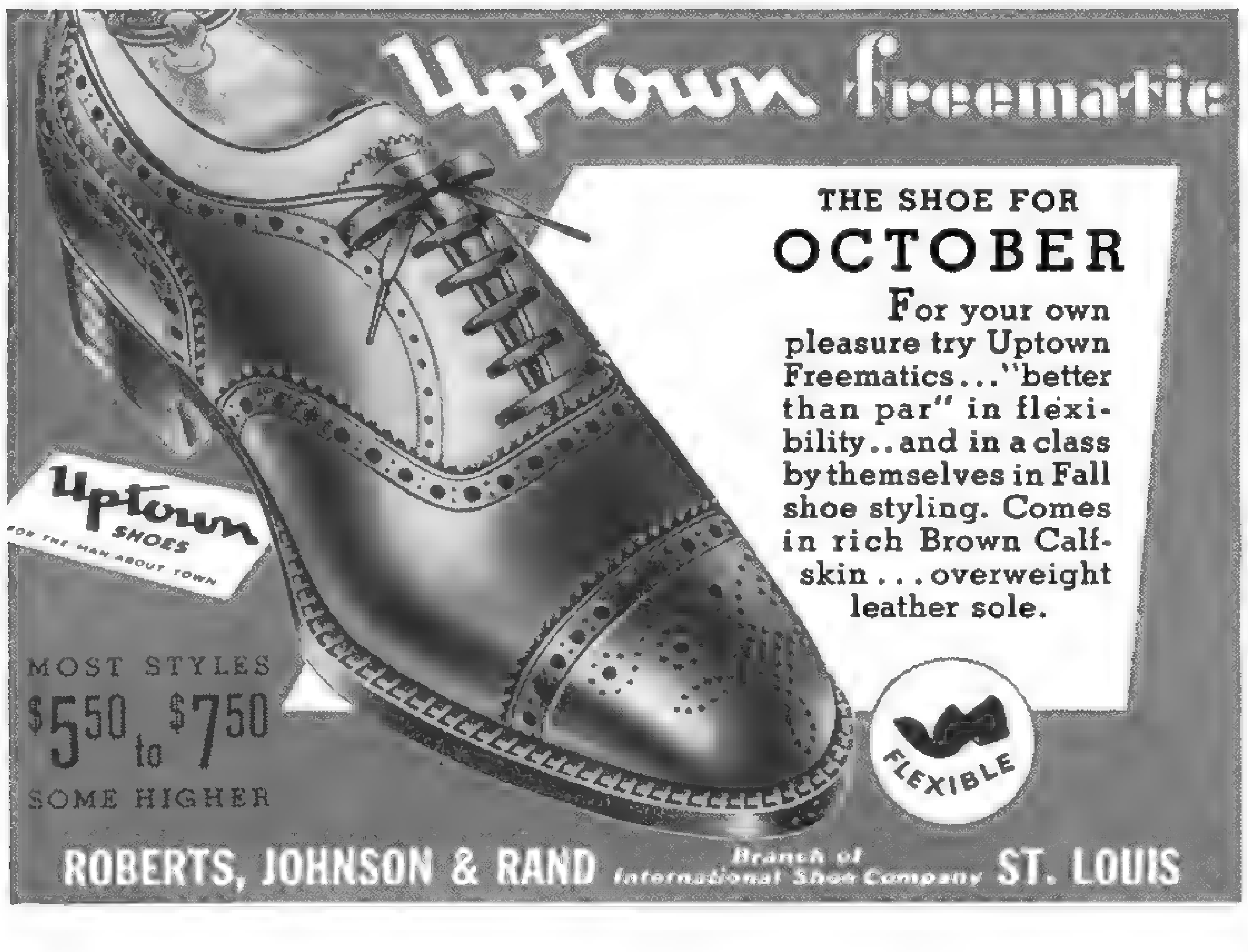
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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 80-167-169

famous as earnest drinkers. Mr. Steegmann says, "Professor Ridlington of Trinity Hall is the traditional type in a remarkably pure form. When supposed to be dying of dropsy he ordered himself a whole boiled chicken and five quarts of beer. He recovered."

I am glad to see a photograph of the library of Pepys the diarist, one of the most famous men connected with Magdalene College. I remember looking at the volumes of his diary in cipher; and there I happened to pick up another book and on the flyleaf was written *Francis Drake.* "Kingsley while at Magdalene was certainly not the modish young man, though he did take lessons from a Negro prizefighter, which was rather dashing." Parnell was a "much more important later member of the same little college."

Our author conservatively is not fond of the two women colleges at Cambridge: Girton, established in 1873 and Newnham, in 1875. He thinks, if women must have a college education, they ought to go somewhere else. But who can blame them for wanting a Cambridge degree? He says,

"The most serious indictment of the women students, apart from the fearsomeness of the women which those students nearly always become unless they marry quickly and forget it all, is the complete pointlessness of their being there. The one thing that above all others differentiates Cambridge and Oxford from every other university in Europe is the collegiate life, the social and intellectual intercourse, which has nothing to do with attending lectures or preparing for a degree and which is of infinitely greater importance than either."

It is a pity that so many more American tourists in the summer visit Oxford rather than Cambridge. This is natural, for Oxford is on the way to Stratford. But Cambridge has one great advantage. The Oxford colleges are scattered about in a noisy commercial city. Cambridge is not only a quiet town, but the university is really a separate part of it.

A quarto of satirical pictures of the present European dictators has just appeared. It is called *The New Order* and the cartoons are by the famous Polish artist Arthur Szyk. A foreword by J. J. Horowitz calls Mr. Szyk "probably the greatest living artist in illumination," and the introduction by Roger W. Straus, Jr., tells us something of the artist's life and career. Mr. Szyk is forty-seven years old and began to paint when a child of four. He has been all over the world and his series of miniatures on Washington and the American Revolution are now in the White House. This book contains thirty-nine full-page cartoons. They are powerful in conception and striking in execution; in short, a remarkable history in pictures of our uncivilized times. No new book today can keep up with events; for history runs faster than any account of it. Quite naturally, therefore, in this collection of cartoons Stalin is with Hitler. Yet I think that does not lessen the value of the work. Some of the captions are interesting—"Poland greets her good neighbors," "Protective-Custodian," "War of Nerfs! Jawohl!—But the British *Haf* No Nerfs!" "The English Betrayed You! They did not Surrender!" "Berlin—All Planes Returned Safely to their Bases"—"The Lion of Judah" (Ruler of Ethiopia giving Mussolini a terrific kick in the posterior) —"Conscience is a Jewish Invention," "Father, do not forgive them, for they know what they do." ⧺

The New Alchemy in Oil

Continued from page 68

was professor of chemical technology and electro-chemistry at the Technical University of Darmstadt he was in an awkward spot: "I had, as a professor, to teach a theory," he said, "which I didn't believe was true."

This theory was that natural oil was formed from fish. It was argued that at some time in geological history, vast quantities of fish were killed by some catastrophe of nature—the sudden entrance of salt water into fresh water areas, or of fresh water into salt water areas.

"But the nonsense of all this," Dr. Berl said, "is shown by wells in Texas, as well as Mexico, where oil is found in twenty-two different strata—which would mean, according to this theory, that the 'catastrophe' had to take place twenty-two times."

To Dr. Berl there was an equally questionable theory about the origin of coal. Coal, the textbooks said, was formed from the lignin, or skeleton material of trees. It was held that these skeleton substances were transformed by millions of years of heat and pressure into bituminous coals and anthracites. Whatever carbohydrates were present, it was argued, disappeared as a result of fermentation and other chemical conversion processes.

But in 1926, Dr. Berl proceeded to knock these queasy theories into a cocked hat. He walked into his laboratory with completely lignin-free carbohydrates, such as starch, fructose, and dextrose—and emerged, triumphantly, with "sandy" coals.

He added small amounts of alkali to the process, and converted the sandy bituminous coals into coking coals.

Again, altering his combinations, he emerged with bituminous coal, with bitumin, with asphalt, with crude oil—and the

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One day, Dr. Franz Fischer, the inventor of a famous process for the hydrogenization of carbon monoxide, invited Dr. Berl to talk at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute. Dr. Berl accepted; and at the meeting expounded his theory. Fischer told the body, "All very interesting, but I don't agree."

Later, over a bottle of wine, Berl said, "Look here, Fischer, it is immaterial whether you agree or don't agree. I have the tangible proof of my theory in the laboratory. It is no longer theory; it is fact. And as a reputable scientist, you have no right to attack my theory below the belt. We must hold a meeting. Appoint competent judges; I will prove everything I claim."

Fischer agreed.

The following day, Dr. Berl received a telegram. "Withdraw my proposition," it said; "I am still right." Signed, "Fischer."

Not so long after this, the clouds of Hitler darkened the horizons of science in Germany; Dr. Berl left, depriving the Third Reich of one of the things that could have made the *Drang nach Osten* unnecessary: cheap synthetic oil.

* * *

Dr. Berl is the living embodiment of the scientist of fiction. He is clipped, precise, absorbed, with little concern for anything outside the high precincts of scholarship and research. He has a reserve and an air of old-world courtesy that seem out of place in this age of high-pressure, hit-and-run achievement. He is a nineteenth century scholar stranded, somehow, on the crumbling stones of a century born berserk.

His appearance, his inherent dignity, his detached seriousness and unworldly preoccupation make him seem very much like the Dutch Ambassador in the motion picture, *Foreign Correspondent.* And these qualities somehow make the idea of "human interest" in the story of his work distinctly out of character.

"I am sorry," he said. "I have no dramatic stories of miracles to offer you. There have been no dramatic surprises, no sudden revelations, no scenario. In this work, I had a very clear idea of what I was going to find. And the simple fact is: I found it."

In one sense, this is the highest kind of drama; for a man interested in his findings to such a degree that the things themselves become life—an end in themselves and not a means to an end—is a rare phenomenon in our streamlined, buying-and-selling world.

"What comes next," I asked, with the unhappy indelicacy necessary to the reporter's trade, "capitalization, industrial backing, pilot plant construction, regional set-ups, OPM control?"

Dr. Berl gave me a tired look. "I am a scientist," he said.

* * *

Ernst Berl was a seventh child. He was born on the seventh day of the seventh month of the year 1877, in Freudenthal, Silesia. His father was a lumber merchant.

When his father asked him what he wanted to do, his answer was direct and positive. There was no question in his mind. "I want," he said, "to become a chemist; I want to specialize in cellulose."

He took his doctor's degree at the University of Zurich, presenting a dissertation on the theory of inorganic compounds. Meanwhile he did his prescribed military service in the Imperial Austrian army, and cultivated a special interest in explosives.

At the outbreak of the first World War, he was chief chemist for a rayon factory in Tubize, Belgium. Now one of the many ironies of the last war was that Austria, despite the fact that it declared war, and marched, instanter, on Serbia, was in no way prepared for war. Its equipment was good enough for making mince meat of little Serbia; but it was no more than a straw in the wind of a real war.

Berl realized this. And with a certain sublime self-confidence he marched himself up to the office of the Chief of Munitions Section of the Austro-Hungarian War Ministry, on the morning of August 1, 1914. Unknown, unheralded, and unabashed, he said, "I would like to see the General."

And, despite all the legends about a government supposed to be overridden with red tape, bureaucracy and cards d'admission, the General saw him.

"I would like to report," said young Berl, "that I have a special knowledge of guncotton."

Three days later he was sent to work in the largest powder plant in Austria. He found, at once, that the equipment was inadequate, reported back to the War Ministry and suggested that a rayon plant be converted into a plant for making guncotton. This suggestion, again, was acted on, made his personal responsibility.

In November, 1914, he again popped up at the War Ministry. "My collaborators," he said, "now know how to make guncotton as well as I; I suggest that I be put to work on new problems, particularly the production of nitric acid."

By September of the following year, he was turning out Austria's first synthetically-produced nitric acid—and organizing the production of vast quantities of guncotton, nitroglycerin and TNT. He was then put in charge of Austria's whole war explosive industry.

"Looking back," he said, "I don't understand how I got nerve enough to present myself out of nowhere—and tackle these things."

For fourteen years following the war, Berl taught and conducted his private research at the Technical University of Darmstadt. He patented important inventions covering activated carbon, the basic ingredient of gas masks; heavy chemical explosives; rayon and cellulose acetates; films; cellulose nitrates; water purification; coal and oil process-

Continued on page 172

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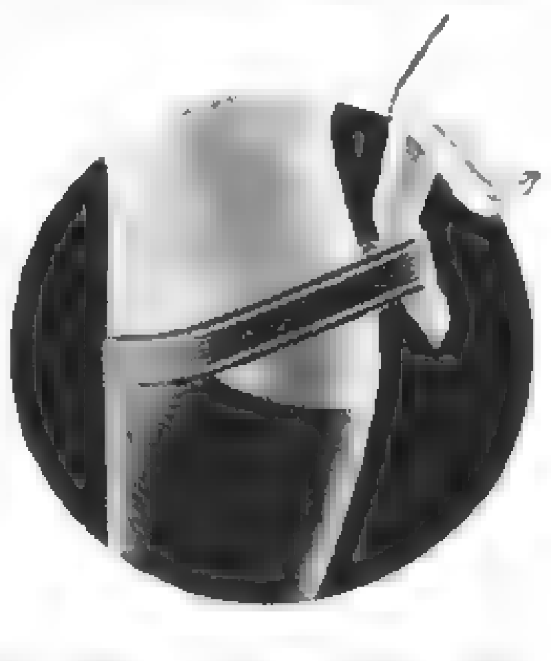
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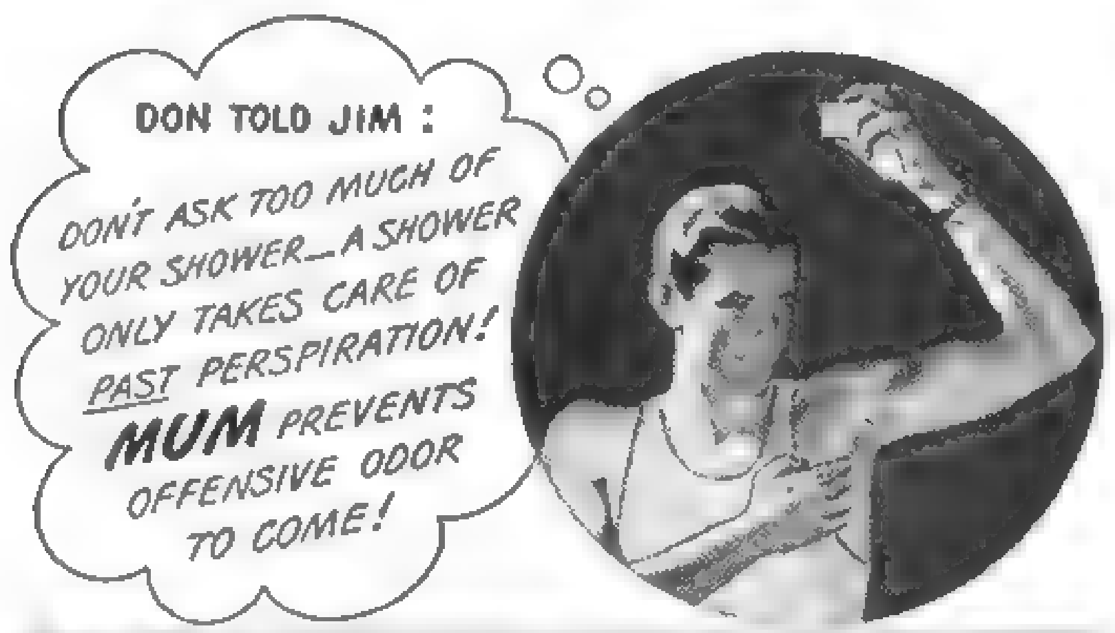
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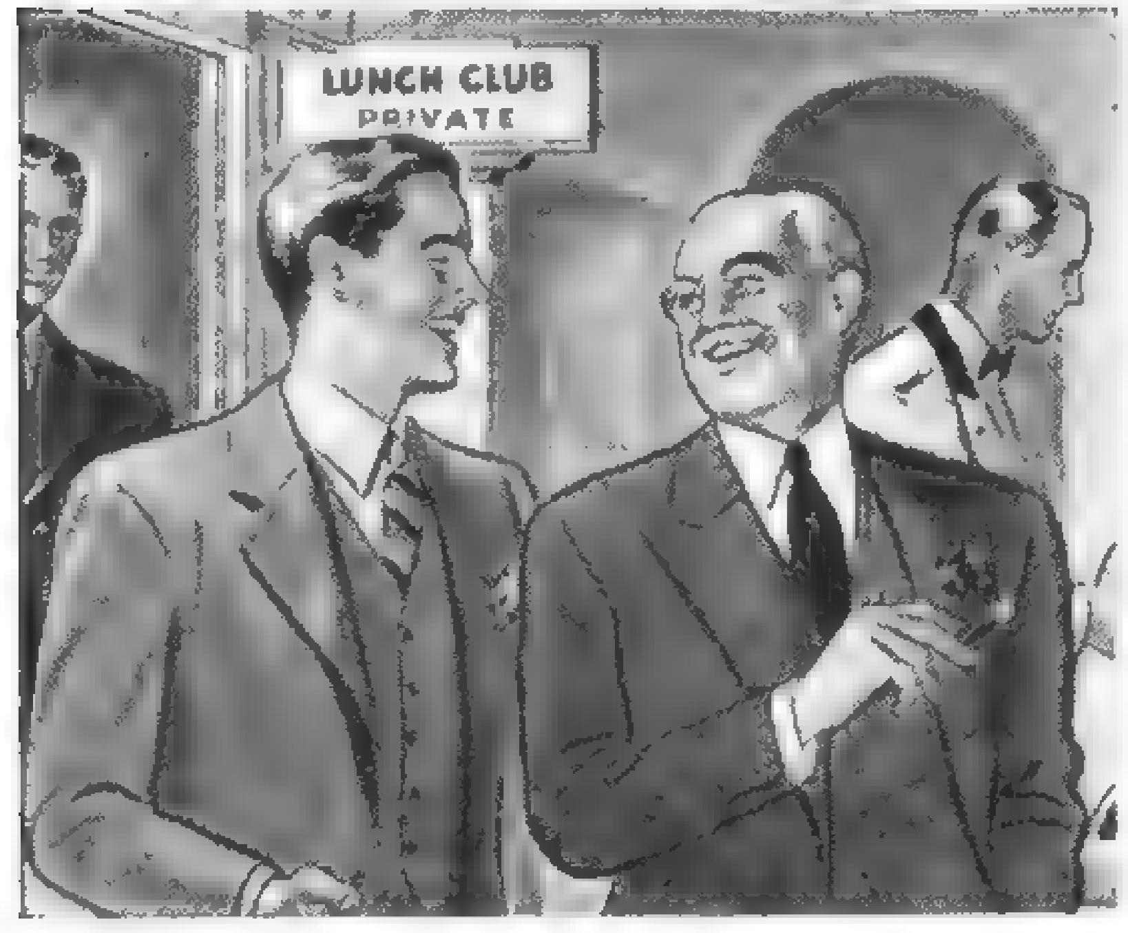

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The New Alchemy in Oil

Continued from pages 68-171

ing; and, recently, a filter for detouring 90 per cent of the nicotine from the smoke of cigars and cigarettes.

A few weeks before this period ended, the late Thomas Stockton Baker, then president of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, was lecturing in Europe in connection with the newly-organized Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation. He was also doubling as a talent scout for Carnegie Tech.

"Tell me," Baker asked Prof. Haber, the inventor of the famous Haber-Busch process for the production of ammonia from nitrogen and hydrogen in the air, "who is the best available chemist?"

"Berl of Darmstadt," was the answer. "He is not only the best available chemist in Germany, but the best technical chemist in Germany, and possibly the best in Europe."

Baker met Berl in Frankfort. "It seemed inconceivable to me," he said, "that Germany would part with a scientist whose contribution to pure chemistry and to German industry had been so valuable."

Three months later, Berl was bending over his reports in the free and smoke-filled air of Pittsburgh.

* * *

The present war is a war of oil. For the first time in the history of what we grudgingly call civilization, oil has taken the place of gold. Gold, as moralists have long pointed out, has little intrinsic value. You can't eat it; and except for fountain pen points, teeth, and door knobs for the *nouveau riche*, it has little practical use. Oil, however, makes the wheels go round. It burns. It gives heat. It is a thermodynamic entity.

All of which is a prelude to a sweeping generality: the world is rapidly moving toward an unexpressed oil standard. The nation with the best machines and the most oil will rule the world; and the gold once so laboriously dug up, and so painstakingly buried again, will be honored only in song like the fabulous *Rheingold*—after the *Götterdämmerung*.

Now one of the reasons sometimes given to the selection of gold as a standard of exchange was the fact that the supply was definitely limited. But it seems to be part of the irony of change, that new materials can be found which are just as limited. And although Café Society hasn't given this fact overmuch thought, we are well nigh onto an oil dearth.

Now, in addition to the coming oil shortage, we have an actual oil shortage in this country. Ironically enough, the current shortage is not due either to diminishing supply, or increasing demand, but to the simple fact that our main oil wells are almost 2,000 miles away from our chief refinery, and that many of the tankers which ordinarily span this gap have gone either to England or Davy Jones's Locker.

Here is the set-up; according to the American Petroleum Institute's figures of the past year, 37.3 per cent of our oil comes from Texas, 16.2 per cent from California, 10.9 per cent from Oklahoma. But the chief refinery, unhappily, is in New Jersey.

It is now proposed that two pipe lines be built to minimize the transportation problem. Pipe Line 1 would extend from Port Arthur, Texas, to Bayonne, New Jersey, carrying crude oil to the refinery. Pipe Line 2 would make the return trip carrying the refined products back to Texas for shipment through the Panama Canal.

The most significant emergency measure, up to the time of this writing, was Secretary of Interior Harold L. Ickes' request to the governors of sixteen Eastern states to lead "a voluntary effort having as its aim a reduction in the consumption of petroleum products by at least 20 per cent."

The whole world, it seems, is bent on inviting its population to "sacrifice"—in the midst of plenty.

It all seems very much like the procedure of the famous little sisters in *Alice in Wonderland* who drew nothing but pictures of things beginning with M, like mousetraps, the moon, memory, and muchness. "Why with an M?" you remember Alice's asking. "Why not?" said the March Hare. And Alice was silent.

* * *

About the future: Dr. Berl is not yet able to produce synthetic gasoline at a price that will compete with the present cost of American gasoline. On the other hand he can produce gas at half the cost of that obtained by the present-day German *ersatz* process, which involves the hydrogenization of coal. Gasoline hydrogenated from coal costs, at present, about sixteen cents a gallon.

But the comparative cost of gasoline, at this moment, and in an oil producing country, is no yardstick for the future. Two other variables have to be taken into account: (a) the length of time gas can be produced at this price; (b) the situation in areas or countries where natural oil is not available; and (c) the effect of Berl-synthetics on other phases of the general economy, such as the surplus farm produce problems and also the transportation problems.

Sound economic planning of the United States calls for consideration of supply and demand and the attendant production costs at least several decades hence. It also must make allowances for transportation factors—factors which are now a thorn in the side of our defense efforts.

The conversion of farm products *on the spot* into gasoline and lubricating oils would solve, at one stroke, the whole problem of defense supply. Come what may, each local area would be adequate-

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ly fueled, pipe-line or no pipe-line.

Farm waste, and a larger percentage of farm produce would become integrated into the national economy, with every farmer an oil man. Every leaf, stalk, cob and berry from the American farms would become as useful and desirable as the scrap foods French chefs convert into *Boeuf à la Deutsch.* The land on the other side of the road will indeed seem greener, when every acre of cover crop will symbolize a trip from New York to New Mexico—and, perhaps, return.

But the full force of Dr. Berl's contribution to international economics is to be weighed in the countries that have no oil, the countries rich in jungles, potatoes, grass, seaweed, sesame, and lilies: the "land poor" countries, whose only slightly-marketable commodities draw a vicious circle of poverty, peons, peasants, frustration and pellagra; or endless and mutually-suicidal struggles for a very special type of *Lebensraum.*

Freely interpreted, oil conversion from waste carbohydrates would lead to a strange paradox. It would say that "the poorer you are the richer you are," or blessed are the meek. For the more you have of the endless waste, the sooner will you enter the Kingdom of Heaven. And "Heaven" on earth, these high-octane days, is the kingdom of oil. ⧺

The Diary of Death

Continued from page 55

in thick brush on shore, an got me for doggin moose. He drawed his service revolver and right before my very eyes shot both my dogs, Buck and Slats, best friends I ever had. Then he said for me to get ready to go to Mopang with him to jail, an I said would come peaceful, an told him I would get some things from cabin if he would wait. He waited all right, and will say that game warden will never shoot another dog in this world. How I know is my bisness, but wish Jeff Coongate seen it happen, as it would sure pleased Jeff, as this warden will never trail him nor anyone no more."

Mr. Usher shuddered, and closed the diary of death. He did not know whether to try and get in touch with Sarah Bourne, in Bangor, or to turn the diary over to the police. He finally decided to hire a plane equipped with skis for landing on the lake in front of his cabin door. His decision as to what to do about Zack would depend to some extent on what he discovered.

Taking with him the diary of death, Mr. Usher flew to Bangor the next morning on the regular transport plane. From Bangor he proceeded north by charter plane for Mopang Lake. He had been fortunate in securing the services of a pilot who tended the wants of trappers throughout the north. The flier knew the country well. He set his ship down smoothly on the packed snow on the lake before the cabin. Mr. Usher noted that no smoke came from the chimney. Had Zack left the country? Had the game warden already been missed? Apparently not, for inside the cabin Mr. Usher found the stove warm.

The pilot, looking from the kitchen window over the lake, said: "I guess there comes your man now. Prob'ly been cutting wood over on the island."

Even at a great distance, Mr. Usher recognized Zack Bourne. He had harnessed himself to a hand sled, and he was leaning forward, his great shoulders straining. The handsled was loaded with wood.

"I'll pick you up at three sharp this afternoon," said the pilot. "That is, if the weather holds."

"But won't you stay and eat something?" asked Mr. Usher. He felt strangely lonesome, now, and uneasy. He wished the pilot would stay, and told him so.

The pilot shook his head. "I've got to pick up beaver skins for six trappers over in the Golroy River district. There's a bulge in the market, and if I don't catch it, I lose their business. I won't be gone long, unless a storm comes up."

The plane took off, circled for altitude, cleared the big ridge, and was gone before Zack Bourne arrived with his load of wood. When he recognized Mr. Usher, Zack slipped out of the sled harness and strode forward, smiling as if his conscience were as clear as a child's.

"Say, if it ain't Mr. Usher! I'm sure glad you could come."

As they shook hands, Mr. Usher felt bewildered, and a little frightened. Now that he had arrived, he did not know exactly how to proceed. Moreover, every time he turned his head, Mr. Usher noted a new bit of evidence which added confirmation to his worst fears. Zack's deer dogs, Buck and Slats, were conspicuously absent.

"What happened to your hounds?" asked Mr. Usher, gently.

"Buck and Slats?" While he answered, Zack calmly went about building up the fire and preparing a meal. "Well, I was afeared they might get to chasin' deer on the snow, where the tracks would show too plain. So I left 'em down to Privilege when I took Sarah out."

The smell of frying pickerel brought forth corroboration of another item in the diary of death. The cat, Daisy, and her five kittens emerged single file from under the stove, and, with tails high and backs arched, rubbed against Zack's legs. Mr. Usher's stomach turned over, as he recalled the entry in which Elsie Brown Blanket had pondered the kittens' edibility.

"I—I—uh—suppose it must have been lonesome here without Sarah," essayed Mr. Usher, miserably.

"Turrible! I damn near per-

Continued on page 174

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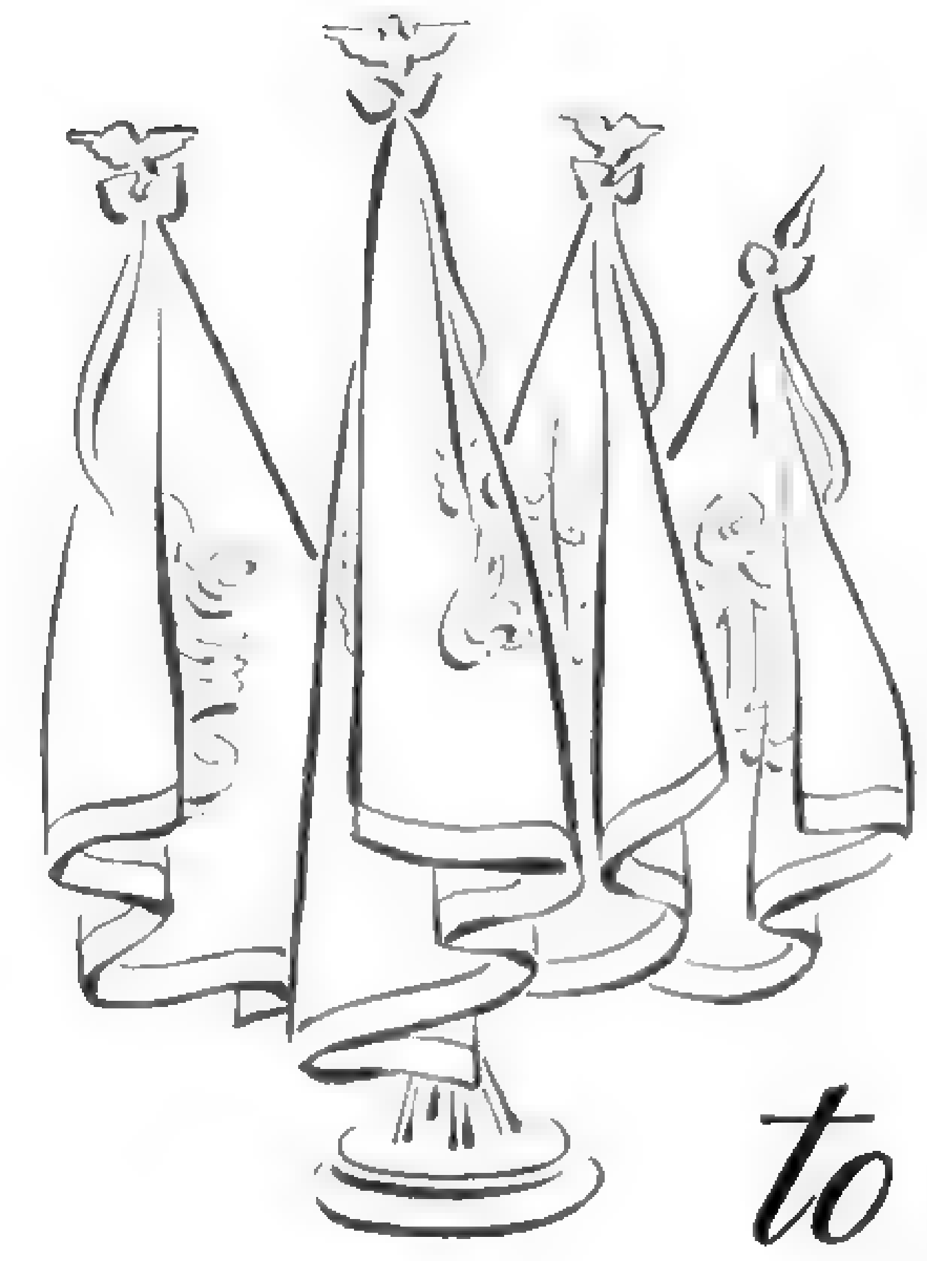

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The Diary of Death

Continued from pages 55-173

ished nights," Zack answered.

Now, for the first time, Mr. Usher observed that Zack's left hand was bandaged. Doubtless this wound had resulted from Elsie Brown Blanket's throwing of the hand axe. Zack had apparently shielded himself with his left hand, and had been cut.

"How did you hurt your hand, Zack?" asked Mr. Usher, fearfully.

"Cut myself with the hand axe," came the brazen reply.

"How?"

"Splittin' kindlin' in the dark."

Zack set a plate of fried pickerel and potatoes in front of his employer. But Mr. Usher's appetite was completely missing. He somehow could not bring himself to break bread with a drunkard, adulterer and murderer. Zack himself ate with relish, and when he had finished, said: "I'd like to take you out 'round the place an' show you some things I done. Maybe you'd be pleased to see 'em."

Deciding to delay mentioning the diary until time for the return of the plane, Mr. Usher accompanied Zack on a tour of inspection. In between debauches, Zack had found opportunity for a prodigious amount of work. Mr. Usher smiled bitterly. Aside from the fact that his new caretaker broke all ten commandments, he was the perfect man for the job. He had built a cap-and-bunk fence around the garden, using dry cedar poles. He had cut the unsightly dead limbs from the great white pine which landmarked the place in Mr. Usher's mind and memory. He had shingled the shed roof with shingles he had split himself, with mallet and frow. He had re-canvassed three canoes as smoothly as a factory might have done it. But most pleasing to Mr. Usher was the magnificent axe work which had gone into the hewing of new sills for every building on the place.

"That's beautiful, Zack," Mr. Usher had remarked, momentarily forgetting that his man was virtually a self-confessed murderer.

" 'Tain't nothin' at all, hardly. You come in the workshop, an' see the paddles I made. Got six out of one big maple butt. An' I got the best one marked for you. It's got a spring, an' whip to it, an' the bird's eye in the wood makes it han'some."

Mr. Usher tested the spring of the blade, found it perfect, and set the paddle down with a sigh. "I am very sorry that your wife, Sarah, had to leave you alone so long, Zack."

"Me, too. But I think Sarah's sister'll die, an' that won't bother me a dang bit, neither, 'cause then Sarah can bury her an' come back."

As they left the workshop, walking toward the cabin on the path Zack had shoveled in the deep snow, Mr. Usher decided to have his showdown and get it over with.

"Zack," he said, "I have read the diary. I have read it all. That is why I am here, as you may have guessed."

At mention of the diary, Zack Bourne showed his first signs of uneasiness. His eyes no longer met Mr. Usher's squarely, and he replied irrelevantly, plainly avoiding the subject. Pausing at the cabin door, he pointed to the windows, and said: "I puttied every dang pane of glass this side of the cabin."

"Zack, I want to talk to you about the diary."

But Zack's reluctance to discuss the subject continued. His guilt was palpable. He looked off across the lake, and, after a heavy silence, said: "There's someone comin'. There's two men comin'."

Mr. Usher glanced at his watch. Plane-time was but half an hour hence, and the two men, who were approaching rapidly across the lake, gave him extra confidence.

"Zack, I'd like to go over the diary with you and ask some questions. I brought it with me."

They entered the cabin. Mr. Usher sat down at the kitchen table, spreading the diary open before him. Zack put some beech chunks in the stove, and sat down opposite his employer.

"Ain't the diary all right?" he asked, avoiding Mr. Usher's eyes by staring from the window at the approaching men.

"No. I am sorry to say it is not all right."

"Well, dang it, that's Sarah's fault then. She kep' it."

"She kept it perfectly. I refer to the entries made by yourself, in Sarah's absence."

Zack swallowed. His forehead glistened, as the sweat began to come. He stared steadily at the two men, who were by now less than two hundred yards away.

Mr. Usher turned the diary toward Zack, and pointed to the entry for November 17th, the first following Sarah's departure: ". . . brought plenty big supply medicine back with me, Hernando's Fiery Dagger rum an Old Blow-Torch gin, ha-ha!"

"What do you suppose I thought when I read that, Zack? What opinion could you have thought I would have, about the new caretaker to whom I had entrusted my place here?"

Zack's huge hands clenched. The red of shame suffused his face. He averted his eyes, but made no reply.

"And this entry," continued Mr. Usher, turning to December 4th. "With your wife gone, you turned squaw man. You brought an Indian woman here—the one who threw the axe and cut your hand."

Zack guiltily thrust his bandaged hand out of sight under the table. Then, with a groan, he stood up and walked to the cabin window, his giant shoulders

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slumped abjectedly.

"Zack," said Mr. Usher, "I am afraid I shall have to terminate my agreement with you. As for the entry about the shooting of—"

Zack had suddenly straightened and glued his face to the window pane. The two men were just entering the cabin dooryard. "Game warden!" said Zack. "A game warden with that—"

"The game warden," Mr. Usher asked gently, "couldn't be Tom Corn, could it, Zack?"

"Not unless it's his ghost," said Zack, turning fiercely. "He's been—transferred."

To Mr. Usher, the word "transferred," as it issued from Zack Bourne's livid lips, meant liquidated, purged, in short, murdered. But Zack's recent shame and guilt had suddenly dropped from him. He stood for a moment, tall, tense, savage. Then, with the quickness of a huge cat, he reached for his rifle, snatched it from the wall pegs, jacked in a shell, and flung open the cabin door.

"Zack! Zack!" cried Mr. Usher. "You can't kill another warden, Zack!"

"I don't aim to kill no warden," Zack snarled, as Mr. Usher followed him from the cabin door. "I aim to kill the bastid that wrote that diary for me. Step to one side, warden—jest a foot to one side, till I get a shot at that one-eyed Jeff Coongate!"

Standing behind, and a little to one side of Zack, Mr. Usher observed that the warden's body shielded the second man. As he watched, spellbound, a face of splendid and grinning malevolence appeared briefly over the warden's shoulder. One eye was missing from the face. The color of the other eye was a kind of baleful blue. There was also a stringy, white mustache, from which icicles hung, giving the one-eyed poacher of Privilege the appearance of a sardonic Santa Claus.

"Warden," said Thomas Jefferson Coongate, "it's your duty to pertec' me. I'm your prisoner."

The warden moved a little, not especially liking his view of the hole in the end of Zack Bourne's rifle. The one-eyed poacher moved with him, and for a second or two the warden and his prisoner resembled a dance team, shifting feet in perfect synchrony, no mean performance on snowshoes.

"Zack," said Mr. Usher, almost happily, "I think you better let me take that rifle now."

"Go ahead an' give it to him, Zack," said the game warden.

When the rifle was safely in Mr. Usher's hands, the one-eyed poacher cautiously showed his head and part of his body. "Git me down to that jail quick, warden," he said. "I ain't safe, loose, while ole Zack's mad at me."

"You'll have time to cool off, Zack," the warden grinned. "I think I can promise Jeff Coongate at least three months. He's been chloroformin' beaver over on Little Mopang Stream."

"An' to think," muttered Zack, leaning weakly back against the cabin wall, "that I dang near went with him, on'y for my wife, Sarah."

A few minutes after the game warden and his prisoner left for Privilege en route to the Mopang jail, Mr. Usher's plane landed. But Mr. Usher had decided to remain with his new caretaker for several days, so he paid the pilot off.

There were a few things that needed clearing up concerning the diary of death, but there was no longer any doubt about Zack Bourne. Zack's temper had cooled. Dark had fallen over the Mopang country, and in the light of the lamp in the kitchen, Zack read the one-eyed poacher's inimical work of art, and chuckled aloud.

"Why, that ole hellcat. There ain't a whisker of truth in him. What he wrote down, is jest what he wished was true, but knowed it never could be. It's a kind of a dream, like."

"Just how did it all get into the diary, Zack?"

Zack ruefully explained that Jeff Coongate had stopped at the camp for two nights, shortly after Christmas. To Zack, the writing of the diary had been an ordeal which he couldn't face. He had tried again and again, but in his fingers the pen had felt unnatural. As the days passed, and he had written nothing, the very sight of the pen had nauseated him, and he had continued his procrastination, brooding and ashamed. He had hoped that Sarah would return to fill in the empty days for him. But no. Instead came the one-eyed poacher of Privilege, who offered to take the whole thing out of Zack's hands and make a nice, interesting record. Zack hadn't even bothered to read what he wrote. Jeff Coongate had graciously wrapped the diary, sealed it and addressed it.

"Then you really did cut your hand splitting kindling," laughed Mr. Usher.

"Sure did. And Daisy sure had them five kittens, all right. 'Twas 'bout three weeks before Jeff showed up. He'd been clear out to Carterville to get chloroform for them beaver he'd located on Little Mopang Stream. An' I really took Buck an' Slats to Priv'lige, too, so's they wouldn't cause no trouble here. An' it's a fact about that warden, Tom Corn—he's transferred. An' that Jeff Coongate! Well, he's a good feller, just the same. But I figure he put that in about the squaw a-purpose to torment Sarah. He hoped Sarah might read about Elsie Brown Blanket."

"Zack," said Mr. Usher, "by way of apology, I'd like to renew my agreement with you for an indefinite number of years. Would you be willing?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I sure would. Me an' Sarah loves this place like it was our'n. But there's jest on'y one thing: don't you never tell her 'bout that diary, nor who wrote it. I wouldn't want Sarah to know that Jeff Coongate spent a couple nights here. He ain't a man that women understand."

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La Cava: Complex Realist

Continued from page 102

studio executives have learned not to try to persuade him to pull his punches, for he is one of the town's real independents and his rages can be monumental. If he makes an improbable happy ending it is not because of "box office." It is due to something else, something that stems directly for his lust for Life Itself. For when he says "give me real people" he means "give me people I understand." And when he understands people he likes them, and when he likes them he wants to make them happy.

So ask him about his "real" world in which butlers marry heiresses, awkward girls turn into great actresses in twelve hours, daughters of prostitutes escape into respectability, and La Cava will admit the essential fact. He is more of a romantic than a realist. The birds on the lawn may peck each other's eyes out, but he feeds them every day.

Next to reality, La Cava's greatest passion is psychology. No director is so psychoanalytically-minded. He had his field day when he made *Private Worlds* with Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer. There he dealt psychoanalytically with a psychoanalytical theme. The whole idea for the picture was his, the whole final effect—a conglomeration of Eugene O'Neill and Strindberg and Freud—was La Cava's. Psychoanalysis once ridded him of a terrifying complex and changed his life for him. It has, however, given him another complex in its place. He is obsessed by psychoanalysis. In *Private Worlds* he indulged himself to his heart's content, but he has sneaked the Freudian technique into most of his other pictures. The most notable example of it was the most famous scene he ever made—the staircase scene in *Stage Door.*

Andrea Leeds was a sugary unknown when La Cava picked her to play one of the boarding house actresses in *Stage Door*. She played the girl with the great talent, the one who couldn't get a break, the undiscovered Duse. When finally she is on the threshold of her first real part, the father of the rich girl comes along and buys the part for his daughter. Miss Leeds, in final frustration, slowly ascends the staircase in the boarding house and throws herself out the window.

Now, the ascent of the staircase was no device conceived only for a strange camera effect. (The camera was to move upwards in front of Miss Leeds—the camera, so to speak, climbing the stairs with her.) La Cava had his Freud case book with him when he wrote the scene into the script. His reasoning was Freudian. Suicide, the good doctor of Vienna had said, is often an attempt to get out of the cold world back into a place that is compatible and warm. The warmest place man ever knows is the womb. Suicide in certain forms is a desire to find the womb again. And when a person dreams of climbing a staircase, said Freud, he is dreaming of climbing back to the womb. La Cava put it all together and it spelled out the staircase scene. He explained everything carefully to the fledgeling actress, Miss Leeds. Then he shot the staircase scene for two days before he gave up and told her to go home and think it over.

She came back two days later, La Cava shot the scene first thing in the morning. Miss Leeds climbed the staircase, mumbling to herself, her eyes glassy and wild. The camera climbs in front of her; they reach the top. The camera stops, Miss Leeds walks beyond it and out of sight. There is a crash.

On the first take, La Cava knew he had it. It was even better, if such a thing is possible, than the staircase scene in *Maedschen in Uniform.* General elation. Congratulations for Miss Leeds. La Cava asked her how she had done it. She told him that she had spent the whole previous day at the Patten Insane Asylum, watching the inmates.

That kind of assimilation of his own ideas, that kind of co-operation is, he says, "the biggest kick I get out of this whole business."

Again when La Cava was making *The Primrose Path,* he had two characters from whom he was to extract most of his comic relief. There was first the snivelling old grandmother who had spent the best years of her life in the world's oldest profession, who saw her daughter follow in her footsteps and who was anxious for her two granddaughters to find out what fun it could be to make love for a living. She was La Cava's first comedienne. The second was the younger granddaughter, a child of eight or nine, to whom grandma taught her choicest cuss words and dirty songs. These two, La Cava knew, could easily become more repulsive than comic. They could turn stomachs instead of convulsing them. When the play was done on Broadway, where there is no tabu on profanity, the child simply cussed like hell, the old lady sang dirty songs, and the audience laughed itself into the aisles. Somehow there is nothing as funny to a Broadway audience as a profane child unless it is a profane old lady. But in the movies neither child nor grandmother—nor anybody else—is allowed to mutter even the most mellifluous of Anglo-Saxon epithets. La Cava knew that whatever comedy he could get out of these two would have to be got from the mere fact of their association, from their strange affection for each other.

For his grandmother he had chosen an old vaudevillian named Queenie Vassar, who had been living in Hollywood for years, unbeknownst to every talent scout. For the child he picked a plump unknown named Joan Carroll. These two were the result of an

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extremely careful weeding-out process of casting. And yet, when La Cava brought the two together before the camera he could not get the teamwork he wanted. The fault was not Miss Vassar's, for she knew all the tricks of the trade. There was something wrong with the child. Yet nobody on the lot could tell what it was. There didn't seem to be anything comical about the association of the old lady and her little brat, and without comedy the whole effect was sordid and distasteful. Older hands tried to prevail upon La Cava to get a different child. He refused, insisted the child was right, and there was something wrong with his own direction. Again he borrowed a leaf from the psychology books, and he solved the situation with one piece of advice. "Watch grandma," he told the child, "keep your eye on grandma. Do everything she does." The child kept her eye on grandma, did everything she did. From then on the scenes flowed together like syrup. La Cava got the effect he wanted. In the picture the scenes between the grandmother and the child are the best, the most fluent, the most acid. The comic secret is one of the oldest—a child acting a grown-up.

La Cava is familiar with hardened types because he himself came up the hard way. He was born in Towanda, Pennsylvania, where the vocation is coal mining and the population is almost unanimously Irish. But La Cava's father was Pascal La Cava, the only Italian in the town and a gentleman who would wear a frock coat on Sundays. He was also a musician and a linguist. In the Irish coal-mining town, young Gregory—as if the monicker wasn't enough—was a marked man. As the son of the only foreigner in town, and a frock-coated foreigner at that, he was walloped regularly, like a gong. As a child he was friendless. These days, he points to that period as the most significant in his own case history. It was the cause, he says, of all his complexes.

The La Cava family moved to Rochester. Gregory finally found some friends. He became, in fact, one of the boys. He took up boxing for a living. "I was getting pretty good," he says, "until I smashed my fist on some guy's head." When they took the tape off that fist it was obvious that the prize-ring stage of the young manhood of Gregory La Cava was over. Meanwhile, he had been going to art school at night, for he had always liked to draw. When his hand was well enough to hold an eraser he decided to take up drawing for a living, but he had to earn money for lessons. Eventually he landed in Chicago, where he attended the Art Institute. In the afternoons he took tickets at the Garrick Theater.

When his mother came into a little money she sent him to New York to study. First it was the Academy, and then the Art Students League. And those, to put it mildly, were the days. There was Robert Henri, the gentle revolutionary, to teach him. There were drinks and dinners with George Bellows and preachments in barrooms from George Luks. They were the robust precursors of the new American revolution and La Cava was in the middle of them, an ex-pug delirious in Bohemia. La Cava was an art student in New York in the best time for art students that ever was. Then life took a turn for the worse as quickly as it took a turn for the better in a La Cava movie. His mother's money ran out and he had to earn a living.

He did comic strips for a while, rather successfully although he hated the business. He worked for the old *New York World* and for the old *Sunday Herald*, and then he made his first contact with the moving pictures. He went into the animated cartoon field, and among other things he produced was the *Mutt and Jeff* series.

He met Charlie Burr, who was making two-reel comedies. Burr took him on as a gag man and let him direct a little. Even then he had no notion of going into the business as a career. He considered himself a comic strip and gag man at heart. He was a tough, dark Italian who wouldn't say "yes" to a producer and who thought the whole movie business was crazy. But he met Richard Dix, a rising star then, and Dix liked him and insisted that La Cava be hired to direct one of his pictures. That was the way things were done in the days of 1925.

La Cava directed Dix in something called *Lucky Devil*, which turned out to be a great hit. He became Dix's regular director and the team turned out a long succession of big hits. In a few years La Cava was one of Hollywood's aces and a man to reckon with. He was one of the potent forces at the then famous Famous Players. And then, flushed with success, his complexes began to simmer. He couldn't stand the gargantuan organization at Famous Players. He couldn't stand the supervision. He left. He wanted to be alone. He also wanted to drink.

Pathé took him on for a while to do some talkies when the talkies first came along. He left Pathé in a huff. By that time, he says, his complexes had him by the throat, though he had never heard of complexes. He bummed around Hollywood doing odd jobs when he wanted to and when he could get them. He was hard, pugnacious, and when he had bent too long over the flowing bowl he would offer to knock the bartender's block off. By that time there wasn't a studio in Hollywood that would give him a job, in spite of the fact that he was known as a man who had never directed a flop. He was fast becoming a bellicose Pat Hobby, with none of Pat's gift for compromise. Then somebody told him to go see a certain Doctor Samuel Marcus, a psychiatrist. Reluctantly La Cava went and told his

Continued on page 178

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La Cava: Complex Realist

Continued from pages 102-177

troubles to Doctor Marcus, and unhesitatingly Marcus set him straight. He traced the La Cava belligerency back to Towanda, Pa. He told La Cava that the Irish kids in Towanda had given him a sense of being someone different and apart. He was, like his father's frock coat, like Astor's pet horse, too fancy for the mob—or so he thought subconsciously. Marcus told him that he suffered from a frustration complex as well because he had had to give up painting. Marcus advised him to forget Towanda, the frock coat, and painting.

La Cava's regeneration was spectacular because he knew good advice when he heard it. He slapped his inferiority-superiority complexes down as soon as he was introduced to them. He straightened his tie, his shoulders, and went back to being one of the best directors in Hollywood. It is easy to see why psychoanalysis is almost like a religion to him, why it is his favorite reading subject, and why he introduces a slice of it into every picture he makes.

Of course he has not completely reformed. Some of his old fights with the studios were based on principles as much as temperament. He still abhors the business of supervision. Like many other directors he believes the director must be the high command. La Cava likes to direct, produce, write his own pictures, and even hold the whip hand over the exploitation over the picture. One of the reasons he walked out on RKO after he made *The Primrose Path* was that he couldn't stand the advertisements for the picture. He had tried hard to paint a picture of a girl trying to climb out of a bad environment. He took particular pride in his portrayal of the squalid home life; he was proud of what he had accomplished in the hash-house scenes. "Real American Life," he says. "Little guys coming in and out, the big cluck behind the counter making bum jokes with the girls from the cannery; you could almost smell the place." They were good scenes, La Cava had a right to be proud of them. For the sake of "realism" he made Ginger Rogers go through the entire picture with a shiny nose and no makeup. And then, when the picture appeared La Cava saw the advertisements. They were pictures of Ginger Rogers, sleek and svelte, reclining full length in the arms of Joel McCrea. This action was described as *Her First Kiss*, and the ensuing copy advised all potential customers that when they paid a visit to *The Primrose Path* they would see as torrid a first kiss between Miss Rogers and Mr. McCrea as they could get for their money. La Cava left the studio soon after that, and wouldn't come back until they gave him the right to okay the ads for his pictures.

His abhorrence of supervision lingers on. For one thing the studio knows it is a waste of time to prepare a final script for La Cava to shoot from. He will make a thousand changes before he is through, rearranging the plot, the dialogue, the characters, the action as he sees fit. He was the first man ever to take a script okayed by Darryl Zanuck and tear it to pieces as he directed it. Out of La Cava's mayhem and Zanuck's acquiescence there came *Gallant Lady*, which was a colossal hit.

There are writers in Hollywood who regard La Cava with about as much affection as a lion has for a lion tamer. He is death on scripts. He merely goes along as he likes and makes up his own plots from day to day. Nobody in Hollywood approaches the Stanislavsky method as closely as he does. He describes the scene and the motivation to his actors and then asks them what they would say in like circumstances. If he agrees with what they say, he shoots the scene that way, though the script writer may retire to a neutral corner and commit hari-kari. He has no use for well-laid plans. He is the first to confess that he does not know today what he will shoot tomorrow. "It may be an unconscious aim," he said, "but I seem to be working toward a technique in which it is the scene which plays itself, not the actor."

It was in this day-to-day manner that he made *Stage Door*, which was as different from the George Kaufman-Edna Ferber play as it was from the script that was so carefully prepared by high-salaried script writers. The one point of resemblance between the two was that the ladies in the story lived in a theatrical boarding house. There the similarity stopped dead. But though La Cava did mix the colors of his plot from day to day as though he were mixing paint, he did, as he always does, have a central theme. In the case of *Stage Door* it was a pet theme, one that had been boiling within him for a long time. He detests the Broadway version of Hollywood. Once, in an interview, he said "Broadway's idea of Hollywood as the place where an actor sells his soul and goes to the dogs is cheap and specious. I wish I could spike it once and for all." He got his chance in *Stage Door*, although whether he spiked the idea once and for all is open to some debate. As a play *Stage Door* exalted Broadway and damned Hollywood. La Cava did not entirely reverse the field in the movie version. He did not exalt Hollywood, he merely damned Broadway. When George Kaufman saw the La Cava version of his play he didn't recognize it though he liked it. He suggested it be called *Screen Door*.

Most of La Cava's last pictures have been smash hits, which puts La Cava among the Hollywood angels. These days he will not make more than one picture a

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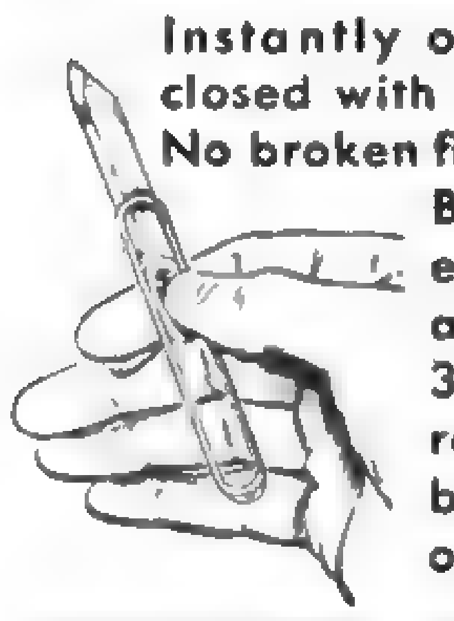

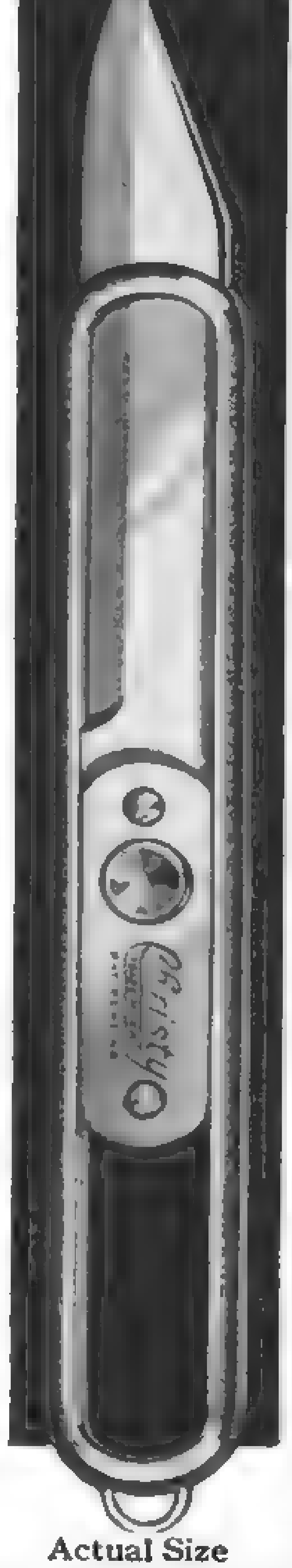

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year. When it is over he relaxes, at his Malibu beach house, in New York, or with the birds on the back lawn. When he works on a picture he works himself to the fringe of a breakdown. His assistants know to what small hours of the morning he can grind them, what infinitesimal changes he will insist on making until the film suits him. His overtime work, however, is on his own time, for he is a stickler for regular studio hours. When he walked out on his studio in February, 1940, one of his demands was for a five-day week and a 9:00 to 6:00 shooting schedule. He directs all day, works with his writers at night. Sometimes, when he feels that the amount of changes he himself makes in a script warrant it, he takes screen credit for writing as well as for directing and producing.

On the set, he still uses a system that was kicked out by every other director as soon as the talkies came in—he keeps a pianist around to provide mood music. He will allow no guests on his set, not even the visiting president of the Upsala Girl Scouts.

His favorite authors are Emerson and Freud. He once said that the greatest natural actor in the world was a Cro-magnon pug named Gunboat Smith.

He still likes a toddy or two among friends, but he isn't shadow-boxing with complexes any more. These days when he feels the old temperament climbing up on him he doesn't suggest that all differences could be settled if he punched a producer on the nose. He merely states his demands and walks out in a low dudgeon. He usually gets what he wants because a director with his batting average is never long "between pictures." His studio knows that though he is the most catch-as-catch-can director in Hollywood there is method, and magic, in his madness. An ebullient press agent who had just seen La Cava's new film, *Unfinished Business*, in the projection room, happened to voice the studio's sentiments very neatly. "Boy!" he shouted, "it has psychology plus! We'll make three million bucks on this one!" ⧺

Howard Baer: Doubling in Paint

Continued from page 73

violent temper and had a run for a time as a problem child. He attended a four-room eight-grade school, the principal of which predicted that little Howard would come to no good end. Baer is still young enough to be able to make good that prediction. His trouble was that he simply wouldn't study. He preferred to stretch out on the store counter and make sketches, usually copying the funny pictures, while the sales girls did his lessons for him. He could have fooled his teachers had he troubled to memorize the lessons the girls faked for him. At the age of seven he started swearing and chewing tobacco and keeping company with the Baptist preacher's daughters. He earned the name of Lefty by being a southpaw pitcher on the Finleyville sandlot team.

When Howard was twelve his father died and the family moved to Pittsburgh, renting out the store. Howard and his brother attended the Pittsburgh public schools, Howard continuing his interest in art and sketching. At high school he became art editor of the student publication. The crochety old women who taught—or attempted to teach—art in the Pittsburgh school system did not make the subject too wildly interesting, but despite them, young Baer thought the subject worth doing. During his senior high school year, however, he came up against a somewhat more inspiring specimen of pedagogy, a young man named Stephens who subsequently became head of all the art classes in the Pittsburgh school system. Stephens suggested that Baer attend the Saturday morning sketch class for high school students given at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and the young man attended, profiting greatly thereby.

From the age of twelve and into his college years Baer had been attending a summer camp in the Adirondacks, at Racquet Lake, in which environs he did a considerable amount of sketching, sometimes in the company of Shaemas O'Brien, Irish poet and sculptor, who encouraged the younger man in his ambition and urged Mrs. Baer to allow her son to attend Carnegie Tech. At that center of learning, which he entered upon his graduation from high school, he specialized in the painting and illustrating courses. Of all the Carnegie Tech teachers with whom he came into contact he recalls with especial gratitude Samuel Rosenberg, not for anything he taught, but for his general influence and encouragement. Upon his graduation, in 1928, he was offered the post of art teacher at a private school near Pittsburgh and the more mundane job of designing tiles, but he refused both, for he had other projects in mind, and he came to New York.

He came to make a place for himself in the world of commercial and illustrative art. His first start was a false one. Returning home in January, 1929, to attend the wedding of a Pittsburgh friend, he smashed a leg. He spent twelve weeks in the hospital and most of the rest of that year recuperating, not returning to New York until late in the fall, when he resumed his siege. He would move into a side-street hotel and remain stranded in it until he could earn enough money to settle his bill and move out, and into another hotel of much the same character, out of which he could not move until he had received the money needed to settle his account. He made illustrations for advertising copy and promotion circulars and made action sketches of incidents

Continued on page 180

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Howard Baer: Doubling in Paint

Continued from pages 73-179

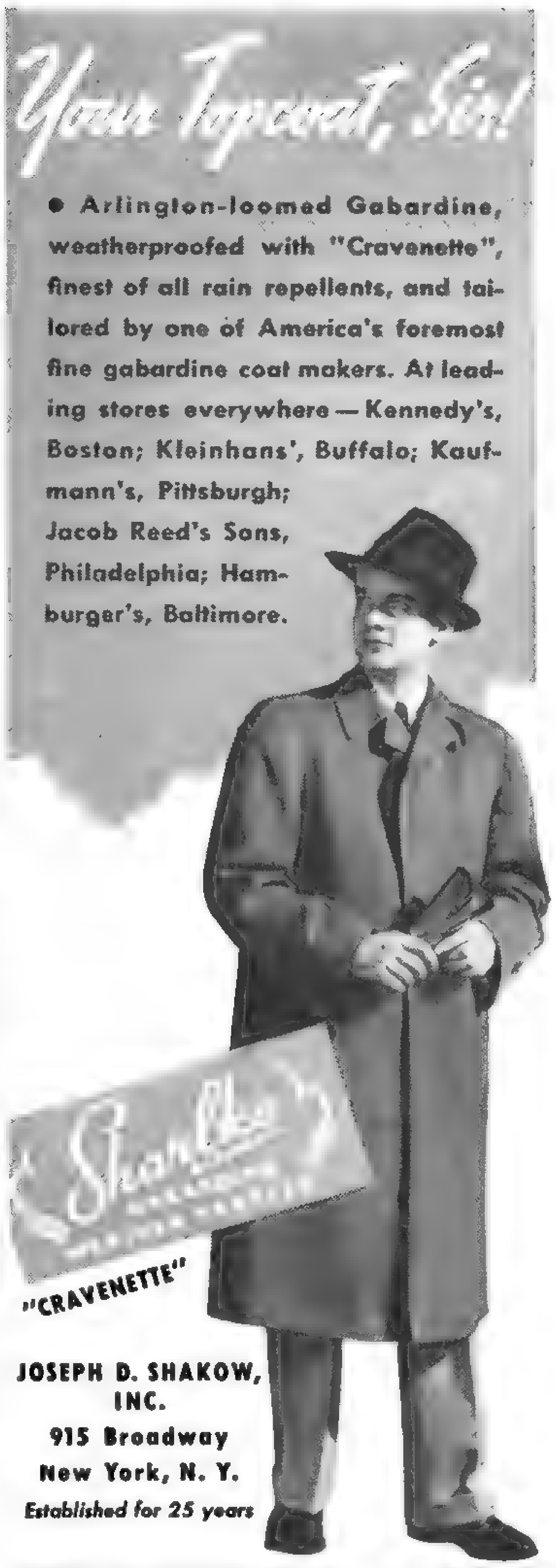
in moving pictures, for promotion and advertising. On the basis that theatre lobbies and fronts should make use of the same come-on technique employed by moving picture theatres, Baer sold theatrical producers on the idea of drawing action caricatures of the chief incidents in plays to be used in large display posters. The artist found that the producers of flops were more willing listeners to his proposals than those who were putting on successful shows; the latter did not require Baer's promotional shot in the arm, and after a while Baer realized he had exhausted the possibilities of this form of promotion. Within his first years in New York, he illustrated for the late Horace Liveright's Black and Gold Library Balzac's *Physiology of Marriage.* Then also he began making drawings for *The New Yorker*, *Collier's* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, as well as for the somewhat esoteric and shorter-lived *Americana.* Possessing more leisure than he could employ, he spent part of it in painting canvasses on contemporary subject matter—the life of New York, its more crowded and less gracious social aspects.

Sometime in 1933 he sent to the editorial offices, in Chicago, of a newly-projected national magazine on whose front cover his name has ever since appeared, two paintings, entitled *Dance Marathon* and *Subway Scene.* These appeared in the initial issue of Esquire, and it was the only one in which Baer was represented by art work other than cartoons, although a cartoon idea was implicit in each of these paintings. Thereafter he began contributing cartoons in color regularly, as well as in black and white. One of his most notable series was that devoted to the *Enemies of Mankind*, which drawings were not so much cartoons as caricatures in action of certain pestiferous examples of the male sex. Commissioned to execute a series of etchings on the leading night spots of New York, and never before having worked in that medium, he rushed to become a student in the etching class conducted at the Art Students League by Harry Sternberg, and while learning the use of this tricky medium met the deadline on each etching of the series, and incidentally and for good measure learned also about lithography. There is nothing halfway about Howard Baer.

He went to Mexico to discover what he could do on his own, as a painter, with only the landscape and the people of Mexico and his own impulse, intelligence and technical equipment to set him his assignment. For three months he would travel and live, paint and sketch. The thing took preparing. For at least a month before the Baers set out, Howard was working at a highly accelerated rate, drawing in advance cartoons and sketches for the newspaper syndicate as well as for Esquire, so that no deadline would be casting its shadow over him during that Mexican vacation. On Jan. 1, 1941, Mr. and Mrs. Baer—Howard and Lenore to their friends—left New York to discover that peculiar quality and experience that is Mexico. For the first part of their trip they followed the conventional tourist trail, with a weather eye peeled for that ideal place, or nearly ideal place, in which they could settle and in which Howard could paint and sketch. From Mexico City, the country's hub, they went to Guadalajara, where Howard particularly enjoyed looking at the murals of Orozco, a much more admirable example of public decorative art than Rivera's.

And at Guadalajara, they heard of the village of Chapala, on the lake of the same name, the setting of D. H. Lawrence's *Plumed Serpent.* There they settled down and for eight weeks Baer painted and sketched and found a more pleasurable release of his vital energies than he had ever found before. He tried to cultivate his eyes for the essential as well as for the picturesque. He had a good time also playing as well as working, enjoying the villagers and sharing in their life. They arrived at the best time of the year—fiesta time—and they were in the middle of it because the Baer convertible coupé became the triumphal car of the Queen of the Fiesta, whose throne was the lowered canvas top and whose legs rested on the driver's—Howard Baer's—stout shoulder blades. As driver of the triumphal car Baer was an honored guest at every bullfight and fiesta, during every one of the delightfully exacting ten days.

He worked hard almost every day, mornings and afternoons, keeping the evenings free for relaxation. He completed fourteen paintings on the spot and made hundreds of sketches, in pencil and water color, many of which he has since developed in more finished form. Indeed, he brought back so many themes and developed so large a proportion of them that even his exhibition will not contain all the finished pictures he has produced. Perhaps the Mexicans are the most hospitable people on the face of the earth, or Baer has a way of making himself at home wherever he goes, but there was no place in which he was not welcome. He discovered that the most beautiful girl they had seen in all of Mexico was at Chapala. She was the village prostitute, in whose garden he painted a number of landscapes as well as her portrait. The artist observed her contemptuously shooing away a village lout of a customer while he was working on her portrait. When Baer expressed, with delicate tact, surprise at her trade, she asked, "What else is there to do in



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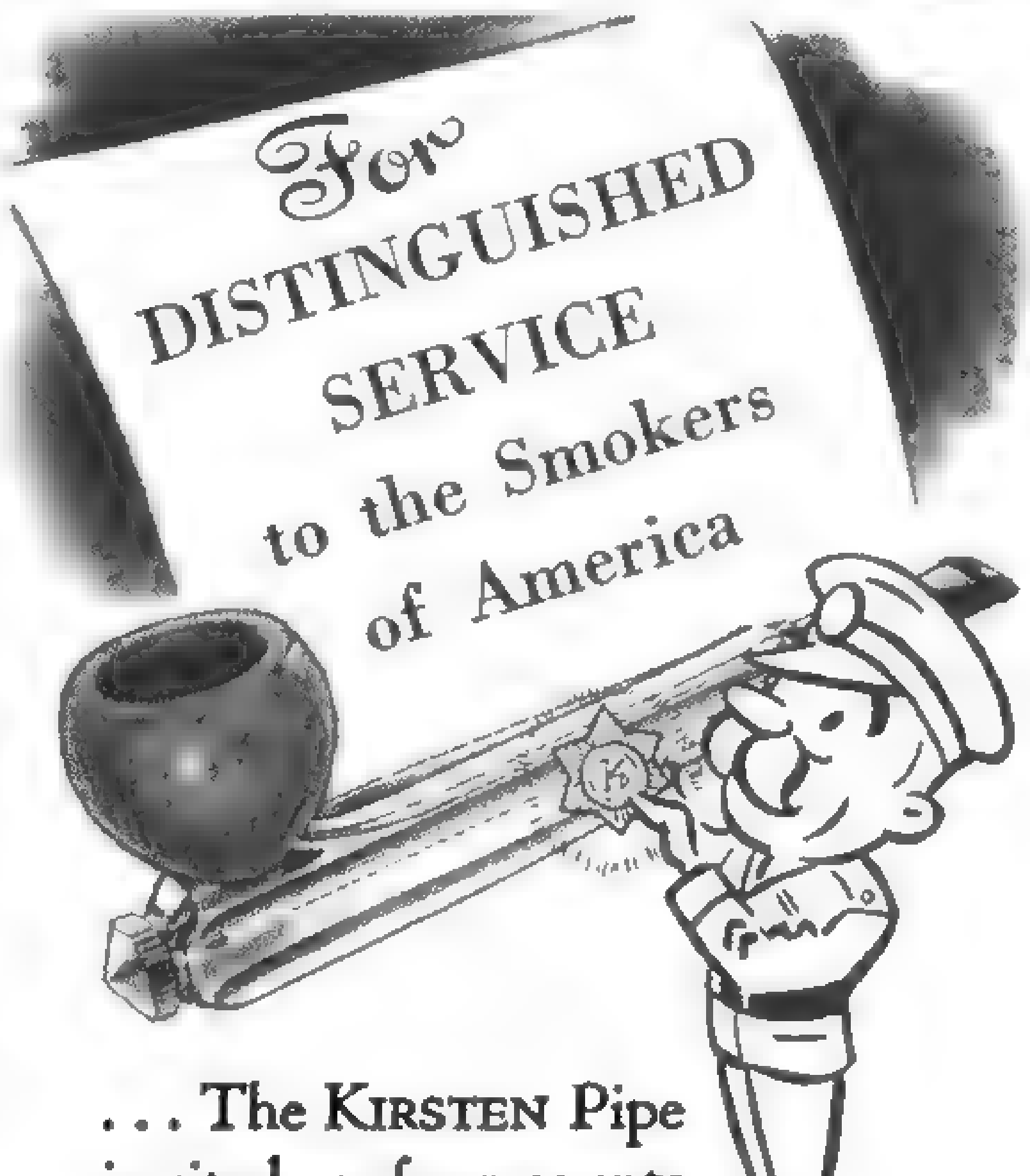
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Chapala?" He had no satisfactory answer to that one. The Baers learned, from the widow who ran the village bar, that they were the subject of considerable speculation among the people, for, unlike most American tourists who let themselves go once they hit a foreign country, the Baers drank in moderation, were not unfaithful to each other and were not even perverted. The Baers hope to be able to return to Mexico, and to Chapala, this year or early next.

There isn't much to say about Howard Baer apart from his work. His favorite sport is tennis and he enjoys swimming and driving and has a beautiful, charming and intelligent wife. The Baers occupy one of the most unusual houses in New York, a sixty-five-foot brick front on John Street, between South and Front streets, a stone's throw from the East River piers, directly overlooking a filled-in dock which was once known as Burling Slip. In the heart of New York, just beyond the insurance, stock brokerage and coffee districts, they have ship chandlers for neighbors and Portuguese fishermen for drinking companions at the neighborhood bar. With a house that is approximately 150 years old and that had been unoccupied for ten years, Mrs. Baer has achieved a miracle of redecoration and re-adaptation to modern living conditions. Yet if the Baers ever have to move out—fortunately their landlord is a friend and will give them much more than a month's notice—they will have to rent a château in which to put the furniture that has already become acclimated in this curious house, making a chapter all by itself. Visiting the Baers is an experience. ++

Elixirs with Cracked Ice

Continued from page 87

savorer's crystal-clear glass had amplitude, swirl-room. The pulchritude of the liqueur was given a play along with its promissory fragrance before the actual lusciousness of the drink was gone at. Though generously poured, there still remained an ample margin of rim-safety against trickling overflow. Hence no frustration drama of a two-fisted guy trying to demonstrate his savoir-faire daintily aiming the muzzle of a liqueur bottle at a Lilliputian glassie, and emerging up to the knuckles in sticky richness, with a sense of defeat comparable to that of the fellow who tried to figure how they ever got the cows to sit down on those little cans that condensed milk come in.

To be sure, it *is* possible to insert a modicum of liqueur into a peewee of this sort, but the achievement seems hardly worth the nerve-strain. If unabashed enjoyment is the aim, the equipment called for consists of a goblet, no less, chilled beforehand with cracked ice, the memory of which imparts a boost to flavor and aroma, as the stem is fondly rotated.

This goes for both the "solo" flavor category—Blackberry, Cherry, Peach, Apricot, Maraschino, etc.—and the "concerted" numbers of intricate composition. It's just a question of whether the palate's yen is for opulent sublimity you can put your finger on, or blandishing elusiveness that keeps you blissfully buffaloed.

Most of the former contingent are akin to the fruited specialties—brandies, bounces, ratafias, meads, cordials, and so on—the making of which ye Colonial housewife oversaw as part of domestic repertoire. When a guy chose a bride in those days, he picked one with good distilling or blending qualifications along with her other credentials.

If milady of today has slumped on her responsibilities, the professional cordial makers have taken over where her grandma left off. The super-equipped professional, with all science at his beck and call to assist him in exact control of quality, can carefully and appraisingly select his ingredients from the tops of the crops, unfooled by showcase eye-appeal. With him it's flavor and character strictly; beauty is baloney.

Take, for instance, our traditional stone-jug friend Curaçao—the golden liqueur made from the peel of a piquantly bitter orange peculiar to the Dutch island it's named for. No other orange will supply the authentic note on which the Dutch settlers of that isle built a reputation in their now historic cordializing. So although we're orange-groved to the gills on both coasts, our Curaçao makers have to import these pesky peels from down yonder and wheedle the fragrant oil out of them. Personally, when I go into serious conference with a fine Curaçao, I don't care *how* much bother they've been put to.

Let me mention that this same goldie can do a lot for an Old Fashioned Cocktail by taking the place of the lump of sugar and dab of water. In fact, it's an artful auxiliator to smuggle into all sorts of drinks and sauces. But when we come to the Crêpes Suzette question, we're in the hall of arguments, many pancake arsonists insisting that Triple Sec is brandy's official partner in this rite. As a volunteer fireman I find that by the time Susie's little rolled-up rugs are melting in the mouth, whichever of these lovely fuels has been used is apt to seem the correct one.

Actually, both liqueurs are versions of Curaçao—ancient and modern, the latter being a French emendation, colorless, slightly less sweet and of upped strength. Triple Sec, notably that under the brand name of Cointreau, rode to terrific Continental success in the Sidecar, constructed of equal portions of lime juice, Triple Sec, and brandy. Indeed this three-wheeler was Europe's catchiest contribu-

Continued on page 182

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Elixirs with Cracked Ice

Continued from pages 87-181

tion to the art of cocktailing and as such is nowadays sighingly remembered in connection with the last time you and I saw Paris and the French Riviera. But it is pointless to bemoan the wellnigh complete disappearance of Cointreau from dealers' shelves, for Triple Sec is still actively with us, boasting other brand names whose sources of supply are a-simmer on this side of the Atlantic.

And here's further comfort. Grand Marnier, the treasured combination of Curaçao and choice brandy, isn't going to be among the missing either. I am reliably informed that arrangements are being worked out whereby Grand Marnier will shortly be faithfully produced within our shores in accordance with its time-honored formula.

Certainly we are sitting enviably as regards those tropical twins, brunette Crème de Cacao and still brunetter Crème de Café (this one mayhap garbed in a handled jugsie). "Please pass the beans," we murmur, and neighbors Ecuador and Venezuela oblige with the de luxe cocoa, and Mexico with the ne plus ultra vanilla which in expert conjuncture are the basis of Cacao's rich-bodied chocolaty allure; and for the Café item we've got Hemispheric friends who can spare a bagful or two from a good mountainside. At that, though, when you consider the size of our dairy industry and cream de cow's underpinning requirements, we'll be needing every Latin bean we can get. And think of the millions of scuttles of cracked ice with frappé ambitions. It gets me so I can't tell bean from boon.

Sour in itself and sourer geographically at the present time is the marasca cherry of Dalmatia. Yet no way else than by distilling its fermented juice can you get the distinctive aromatic salvo and fruity umth of Maraschino Liqueur. So any concern on this side of the Atlantic possessed of a stock of the genuine essence (and there *are* such fortunates) is entitled to a bit of prestige preening. Really it's got cajolement of a special sort, registering cheerily not only on its own but also on your grapefruit, in tall and short mixed drinks, particularly those made with light-bodied rum.

Switzerland's pet whistle-ease, Kirsch, has likewise been acclimated in our midst. Dry, crisp, colorless, it carries a refreshing message of keen cherrystones and a light hint of their pulp. Optical experts have been fascinated to observe the way this brilliant-clear liqueur refracts the light, but every time I lift my glass with similar scientific intentions I get absent-minded and drink it.

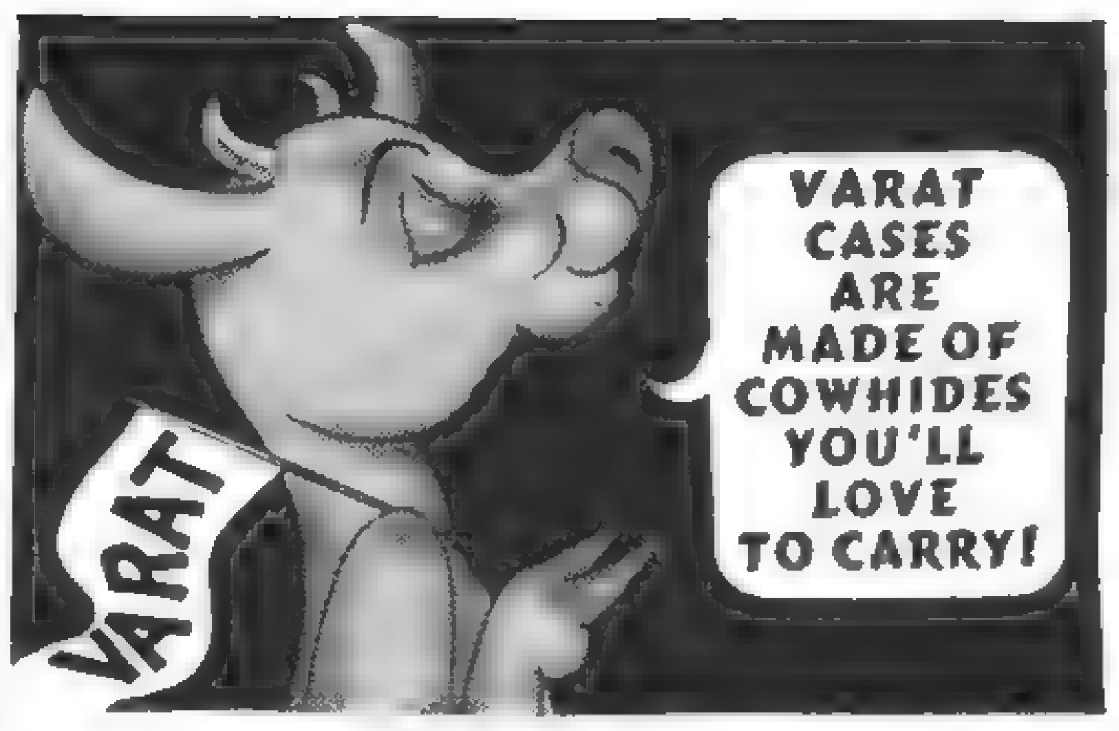
Also colorless but on the sweet side is Anisette, rival of Kummel as a seed classic and stomach benefactor. Continentally speaking the caraway preference is northern, the anise southern, with a tendency toward fizz expansion, the lingering flavor being sufficiently robust to survive considerable stretch, yet non-aggressive when greeted straight.

Enthusiasm for seeds, barks, roots, and herbs has been rampant ever since the days when medieval cloisters maintained flourishing herb gardens for remedying human ails, irks and yammers. Some of these institutions dispensed "elixirs" so grand and glorious, so full of good works and kick that there would be quite a crowd of applicants, sick or hale, with their tongues hanging out. The Carthusians up in the hills back of Grenoble vouchsafed Chartreuse, both Yellow and Green (stronger); eventually migrating to Spain, they took their formulae with them. Up to now the treasured stuff is still to be had. Benedictine, which suffered a stoppage during the French Revolution, is again an unfortunate victim.

America hasn't been idle either in the matter of outright origination. Grapefruit, which is strictly a New Worldling, inspired the creation called Forbidden Fruit, housed in a regal orb-like bottle with gold accoutrements: citrus tang buttressed with brandy. Europe was happy to lap it and hang medals round its neck; also violet-toned Crème Yvette, mystic romance agent, concocted in Connecticut. And may I be stricken dry if I forget to pay homage to that fruit-laden favorite of our ancestors and their descendants, Rock & Rye, bland flavor-orgy! Drinkers may not think of it as being a cordial, but that's what it technically is by virtue of infusion and difficulty of refusal. Redolent, too, of olden-time palate pursuits is Apple and Honey (put up by an old New England concern) wherein the wares of the bee are combined with brandy distilled from Johnny's gift to teacher.

Honey, heather and other Scottish flora, and exemplary twenty-year-old Scotch whisky are auspiciously assembled in Drambuie, the sole cordial to which Hieland clansmen give lip-service. These kilted loyalists insist that the recipe was handed down from a follower of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and that compared to it all liqueurs are *de trop* and effete as trousers. Looking at things from a different latitude, the good people of the Cape of Good Hope are just as vehement about *their* liqueur, spicy-subtle Van der Hum. I leave it to you gentlemen to settle this long-standing controversy.

Well, with *all* the cordials I've mentioned, you could set yourself up a *pousse-café* six feet tall. But don't. Granted that that sort of striped stunt is as colorful as the Grand Cañon, *who* wants to drink a Grand Cañon? Really to appreciate the gorgeous quality of a fine cordial, you've got to give it your undivided attention. ⌗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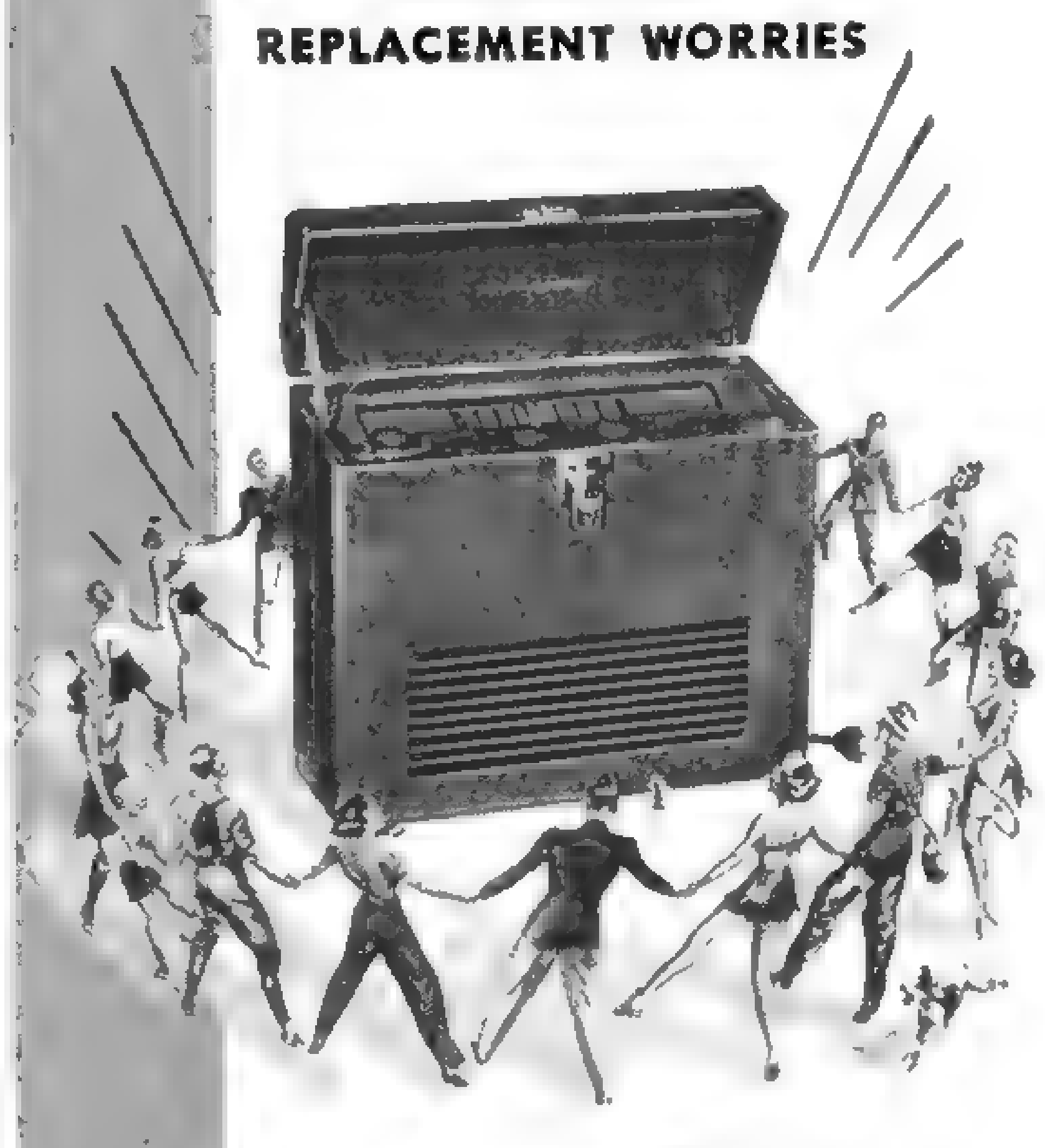

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 78

good one? The good notices of many critics periodically constitute even poorer and less substantial criticism than the bad ones, and it would be a valuable gesture —and certainly a generous and applause-winning one—for the playwright or producer to prove to the critic that he didn't know what he was talking about. The first playwright or producer who has honor, intelligence and pride enough to do it will be the hero of the rest of the critical profession.

* * *

Music Show Books.—The conventional criticism of musical comedy books that the majority of them are deficient in sense doesn't hold too much water. It is of course, based upon the peculiar assumption that the majority of plays without music are comparatively bursting with it. Yet there has been hardly a musical comedy book produced in New York in the last half dozen years—and look through the list if you think this is just another of those carelessly tossed off general remarks—that hasn't seemed a veritable feat in highbrowism when compared with the complete dramatic works of, say, Em Jo Basshe, Vera Caspary, Irving Kaye Davis, Wilson Collison, Myron C. Fagan, Michael Gold, Fred Herendeen, Harry Delf, Samuel Ruskin Golding, Aurania Rouverol, Leon Gordon, Martha Stanley, Doty Hobart, William Grew, Abby Merchant, Michael Kallesser, Mark Linder, Elizabeth Miele, Anne Nichols, Milton Lazarus, Henry Rosendahl, Adelaide Matthews, and ten to a dozen such others.

* * *

Dramatic Tendency.—Love, once the meat, bread and butter of drama, seems gradually to be surrendering its thematic place to hate. Where the delicate emotion once occupied the larger portion of drama we now find its emotional opposite. Whereas the former drama was usually *for* something, the more recent is often *against* something. Fascism, Nazism, communism and all that goes with them have, of course, been the force motivating the change. The day may yet come when the dramatic spectacle of a man tenderly kissing a woman will be as sensational as was the stage's first articulation of the term son-of-a-bitch.

* * *

Pro-Novice.—When Saroyan produced his *The Beautiful People* he cast for the leading role of the fanciful young girl a young miss, Betsy Blair, who had had no previous stage experience save briefly as a chorus girl in *Panama Hattie*. Although she was perfectly suited to the role and thoroughly effective and charming in it, some of the reviewers criticized her pretty harshly. What was needed, they argued, was an actress of greater experience. This struck the rest of us as the height of nonsense. What was needed for the role was exactly a girl like Betsy. It called for a girl with complete innocence from artifice, with some essence of spirituality, with just a trace of awkwardness, and with a certain kind of physical appearance, and Betsy was that girl. It is possible that some other girl with more experience might have suggested these qualities and attributes through expert acting but the very acting of them would have botched the natural impression which Saroyan had in mind and which the Blair girl contributed. Besides, while it is easy for reviewers to argue the way the above-noted did, where would Saroyan have found the kind of actress they demanded? There are roles and roles; some call for expert actresses and some call for girls who are naturally one with the roles. In this case, Betsy Blair was the right choice. In the role, many a much more experienced actress would have failed ridiculously, just as Betsy in turn would probably fail ridiculously in the roles in which they have succeeded. But delicate, sensitive, lovely and appealing girls of seventeen don't grow on every bush, at least not on bushes very close to the stage.

* * *

Codicil.—What I now put down in connection with the above is perhaps not altogether contributive to the high dignity of a critic, but statistics are statistics, and often very peculiar, too. My secretary, instructed to follow the reviews of last year with regard to an especial idiosyncrasy of the great majority of the New York critics, hands me the following report:

Actresses who were called "beautiful," "radiant," "youthful" or "pictorially enchanting," ages culled from Burns Mantle's latest play anthology:

Ethel Barrymore, 62, twenty-seven times.

Lucille Watson, 64, eighteen times.

Jane Cowl, 54, seventeen times.

Tallulah Bankhead, 39, fifteen times.

Frances Starr, 55, ten times.

Edna Best, 41, nine times.

Gertrude Lawrence, 43, twenty-one times.

Irene Bordoni,46, ten times.

Katharine Cornell, 43, twenty-one times.

Ruth Chatterton, 48, seven times.

Helen Hayes, 41, eighteen times.

Ina Claire, 49, twenty times.

Lynn Fontanne, 54, twenty-two times.

Pauline Lord, 51, eleven times.

Grace George, 62, sixteen times.

Violet Heming, 48, thirteen times.

Florence Reed, 58, six times.

Carol Goodner, 45, seven times.

Vivienne Segal, 44, fourteen times.

Lenore Ulric, 44, nine times.

Continued on page 185

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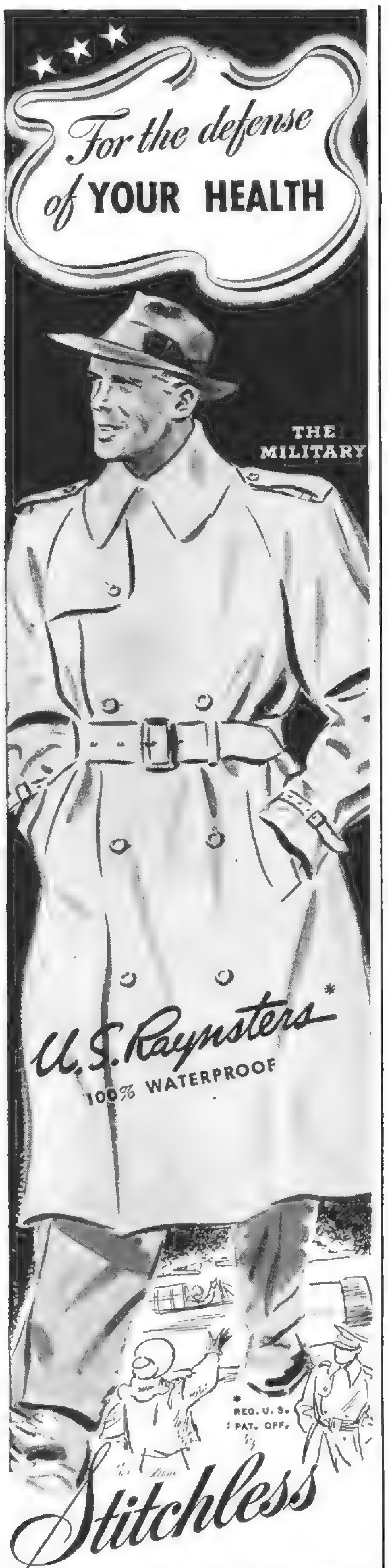

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

OCTOBER 1941

Abels, Robert.......... 22
Abercrombie & Fitch Co.......... 153
Adler Shoe Stores.......... 8
Allen Edmonds Shoe Corp.......... 185
Alligator Co., The.......... 111
American Viscose Corp.......... 158
Arch Preserver Shoes (E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.).......... 124
Arden Book Company.......... 14
Arlington Mills.....164, 165, 179, 183, 184
Arrid (Carter Products, Inc.).......... 138
Arrow Importing Co. (Marly Jackets) 168
Arrow Shirts (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.).......... 93

Barbizon-Plaza Hotel.......... 22
Bar Mart, The.......... 14
Bean, Inc., L. L.......... 186
Book-of-the-Month Club.......... 3
Botany Worsted Mills.......... 126
Bristol-Myers Co:
  Mum.......... 172
  Vitalis.......... 107
Brown-Williamson (Viceroy).......... 170
Browne Vintners Co., Inc. (White Horse) 97
Burger, Joseph..........8, 14, 16
Byer-Rolnick Co., The (Resistol Hats) 139

Camels (R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.) IV Cover
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Fine Arts Whiskey.......... 130
  Nuyens.......... 151
  Johnnie Walker.......... 118
Carter & Holmes.......... 171
Carter Products, Inc. (Arrid).......... 138
Cat's Paw Rubber Heel Co.......... 16
Champs-Elysees.......... 22
Chez Paree.......... 20
Chicago Daily News, The.......156, 157
Chicago Rubber Clothing Co. (Rainfair) 121
Chicago Wheel & Mfg. Co.......... 8
Christy Co., The.......... 179
Clean-Omist.......... 16
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow Shirts).......... 93
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc.......... 20
Contempo (Wilson Bros.).......... 135
Continental Distilling Corp.......... 18
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey).......... 131
Courtley, Ltd.......... 12
Cutter-Crossette Co.......... 144

Davis Tailoring Co., P. H.......... 179
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum).......... 20
Dewar's (Schenley Dist. Corp.).......... 122
Disney, Inc.......... 175
Divan Parisien.......... 20
Dobbs (Hat Corp. of America)..III Cover
Dot Snappers (United-Carr Fastener Corp.).......... 164

Eagle Clothes.......... 160
Electric Motor Corp.......... 14
English & Co., John A.......... 8
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.).......... 146

Fine Arts Whiskey (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.).......... 130
Fitch Co., The F. W.......... 123
Fleischmann Distilling Corp., The.......... 143
Florsheim Shoe Co., The.......... 4
Forstner Chain Corp.......... 12
Fortune (General Shoe Corp.).......... 134
Foster Bros. Sportswear.......... 172
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., (Four Roses).......... 11
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc.......... 18
Frenchee Chemical Co.......... 8

Gardner Billfolds, Prince.......... 169
General Electric Co.......... 182
General Shoe Corp:
  Fortune.......... 134
  Jarman.......... 13
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O.......... 8
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern).......... 15
Glover's.......... 14
Greenspoon Clothing Co.......... 175
"Gripper Fasteners" (Scovill Mfg. Co.).......... 141
Gutmann & Co., Inc. (Tufraw).......... 173

Haband Co.......... 14
Haig & Haig (Somerset Imp., Ltd.).......... 133
Hanovia Chemical & Mfg. Co.......... 161
Harris Tweed Assn., Ltd.......... 125
Hart Schaffner & Marx.......... 26
Hartmann Trunk Company.......... 163
Hat Corp. of America:
  Dobbs..........III Cover
  Knox.......... 106
Hershey Mfg. Company.......... 12
Heublein & Bro., G. F.......... 173
Hickok Mfg. Co.......... 110
Holeproof Hosiery Co.......... 171
Hollis Company.......... 16
House of Crosby Square, The.......... 105
Hull Mfg. Co.......... 14

Improved Mfg. Co.......... 181
International Shoe Co:
  Mark Twain.......... 163
  Peters.......... 178
  Roberts, Johnson & Rand.......... 170
  Winthrop.......... 159
Interwoven Stocking Co.......... 103

Jamaica Rum (Sugar Mfrs. Assn., Ltd.) 140
Jarman (General Shoe Corp.).......... 13
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.).......... 131
Johnson Smith & Co.......... 12
Johnston & Murphy Shoe Co.......... 148

Kaywoodie Co.......... 23
Kellogg Co., Robt. W.......... 12
Kelly's, Jimmy.......... 22
Kirsten Pipe Co.......... 180
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso).......... 146
Knox (Hat Corp. of America).......... 106
Kover-Zip (Waldes Koh-I-Noor).......... 162

Laird & Company.......... 20
Lamb Knit Goods Co.......... 8
LaSalle Hat Company.......... 178
Lastex (U. S. Rubber Co.).......... 147
Leon & Eddie's.......... 22
Leroux & Co., Inc.......... 186
Lissner Co., Inc., H.......... 166

Maison Maurice Raviol, Inc.......... 22
Mark Twain (Intl. Shoe Co.).......... 163
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.).......... 149
Marly Jackets (Arrow Imp. Co.).......... 168
Miami Herald, The.......... 176
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip.......... 108
Mum (Bristol-Myers Co.).......... 172

Name-Kit Co.......... 8
National Brewing Co., The.......... 20
National Distillers Prods. Corp. (Old Crow).......... 136
National Magic Co.......... 12
Nettleton Co., A. E.......... 152
New York Sun, Inc., The.......... 137
New Yorker, Hotel.......... 22
Nor-East (Wembley, Inc.).......... 17
Northern Furniture Co.......... 174
Norwalk Pipe Co.......... 183
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co.......... 114
Nuyens (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 151

Ogilvie Method.......... 8
Old Crow (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.).......... 136
Old Schenley (Schenley Dist. Corp.).......... 25

Pabst Brewing Co. (Blue Ribbon).......... 119
Pace-Setter Suits (Raleigh Mfrs.).......... 181
Paris (A. Stein & Co.).......... 120
Park & Tilford Imp. Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords.......... 18
  Vat 69.......... 112
Parker Pen Co., The..........II Cover
Party Record Co.......... 16
Pastushin Co., Victor F.......... 16
Peper Tobacco Co., Christian (London Dock).......... 20
Perspir-Ator Mfg. Co.......... 14
Peters (Intl. Shoe Co.).......... 178
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen Shirts).......... 129
Piedmont Shirt Co.......... 168
Pioneer Wallets.......... 142
Plaza Hotel, The.......... 18
Plymouth Mfg. Co.......... 185
Portis Bros. Hat Co.......... 117
Puritan Knitting Mills.......... 166
Pyramid Lake Dude Ranch.......... 22

Rabsons Music Shop..........14, 16
Rainfair (Chicago Rubber Clothing Co.).......... 121
Raleigh Mfrs. (Pace-Setter Suits).......... 181
Raynsters (U. S. Rubber Co.).......... 184
Readers' Club, The.......... 9
Red & Black Label (Schenley Dist. Corp.).......... 19
Red Raven Corp. (Billy Baxter Club Soda).......... 20
Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N.......... 22
Resistol Hats (The Byer-Rolnick Co.) 139
Reynolds Tobacco Co., R. J. (Camels)..........IV Cover
Roberts, Johnson & Rand (Intl. Shoe Co.).......... 170
Roper Knitting Co., Inc.......... 183
Rothschild Bros. Hat Co. (Wright Hat).......... 154

Savoy-Plaza Hotel.......... 22
Schenley Distillers Corp:
  Dewar's.......... 122
  Old Schenley.......... 25
  Red & Black Label.......... 19
Shakow, Inc., Joseph D.......... 180
Shanhouse Sons, Inc., W.......... 180
Sherry Netherland, The..........7, 22
Shulton, Inc.......... 169
Simpson, Inc., J. B.......... 177
Somerset Importers, Ltd. (Haig & Haig).......... 133
Stein & Co., A. (Paris).......... 120
Stetson Hats.......... 21
Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., The.......... 174
Stone-Tarlow, Inc.......... 14
Stratbury Mfg. Co..........132, 182
Stroock & Co., S.......... 176
Sugar Mfrs. Assn., Ltd., (Jamaica Rum).......... 140
Swank Products.......... 167

Talon, Inc.......... 113
Tufraw (Gutmann & Co., Inc.).......... 173

United-Carr Fastener Corp. (Dot Snappers).......... 164
U. S. Rubber Co:
  Lastex.......... 147
  Raynsters.......... 184

Van Heusen Shirts (Phillips-Jones Corp.).......... 129
Varat Co., Murray.......... 182
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 112
Viceroy (Brown-Williamson).......... 170
Vitalis (Bristol-Myers Co.).......... 107
Von Lengerke & Antoine.......... 153

W. & C. Clothing Co.......... 178
Waldes Koh-I-Noor, Inc. (Kover Zip) 162
Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.).......... 118
Wembley, Inc. (Nor-East).......... 17
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.......... 150
White Horse (Browne Vintners Co., Inc.) 97
Whitman Co., Inc., Wm. 164, 165, 179, 180, 183, 184
Wilson Bros. (Contempo).......... 135
Winthrop Shoes (Intl. Shoe Co.).......... 159
Wollensak Optical Co.......... 12
Wright & Co., Inc., E. T. (Arch Preserver Shoes).......... 124
Wright Hat (Rothschild Bros. Hat Co.) 154

Yale, George.......... 8

Zim Manufacturing Co.......... 12

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 78-183

Estelle Winwood, 58, ten times.

Peggy Wood, 47, nine times.

So much for list A.

Now for list B:

Peggy Conklin, 29, two times.

Doris Dudley, 23, once.

Mitzi Green, 21, once.

Frances Farmer, 27, two times.

Katharine Hepburn, 34, nine times.

Katharine Locke, 27, once.

Claudia Morgan, 29, once.

Margo, 23, once.

Martha Scott, 27, once.

Diana Barrymore, 20, two times.

Claire Niesen, 20, two times.

Joan Tetzel, 20, two times.

Helen Trenholme, 29, two times.

Jo Ann Sayers, 24, three times.

Dorothy McGuire, 23, four times.

Adele Longmire, 25, two times.

Teresa Wright, 20, once.

Phyllis Brooks, 22, two times.

Vera Zorina, 25, four times.

Edith Atwater, 29, two times.

Louise Platt, 26, once.

Eleanor Lynn, 27, two times.

Betty Field, 25, two times.

Charita Bauer, 19, no times.

Haila Stoddard, 25, two times.

Peggy French, 20, no times.

Nancy Coleman, 19, no times.

Margaret Tallichet, 25, once.

Lois Hall, 26, once.

Sylvia Weld, 29, once.

Jane Wyatt, 30, three times.

Joan Wetmore, 29, two times.

Grace McDonald, 23, two times.

Betty Grable, 20, two times.

Jinx Falkenburg, 23, three times.

Betty Blair, 17, two times.

I have instructed my secretary to call up Dr. Roscoe Sampson, the eminent colored psychoanalyst, to learn what is wrong with the reviewers.

* * *

The Foolitzer Prize.—Of all the prizes for drama, the Pulitzer continues brilliantly to be the one that makes the least sense. Not only does it so often alter the terms of the award that one no longer can make head or tail of the reasons for its annual choice, but the persons responsible for making it become increasingly more and more hazy. Consider its general complexion:

1. It gave its prize for a last season's play to a play which had been produced in the season before.

2. This prize, as heretofore, was recommended by a committee of three persons of whose identity no one, including the recipient of the prize, Mr. Robert Sherwood, author of *There Shall Be No Night*, had the vaguest idea.

3. The super-committee, in whose hands rests the final decision, is composed of a lot of far-flung newspaper editors most of whom do not see more than one out of every twenty plays produced in New York during a season—and one out of twenty is a very liberal estimate.

4. Both the recommendations of the anonymous trio and the super-committee have been overthrown in the past by someone else, who has seen fit to pick the prize play out of his own hat.

5. If, as this last year, a play produced in some previous year may be given the award, we may next season reasonably expect the prize to be bestowed upon something like *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

6. The prize was instituted for an original American play and yet on two occasions has been given to plays which were based on others' works.

7. Sample plays to which the prize has been awarded: *Alison's House, The Old Maid, Hell-bent Fer Heaven, You Can't Take It With You, Why Marry?, In Abraham's Bosom, Men In White, Both Your Houses, Icebound.*

8. Sample plays which have been incidentally ignored: *Winterset, Of Mice And Men, Mourning Becomes Electra, High Tor, Rain From Heaven, What Price Glory? Saturday's Children, The Emperor Jones, The Hairy Ape, Desire Under The Elms, The Great God Brown, Ah, Wilderness!, Johnny Johnson, Dodsworth, Yellow Jack, Awake And Sing, Broadway, The Last Mile, Star-Spangled, The Children's Hour, The Little Foxes, One Third Of A Nation, Another Language, Green Grow The Lilacs, Porgy, The Front Page, Tobacco Road.*

9. The prize has been supposed to go to that play which best represents "the educational value . . . of the stage." Yet it has been awarded to plays whose educational value, to put it mildly, has been 1 minus.

10. The prize has also been held to go to plays which "raise the standards of good morals, good taste, and good manners," yet just how such prize plays as *Anna Christie, Hell-bent Fer Heaven, Craig's Wife, Strange Interlude, Street Scene, Idiot's Delight,* and the like have been deemed likely to raise the standards of good morals, good taste, and good manners is something pretty hard to figure out.

In short, it is about time the Pulitzer people stopped kidding themselves and the rest of us. ⵌ

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The Riddle of Vladimir

Continued from page 70

for which he paid fifty times their value. But these splendid outfits did him no good, for he couldn't wear them. The speculators all masqueraded in rags so as not to attract the attention of the Cheka.

For that reason, Vladimir didn't dare to rent more than one room. He couldn't buy an automobile because they were not to be had. He couldn't build a house for himself because only public buildings were being erected. He couldn't purchase stocks or bonds because no bourse existed. He couldn't spend his money abroad because the frontiers were closed.

So to get rid of at least an infinitesimal part of his wealth, he bought everything the people waiting in the lobby had to offer—ikons, gold pieces and alleged Rembrandts—on the condition that the objects could be stuffed into his overflowing wardrobe.

There was no greater favor a friend could bestow upon Vladimir than to borrow money from him. I once asked for a loan of ten tshervontzi and he gave me fifty.

"You have all the money you need," I once said to Vladimir, "Why don't you dispose of your business and enjoy yourself?"

"Well," he answered, stroking his beard pensively, "you see, I never had money before. But I always wanted money. And now that I have it, it seems like a sin to give it up . . ."

I suggested another way out. No one except officials on their missions was allowed to leave Russia. Still with all his rubles, Vladimir could attempt to cross the border illegally.

Here Vladimir's Asiatic fatalism came in. "I speak only Russian. And Russia is my country . . . Besides, if I go to Paris or Berlin, I'll spend my money, and what then? They have no NEP there, and I'll be a clerk again."

Vladimir was the first one I met in Russia who didn't want to leave.

The administration tolerated speculators as a necessary evil, but never stopped emphasizing that eventually this evil would be wiped out. Consequently, the simple man was afraid of being seen with a speculator, and Moscow society—the Communist bureaucracy—treated him as a bourgeoise treats a prostitute. If the officials needed a man like Vladimir, they saw him in private, but not publicly.

So in spite of all his money, Vladimir was a lonesome man. As I had neither fear nor prejudice, he sought my company on possible occasions. One night he knocked at my door. I was busy killing bedbugs. He turned the key in the lock and bent over with a gesture of supreme secrecy. "I can trust you, can't I?" he whispered.

I nodded.

"You won't tell your friends, will you?" "Your friends" meant the ruling class, the Communists.

After I had promised discretion, out we went. The street was dark and covered with snow. We hired a sleigh, Vladimir gave the coachman an address, and after passing the Volga bridge we drove through a strange quarter.

"Where are we going?"

"You'll see," was Vladimir's answer. "And I think you'll like it. Although you go around with them, you're not their kind." "They" again meant the Communists whom he feared as death.

The sleigh stopped at a corner and Vladimir paid the fare. Never had I seen a driver shed tears because of so generous a tip.

The corner where the sled halted wasn't our destination. Vladimir put his hand on my arm and led me through a narrow passage. In front of a small villa he stopped. The windows were dark, the fence partially destroyed—the building looked uninhabited except for footsteps on the snow-clad ground.

Vladimir rapped at the door—one, three, two, one. A slit was opened. "Vladimir Petrovitch!" a voice exclaimed.

I found myself in a setting that reminded me of a nightclub in Rouen or Lille. The furniture was ugly modern rococo—red plush drapes, gilded chandeliers and alabaster statues. A small string orchestra played classical music. Around tables topped with imitation marble sat the guests, the women in décolleté gowns of the 1917 vintage, the men in outmoded evening clothes or the torn masquerade of the speculators. Waiters in greasy tailcoats served champagne and vodka.

Vladimir got the big ovation reserved for a favorite guest. He ordered champagne and we were joined by two ladies, descendants of the upper class.

I didn't understand the situation. There were other expensive restaurants open in Moscow, like the Praga and the Hermitage, vodka could be obtained in many places, and champagne from the tsarist cellars bought in the open. Theaters and music halls were more plentiful than in tsarist times, and no closing hours prevailed. Why all this secrecy?

The girl at my left started explaining. "In the first place, you can dress for the evening—there is no law against it, I know, but try it and you will soon see what happens to you—" Suddenly the music struck up an old Broadway tune. The woman stopped abruptly in her explanation and threw herself in Vladimir's arms. Another girl grabbed hold of me. Everybody danced.

I have seen people dance in night clubs and dives, in practically all the capitals of the world—but I never saw as frantic and rapturous dancing as in the rococo room on the outskirts of Moscow.

The faces of the dancers were distorted, the eyes illuminated with a feverish glare, the mouth half open. The girl in my arms breathed heavily, exhaling the scent of bitter almonds. Most of them danced badly, the orchestra was poor, the music banal. Then why this strange enchantment?

Because dancing was a dangerous pleasure in the Russia of 1933. The Kremlin having declared it a bourgeois pastime, a fox-trot could easily become a Danse Macabre, ending in jail.

One night when I returned to my hotel, I saw two men in leather jackets waiting in the lobby. Leather jackets meant the Cheka. The men looked from me to the desk clerk, who shook his head no, I was not the one they had come for, but I guessed their mission.

Stalling for time, I took a newspaper out of my pocket and sat down pretending to read, but really watching the two men. After a while I got up and, putting the paper on the desk, said to the clerk: "Keep it for me, please. I want to take a stroll." My idea was to search for Vladimir and warn him.

One of the Chekists barred my way. "Your papers, please."

I showed him my passport. He smiled and took a memorandum out of his pocket. "On the 24th you dined with Vladimir Petrovich J. at the Hermitage?"

"I think so," I answered.

"And you went with him to the ballet on the 27th."

"I went with him to the ballet, all right—"

He handed me back my passport. "Then you will please go to your room and not leave till tomorrow morning."

When on the way upstairs I passed Vladimir's door, I found it open. The wardrobe had been broken into and everything—clothes, rubles, gold coins and Rembrandts—was gone.

Vladimir was not the only living example of the theory that often there is no sharp line of demarcation between the crook and the pioneer. The Soviet court—with some degree of justice—considered him a crook and sentenced him to many years of hard labor.

His sixty stores were taken over by a government controlled co-operative. The queues of people waiting to be fitted with glasses grew longer and longer. The managers of the co-operative didn't know what Vladimir had known—how to get the lenses. #

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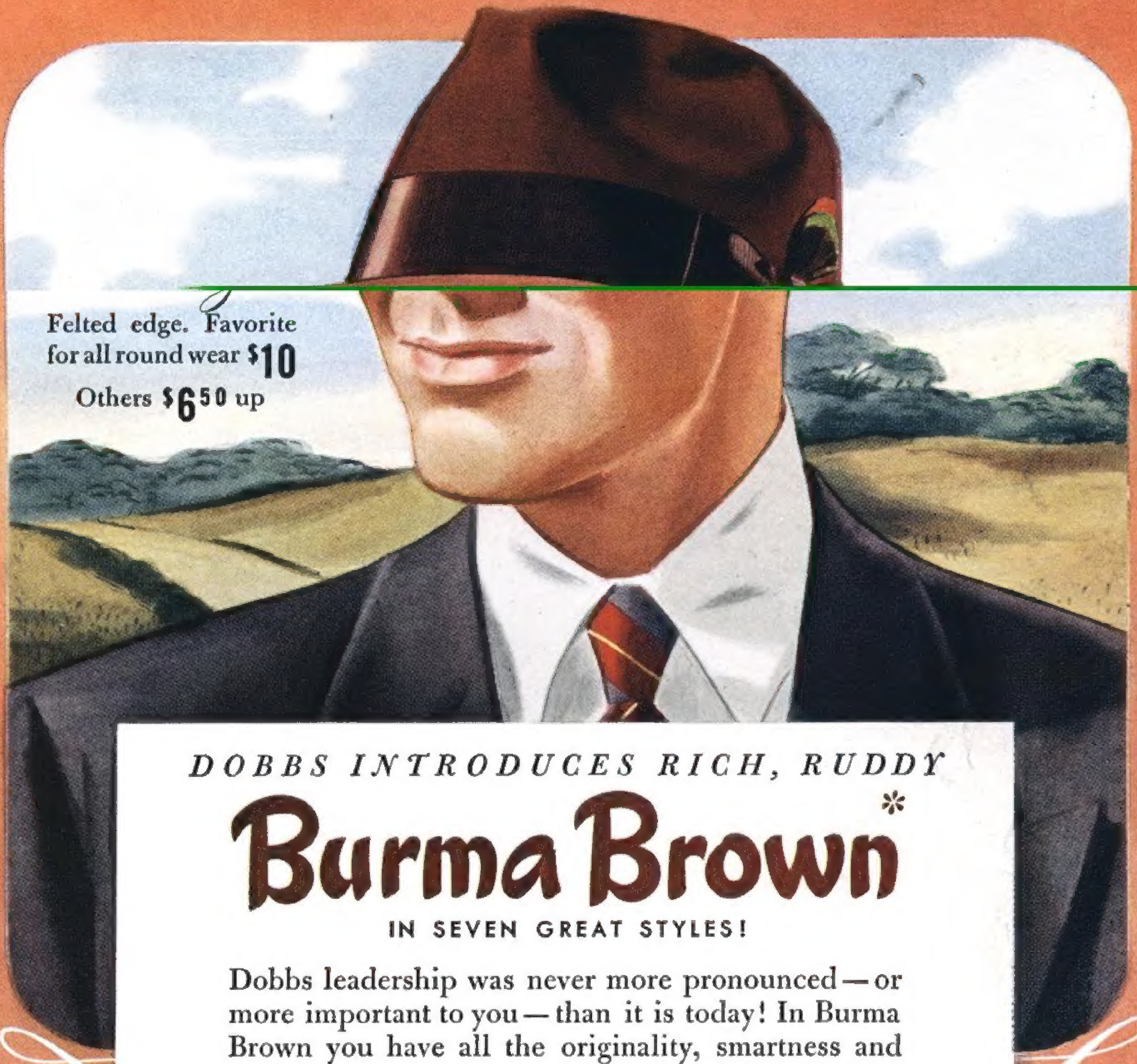

Felted edge. Favorite for all round wear $10

Others $6.50 up

DOBBS INTRODUCES RICH, RUDDY

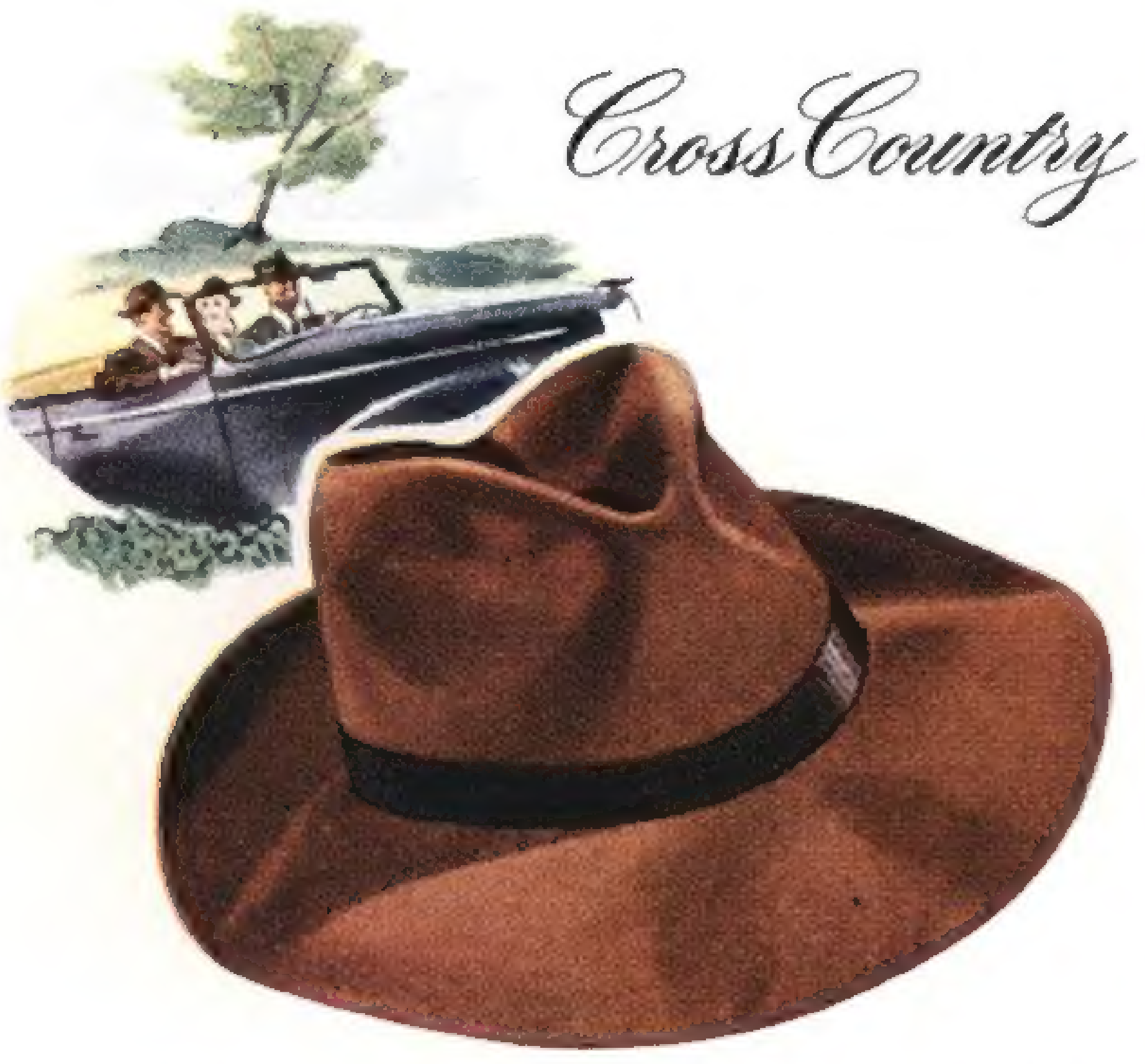
Burma Brown*

IN SEVEN GREAT STYLES!

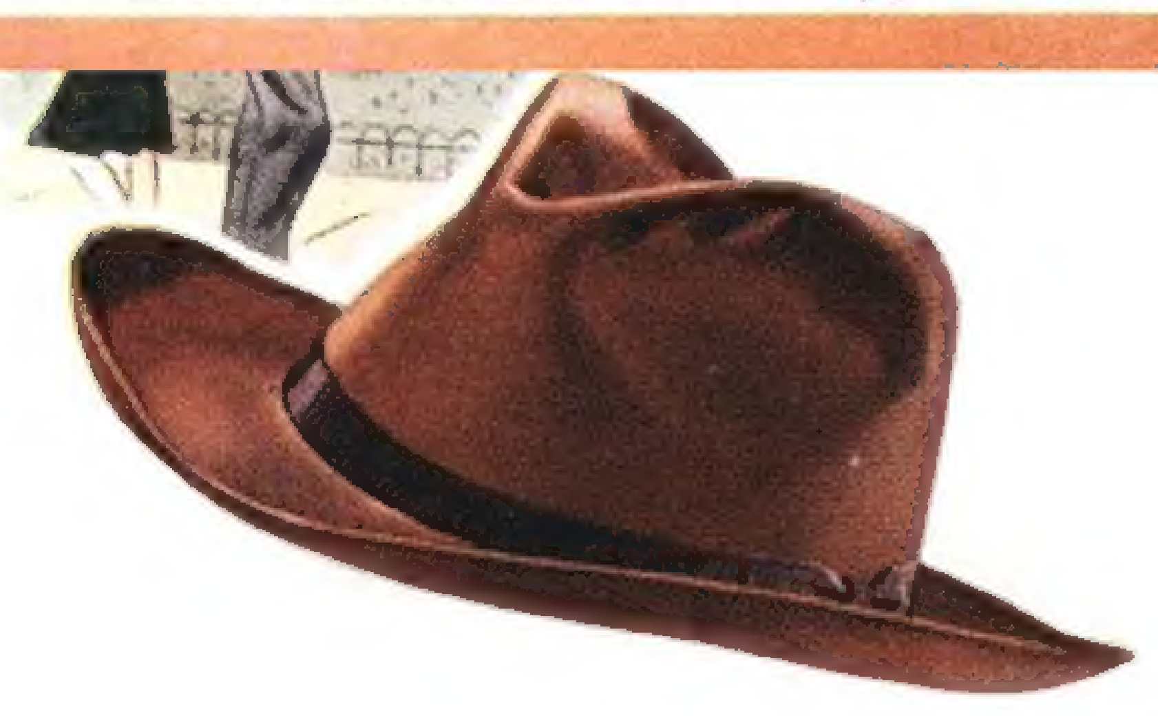
Dobbs leadership was never more pronounced—or more important to you—than it is today! In Burma Brown you have all the originality, smartness and exclusiveness you've come to expect from Dobbs.

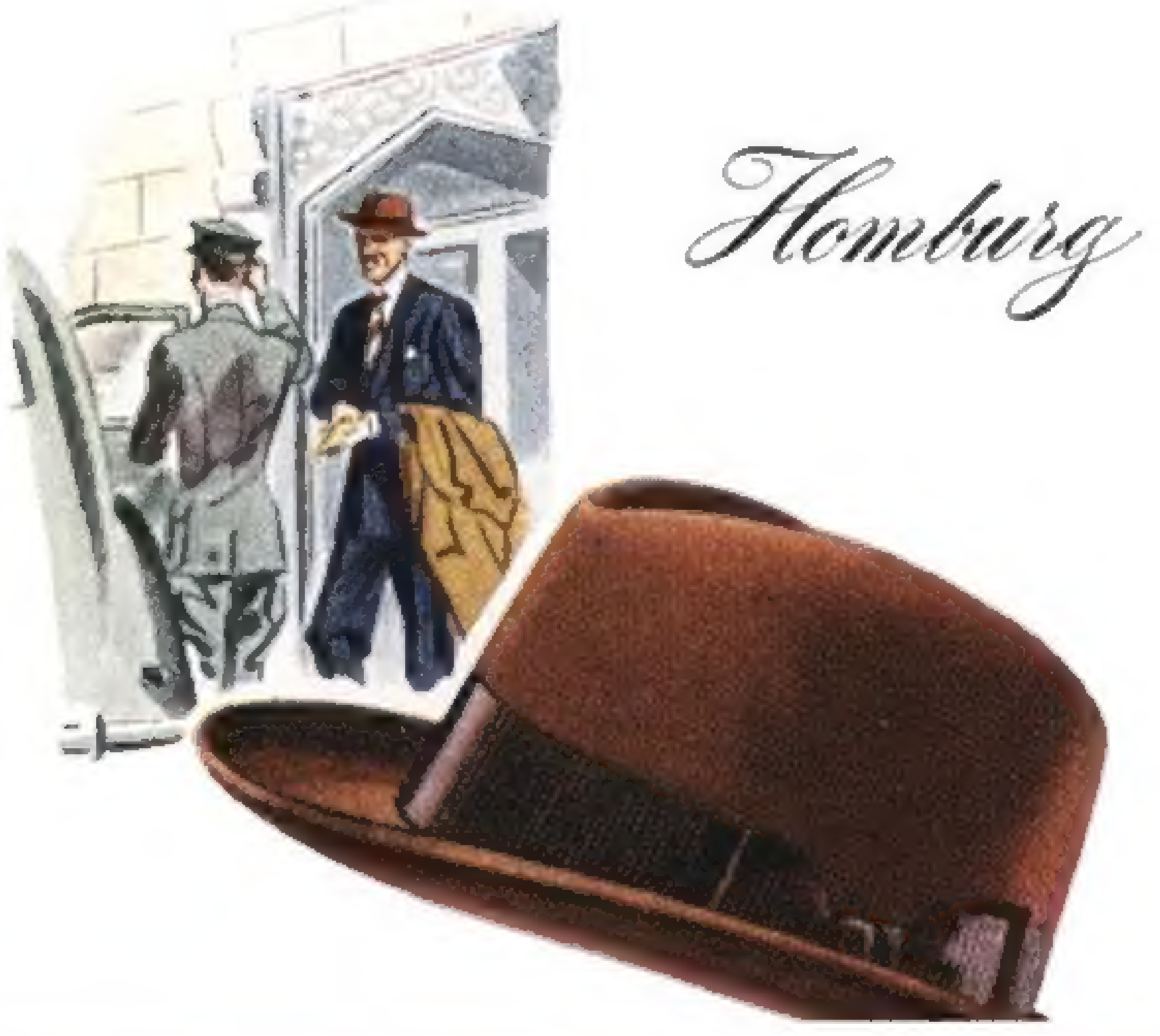
DOBBS *Fifth Avenue* HATS

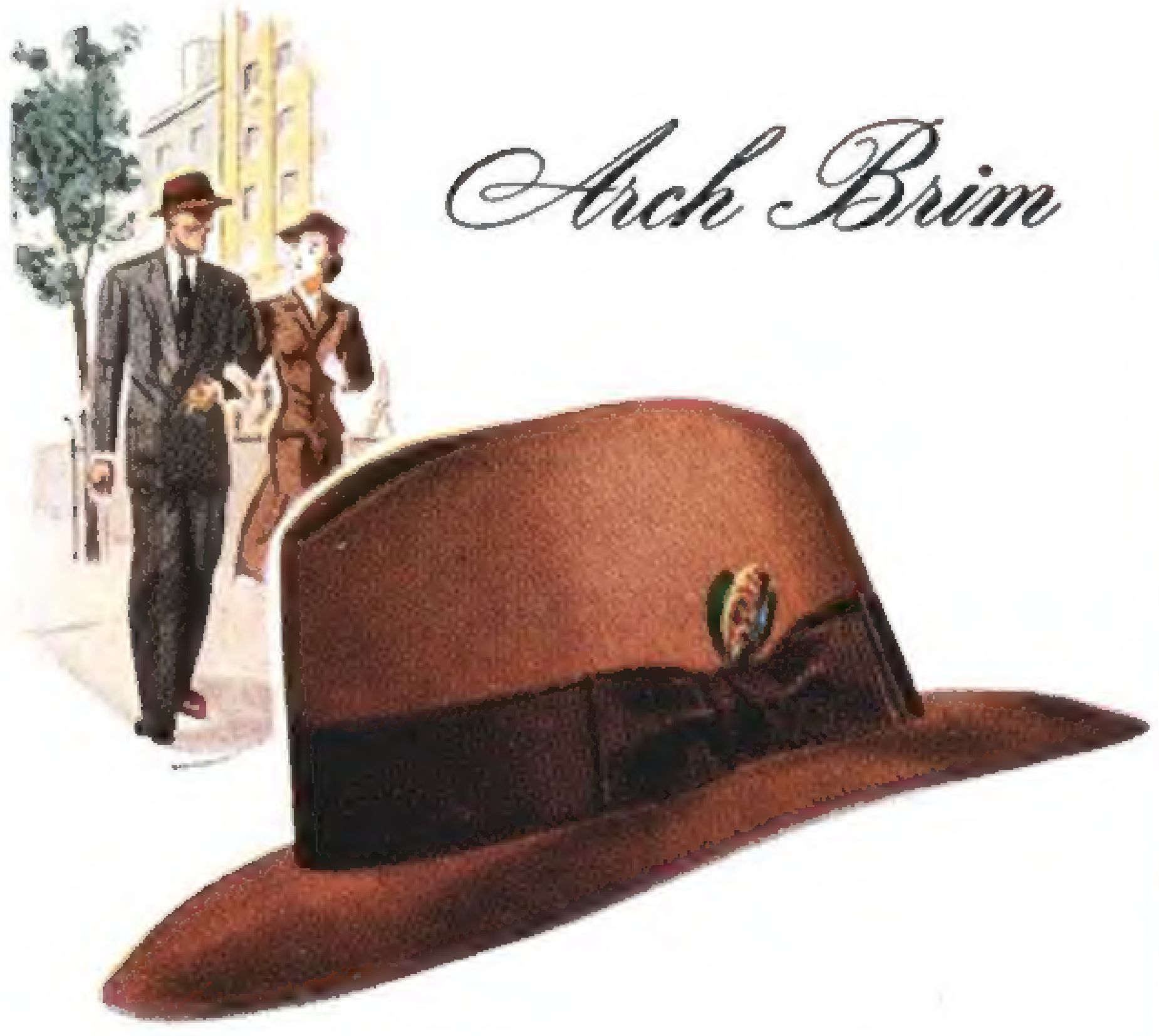
NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS



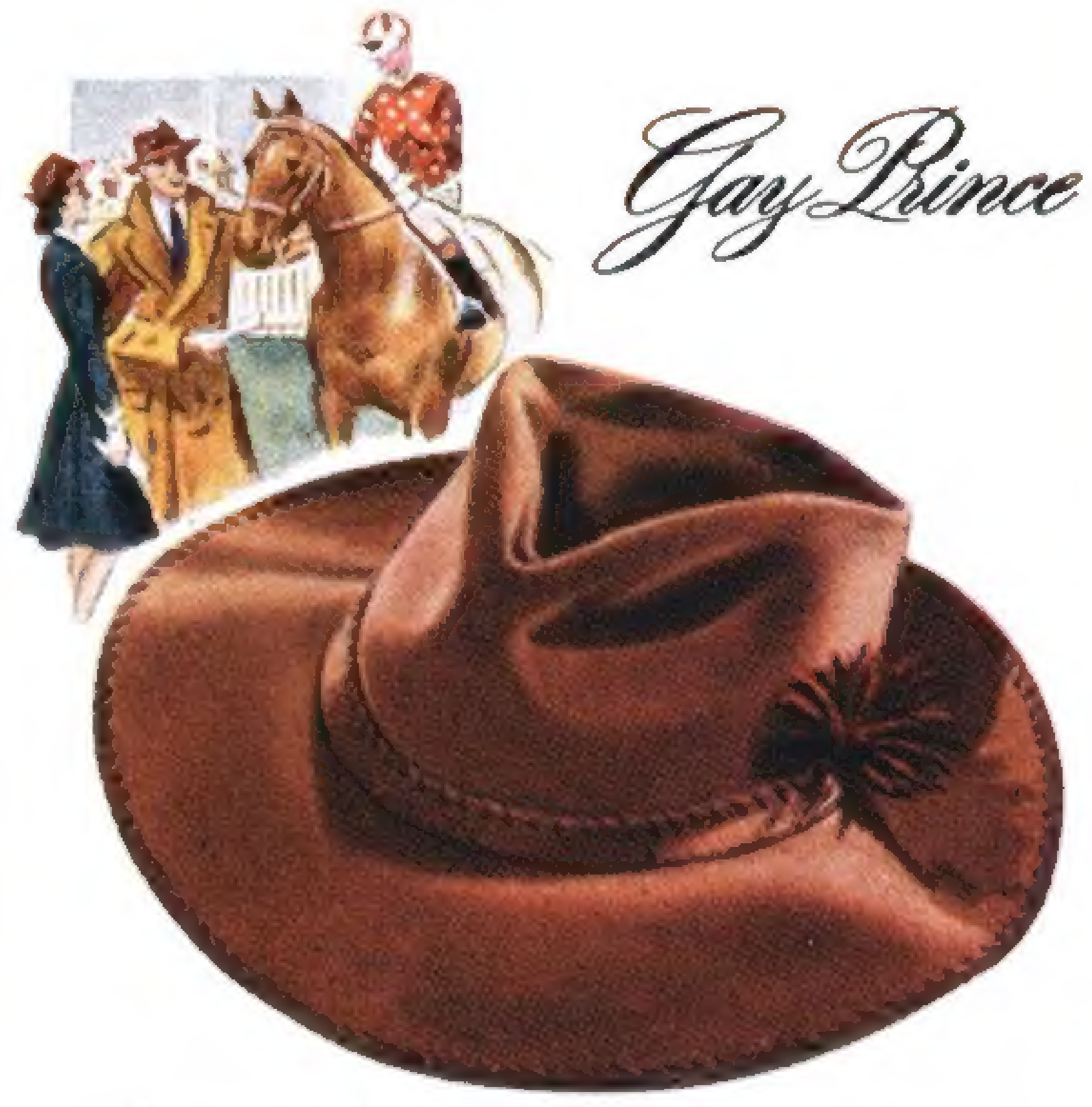
America's largest-selling lightweight hat . . $6.50
Dobbs Flanul Felt Crusher $5


New! Suede-soft! Carefree! . . . $7.50

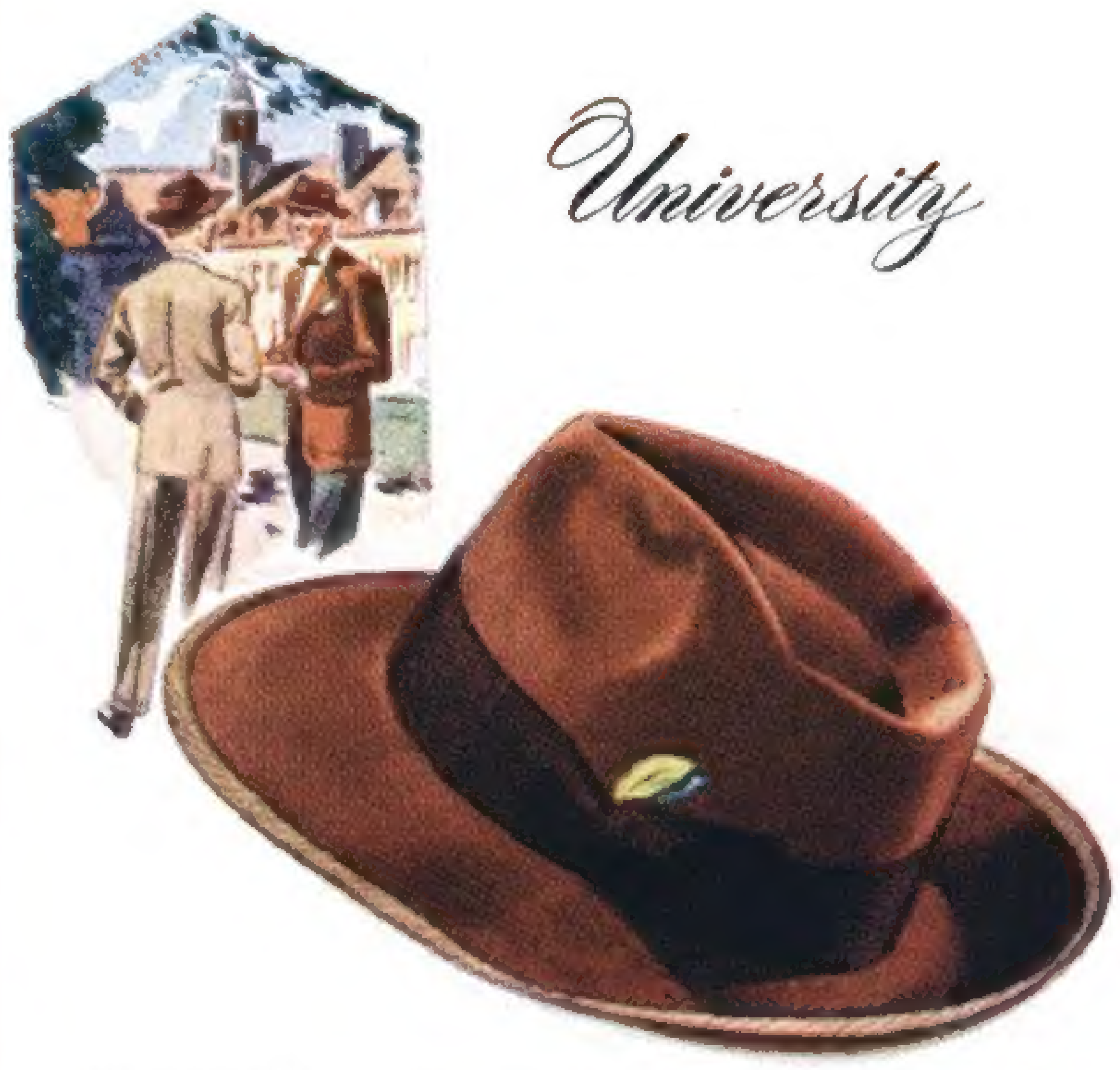




Gives new freedom for town and country wear . . . $7.50



Smartest hat for spectator sports. Fine suede feel! . $12.50



Voted "Most Popular" from the Yale Bowl to the Rose Bowl . . . . $6.50 – $7.50

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

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THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
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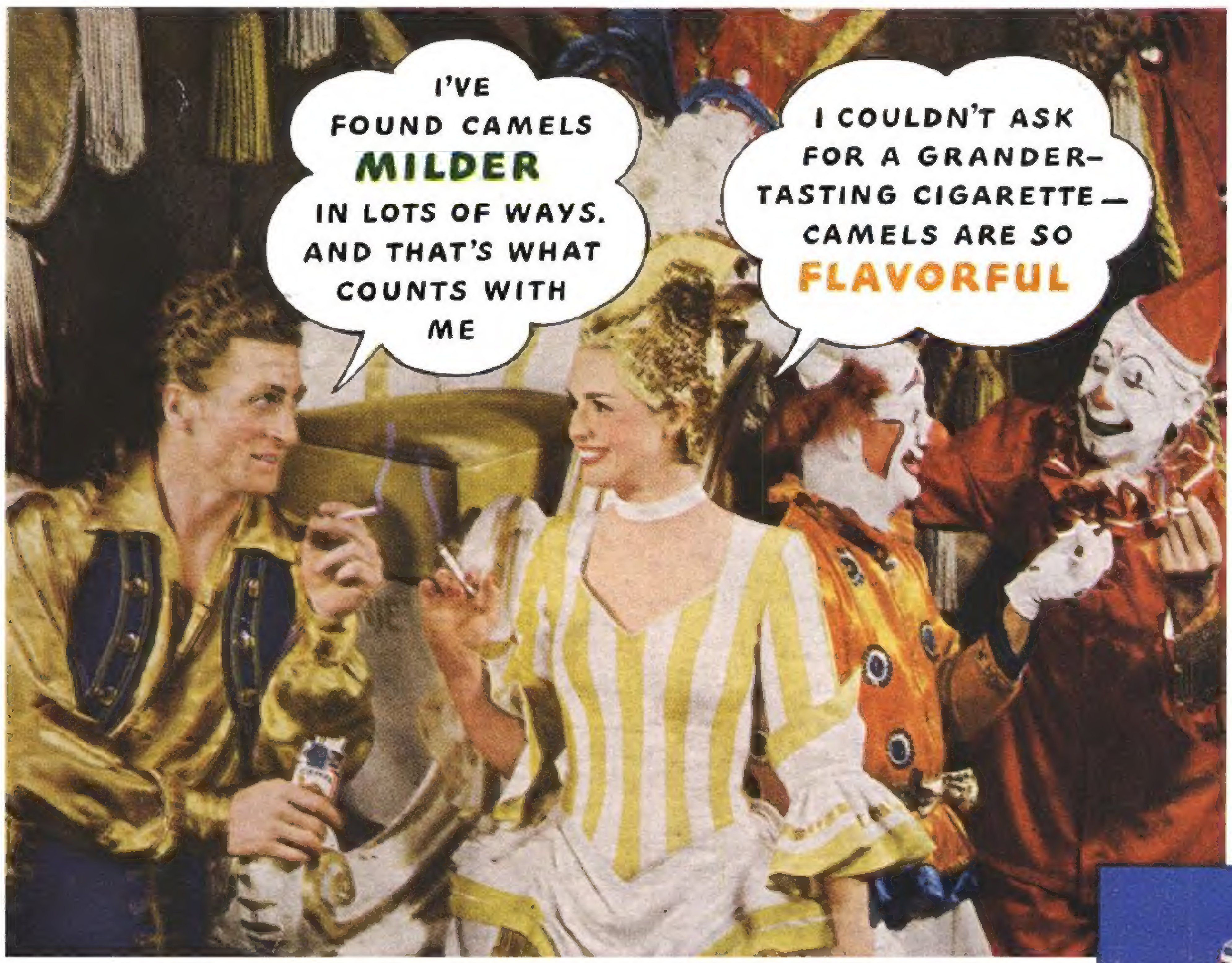
WHIRLWIND ON WIRE!

HUBERT CASTLE

—Millions thrill to his aerial wizardry—share his preference for the extra-mild cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke—Camel

● A slim cable of steel—held at 3,500-pound tension by coil spring. The slightest miss in balance or footing can toss you like a bullet into plenty of trouble. And the wizard on this bounding wire *(above)* is the one and only Hubert Castle. His one and only cigarette is the brand that gives the scientific assurance of less nicotine in the smoke.

● Hubert Castle worked 6 years—broke an arm, a leg, 3 ribs—to perfect the whirlwind series of somersaults and hoop jumps he performs on his bounding wire. But before you try any of his tricks on your clothes-line, think it over . . . with a Camel. And remember: Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower burning mean extra mildness.


I'VE FOUND CAMELS **MILDER** IN LOTS OF WAYS. AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS WITH ME
I COULDN'T ASK FOR A GRANDER-TASTING CIGARETTE—CAMELS ARE SO **FLAVORFUL**

"CASTLE IN THE AIR." That featured billing in the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus program means Hubert Castle, photographed with Mrs. Castle at Madison Square Garden, New York *(above)*.

And to the Hubert Castles—to millions of other smokers—Camels mean smoking pleasure at its flavorful best—with the extra mildness and extra freedom from nicotine that only Camel's matchlessly blended, costlier tobaccos can give.

But the proof of Camel's advantages is in the smoking . . . in the very *smoke itself* (see findings above, right). So try Camels. Smoke them critically. Discover for yourself what a real difference Camels, with their slower-burning, costlier tobaccos, can make in your every smoking moment.

For convenience—economy—buy by the carton.

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL **THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS**